THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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SEPT. 9, 1922

5c. THE COPY
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Samuel G. Blythe—Chester S. Lord—Thomas Beer—Sam Hellman
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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, O., at St. Louis, Mo., at Chicago, Ill., at Indianapolis, Ind., at Des Moines, Ia., at Galveston, Tex., and at Portland, Ore.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 195 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 9, 1922 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 11

THE BOOTLEGGERS

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

MR. TOM DUNN, bootlegger, speaking: Sophie Caro and her husband and me and my missus was all set for a few days down to Atlantic City. Sophie was Mrs. Jack Welch in private life, but she was 98 per cent of the combination. Jack didn't go for much in the big game, and The Works only used him for small peddlin'—case stuff such as he could get rid of through hotel detectives and taxi drivers and waiters and similar grifters. Sophie was a peach of a operator, as well as looker, and got money in big chunks. I never could figger why she stuck to Jack the way she done, but she was crazy about him, and it didn't make no difference to her whether Jack worked or not. Sophie always saw to it that Jack had a roll, and things was pretty soft for him.

Well, as I was sayin', we was all set for the Boardwalk. I had ordered up the car—do you get that?—I had ordered up the car, and it wasn't no flivver, neither, but a big red baby with a wise boy I know doin' the shoffin', and we had a few bottles of real booze, not bootleg, hid in it. It always kind of makes me laugh when I send word around to the garage to have Billy bring up the car, for it ain't much more than two years since the Subway was the best I got, and I ain't over the feeling yet when I am ridin' in it that some bull is goin' to hold me up and ask me how do I get that way and say to come on down and tell it to the captain before I have a chancet to answer.

We had the scenery to go with it too; leather coats lined with fur, and all them things; and the missus and Sophie had some rags packed in the trunk on behind that would knock the eye out of them dames who doll up around the hotel lobbies. The car was shinin' like a Broadway electric sign, and it looked like we would put on quite a show.

Just as the missus was takin' the last reef in her veil the telephone rang. Sophie answered.

She listened a minute, and then she said, "It's The Works, Tom, and he's after you."

The missus let a squawk out of her that sounded like Jerry Farrar takin' high C, and hollers, "I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! Now we can't go. We never started anywhere yet that that guy didn't ditch us."

"Ditch nothin'," I says. "Put on the muffler till I see what he wants," and takin' up the phone I hollers, "Hello."

"That you, Tom?" I hears.

"Yes."

"This is Number One speakin'. Got your car handy?"

"Right out in front."

"Well, hop to it and beat it down here quick as the cops will let you."

"But," I says, tryin' to think of a stall that would hold him, "but ——"

"Did you get me?" he asks, breakin' in most savage.

"Yes."

"Well, then, can that stuff, and beat it like I tell you."

I hung up the phone. When The Works was talkin' like that they was only one of two things to do. One was to do like he said, and the other was to take the train for the Far West, for when a guy that was used to take orders from The Works got to a place where he wouldn't take his orders The Works generally saw to it that he was disqualified from takin' anybody's orders for quite a spell.

"It's off," I said. "At least, for a while."

"What did I tell you?" squawked the missus.

"Cut that out," I handed her. "It ain't my fault, is it? The Works is hollerin' for me to come down there, and I gotta go."

"Not Me," Says I. "I Ain't No Killer"

"You sure have," says Sophie. "Else ——"

"They ain't no else," I says, peelin' off my leather coat and shiftin' from my automobile cap to a hat. "I'm going right now," and I beat it for the elevator.

Billy had the bus out in front, and he and me and the doorman lightered off the cargo of booze and other stuff that was in it and sent it up to the flat. Then I told Billy to step on it as much as he dast without gettin' pinched by the traffic cops and go down by the back streets where he might show a little speed if we got any breaks.

Well, we done pretty good, and in half an hour or so I was there. The Works was waitin' for me in his inside room. Anybody that didn't know him would have said he was still enough, but I knew different. I seen that he was sore the minute I got a slant at him. His eyes was the office for that, and the way the corners of his mouth turned down.

"Hello, boss," I says. "What's stirrin'?"

"Hello, Tom. How long since you seen Charley Semmler?"

"Four days ago," I says. "Just before he started on his trip. Why?"

"He's turned us or they've turned him."

"How come?" I asked him.

"He was due here last night at six o'clock with that Pittsburgh dough. He ain't showed yet, and he ain't sent in no word. Either he has gone south with the money or the Condorelli gang has got him."

"How much was it?" I asked him.

"Seventy-five grand."

It don't make no difference how used you get to important money—and you get on speakin' terms with big chunks of it in this business—seventy-five thousand dollars is a sizable piece of change. I didn't think The Works would let Charley Semmler handle that much, and before I could help it I kind of showed that I was surprised.

"Well," says The Works, who could read them things in a man quicker'n a flash, "what are you gettin' feverish about? It's no shingles off your roof—that is, unless ——"

"Now, nix," I says, good and raw over what it was plain enough The Works was alludin' to. "Can that. I don't know nothin' about Charley Semmler, only what you've told me, and I didn't send him on this trip. You done that. Besides," I says, "from all I do know about him it seems to me you took a long chancet with him."

"Well," says The Works, "I had to take a chancet with somebody, and he'd been runnin' square for a long time, and all the others was tied up one way or another, but I didn't get you down here to hold a caucus over what I done. The point is, what's he done?"

"You can search me," I says to him. "I never heard of it till just now."

Charley Semmler was a sort of a boob—smart enough in a small, sure-thing way, but a hick in the big stuff. He used to be one of them headquarters hand men that did such jobs as petit-jury fixin', runnin' for bail bonders, collectin' from the stuss games, cuttin' in on the police-court play, gettin' splits on small contracts his leader throwed to him, and similar little griftin', and he was useful around election time because he could handle floaters and knew how to work repeaters and all this and that. Before we got him a hundred bill was as big as the Central Depot to him. He fixed a jury for a crooked-contractor friend of The Works one time and The Works got to know him and took

him on when he went to bootleggin'.

Charley always run square enough and got to be a fixer. Of course we didn't use him for none of the big-league stuff. He was a busher when it come to fixin'. He handled country stuff, mostly, such as sheriffs and constables, and police in the small cities on the booze routes, and garage men, and clerks and all them kind. I laid down the real money, bein' classier than Charley, if I do say it myself.

Now that was all right as long as Charley run straight and didn't know nothin' definite about the big plays. The Works was particular about them. He had a regular system and had staked out a bunch of topsiders that was willin' to be useful for a price, and the policy of keepin' them under cover went two ways: As long as these main guys didn't get tipped off they was willin' to coöperate, and as long as they wasn't known the competition wouldn't get to them.

Competition was pretty fierce. The newspapers talked about the Bootleggin' King, and so on, but the hooch money was so easy that they was no chancet for any one mob to cop it all. The Works done a lot of it, but he wasn't no king, nor was any of the others. And after a while they got the game kind of split up accordin' to geography and market, and cut down the killin's and the stealin's considerable.

The Works said the way Charley come to have this bunch of money was this: We got a pretty good lot in and was on our way to landin' it in the city when one of our stools tips us that a gang of officers along the booze route in a certain place was sore because they said we gypped them, which we done, but it wasn't our fault. We give the fixin' money to our man for that route, but the trucks was delayed and when they did come along the men who was to collect wasn't expectin' them till later, and they got through without them collectin' their bit. It was all right anyhow, they figgered, because they knew this man who usually did the payin', and was sure he would come across, never havin' welshed yet. But he got into a crap game and lost most of the roll, and beat it back and said he had paid, which he got away with because the trucks got in all right.

So them officers was layin' for us, and we had a big shipment comin'. It was a cinch they would stop it unless we squared it by payin' three times as much as it was worth, and The Works figgered they would be more reasonable if we laid them off for a spell; so he routed it another way, and made a deal to sell it to a operator along the western line. Everybody else was busy when it come time to swing it, and The Works sent Charley. This was the first important money Charley ever handled, but he'd always run square, so The Works took the chancet. It was to be seventy-five thousand-dollar bills. We mostly used thousand-dollar bills in these good-sized deals. They're easier to handle. They is a few ten-thousand-dollar bills out, too, but they ain't safe. Darn near everybody knows the numbers on the ten-grand bills that is in circulation. But there is some around in the safe-deposit boxes cached by big operators here and there.

Bootleggin' is one game where nothin' goes but cash, except with amachures. They ain't no regular on either the buyin', the sellin' or the fixin' ends that will take a check, nor any regular that is big boob enough to try to shove one. Except for them ten-thousand-dollar bills I was speakin' about, cash money is deaf and dumb. I never seen such a business for suspicion. Of course a player like me knows enough not to trust nobody, but you'd think that after a gang has gone along regular, and always been on the square, some of them officers and other grifters would get to recognize its responsibility. Nothin' doin'. Every crook that takes a bribe wants it in cash, and every man who handles a bottle of hooch yells for ready money. So that's how Charley got the seventy-five. The operator that took the booze paid for it on delivery, and Charley had the right piece of paper.

Nothin' in writin', you know. They ain't nothin' at all set down in black and white in the bootleggin' business. In deals like this, this is the way it's put over: After the deal is made, say like this one was, between The Works and this operator down the line who wanted the stuff, The Works takes a sheet of blank paper and tears it rough and jagged from one corner to another into two pieces. Then he sends one piece to the operator who is to get the stuff, and keeps the other. Well, when it comes time for the man who is to make the delivery and the buyer to meet and finish the deal, they is both protected, see? The man from The Works has his piece, and if the other has his piece and they fit together, then the delivery man knows he is deliverin' to the right man, and the other knows he is gettin' the right stuff. They ain't no way of fakin' two pieces of paper like that. They is the only two pieces in the world that will come together right.

You'd be surprised to know how necessary some such idea as that is. They don't seem to be no honor in this business at all—not none. Every gang has got spies and stools in every other gang, and they tip off everythin'. You never can tell who you're dealin' with, nor where the money lays. Some of the pretty big ones fall for it too. Why, I've had bootleggers come to me and offer to cut me in big for information that would give them a chance to hijack our stuff, and so on. But none of them would lay the money down before I delivered, and money is the only talk I know. You can't double-cross a man who learned all kinds of crossin' when he was a boy. I knew that if I delivered before they paid they would never pay, not them crooks. And if they paid before I delivered I wouldn't deliver either. I'm too square a shooter to throw down my boss like that. They'd deserve to lose their money for tryin' to make a crook out of me, and they would lose it, too!

One thing you want to remember is that booze money and booze and such stuff that is not legal one place ain't legal nowhere. It ain't got no rights. And a lot of people in this game who wouldn't rob a bank or stick up a man, nor do nothin' like that, don't hesitate none when it comes to coppin' either booze money or booze, and don't think it's no crime, neither, because they figger it don't honestly belong to the party they grab it off, and he can't squeal to the police without gettin' pinched himself. It ain't his, in the eye of the law, and if it ain't his it ain't nobody's; so what don't belong to nobody belongs to anybody that can get it.

A good many men in this business figger that way, and it might be that Charley Semmler was one of them.

I Drops Into a Cigar Store and Stalls Around Talkin' About Buying a Pipe

II

"IT'S like this," says The Works. "The trucks is back, and they wasn't no trouble to speak of on the road. They went through easy and smooth, except one garage guy where they hived up one day held them up for a few more cases than is regular, but Tony fixed that, and made his deliveries. Tony says Charley Semmler was on the job, and that he and the Pittsburgh guy checked off the stuff and saw it stored, and then went away together. Tony says he saw the money pass, and Charley give him a piece of it to get back with, sayin' he was comin' in on the rattler as soon as he could hop one down to the Pennsylvania Depot. So far it's all plain, but Charley didn't hop no rattler, or if he did he ain't showed here, and he's a long time overdue."

"Well," says I, "what's the dope?"

"They's only three angles to it," says The Works. "Either the Pittsburgh guy put Charley away and took back the money, or the Condorelli gang got to him and took it, or Charley has blowed with it for himself."

"Them first two don't look good to me," says I. "Charley ain't as slick as some, but he's slick enough to be watching for a play like bein' stuck up and frisked for that dough, and I'll bet he beat it at the first corner, framin' some excuse or other and not givin' the Pittsburgh guy's strong-arms a chancet to get him. As for the second, them Condorelli birds wouldn't go out there to pull nothin' like that, because they ain't fixed with the Pittsburgh outfit, and they would get in bad the minute they hit the place. Them babies do their work here, where they've got their stand-in. So it looks to me as if it's cut down to Charley goin' south with the roll."

"Me, too," says The Works.

"And in that case ——"

"In that case," busts in The Works, "we've got to get him."

"Correct," says I. "We can't stand for no such raw stuff as that."

"Tom," says The Works, lookin' at me very penetratin', "if it was you that pulled this trick, where would you go?"

"What's the idea?" I asks him.

"Nothin' but tryin' to get a line on what a bird would do. No offense."

"Well," I tells him, "they's a hull mess of trains comin' and goin' in Pittsburgh all the time, and if I was there with seventy-five grand in my kick that I figgered on stakin' myself to I'd beat it for Chi, because that's a big town and easy to hide out in, or I'd go on up to Canada, maybe, or out to Frisco."

"Yes, you would!" says The Works. "I can see you doin' it."

"Why not?" I asks him.

"Because you couldn't do no good for yourself out in Chi, nor any of them places. You don't know the gang, and you'd be tipped off the moment you showed. What you'd do would be to come back here and hide out until you got it fixed to get by. You know the game here, and your friends are here, and that's what you'd do, and I'll lay fifty to one that's what Charley Semmler done."

The Works was right, of course, and what I had been givin' him was a stall to see if he knowed anythin', which was what he was givin' me too.

"Then it ought to be easy to turn him up," I says.

"Whadja mean, easy?" he asks. "Where d'you get that stuff? They's nothin' easy about it. They's forty hide-outs in this burg that Semmler could stick himself into and we wouldn't find him in ten years. He's lived here all his life, and he's got friends same's we have. Also, he's got seventy-five grand, and that's the biggest friend of all."

"Maybe he is here."

"You said it. Sure he's here if he ain't croaked. So you go out and get him."

"Me?"

"Yes, you; and get him right."

"Send him over?"

"Sure, after you get the dough back."

"Not me," says I. "I ain't no killer."

"Forget it," he says. "I don't want you to do no killin'. The wreckin' crew will take care of that if they's any to be done. What I want you to do is to spot him, find him and report back to me and we'll let Nature take its course."

"But ——" I started.

"But nothin'," he hollers. "Step to it, an' make it snappy! I ain't goin' to be gypped outa seventy-five grand by no boob like Charley Semmler, and I ain't goin' to have him hangin' round knowin' as much as he does to tip off my game to Condorelli and them other birds. On your way!"

When The Works talks like that they's nothin' to do but get busy, and that's what I done. I goes down to the street and digs up Billy, who has the car parked around on a side street, and tells him to take me uptown. While I was ridin' along I gets to thinkin' about Charley Semmler, and The Works, and my cut in the game, and a lot of things like that, and I can't bring myself to blame Charley none. The Works was square enough, but he was a hog. He'd come across with what he said he would, but he never made no

fair splits. Here me and Charley and the rest of us was doin' the work, and runnin' the risks, and all The Works did was to get the money to buy the stuff with, and handle it, and rake in the profits. Of course he's got a bean. You've got to hand it to him for that; but so've I got a bean, and a lot of things I done for him I might of been doin' for myself.

Looked to me like I was a sucker. Here was The Works gettin' his in chunks big enough to make you dizzy, and me gettin' only a few grand at a time. Charley got his chancet to clean up, and he cleaned. I'd had plenty of rolls bigger'n the one Charley went south with, and always turned them in. The missus was always tellin' me I am too damn particular for this business, and I could see where probably she might be right, for it ain't crooked to cop crooked money off a crook. It's clever. He ain't got no right to it in the first place. Of course The Works put a good many things across, but where does he get off to be bumpin' off Charley Semmler, say, just because Charley takes a little coin that he's earned ten times over, even if he is a small operator?

I got to checkin' back on The Works. I use to know him when he was a politician. He was one of them birds that didn't run for no office, but always stood in on the graft. He was always in on the collections from the gamblin' houses, and on the dock-leasin' privileges, and similar city contracts, and he was shaker-down at election times and handled the corporations for the organization, and so on, and was a all-round smart guy. The way he got into the bootleggin' game was interestin'. He had been undercover owner in some saloons up on good corners up Times Square way, and he was wise to that angle of the booze business. He figgered he was strong enough with the officers to keep on sellin' after prohibition, and that he could cash in big on the rise in prices of bar stuff.

They was a bird over in Brooklyn who had a joint where he made cologne and hair tonic, and this bird come to The Works and says to him that under the prohibition law he can draw out as much alcohol as he wants to to use in makin' his cologne and hair dope, which is mostly alcohol anyhow. This bird shows him where under the law what they called a basic permit could be got, and that with that permit you could take out alcohol by the oceanful to use in your manufacturin' business. It was easy after that. All you'd have to do was to cut down the proof of the alcohol with water, color her up with burned sugar or prune juice or any handy thing, fix up the regular-lookin' whisky labels and sell it for twenty to forty bucks a bottle.

So this bird from Brooklyn says he will get the alcohol if The Works would handle the stuff, and they done it. They got enough alcohol to make a dozen bottles of hair tonic for every bald head between here and Egypt going the long way, and set a gang of label fakers and stamp counterfeiters to work, and it wasn't long before the taxi drivers and bell boys and hotel detectives and waiters and saloon keepers and all sorts of similar men and women was peddlin' their stuff, and they made so much money they couldn't count it.

When they got any regular whisky, which was easier in them days than it is now, because they was ways of gettin' the real stuff outen the paws of the Government, and ways of stealin' it, too, and so on, and forgin' withdrawal certificates and all this and that, they made a mess that the trade called thirds. That was one-third whisky, one-third alcohol and one-third water. This kind of looked like and kind of tasted like whisky, and with a good fake label onto it and a phony government stamp fetched good prices. Then they was regular bootleg, stuff made in cellars and being about as much of a bev'radge as embalmin' fluid.

So long as they stuck to a regular grain alcohol they wasn't much harm done, although the stuff was doctored and doped and watered alcohol and not whisky, but they got greedy and put out a mess of wood alcohol one time, and a lot of people up in New England died from it, and the Government got busy, and that graft ended with the bird from Brooklyn beatin' it to Italy, and The Works gettin' by without being caught and findin' himself with a ton of money and knowin' the easiest and best graft that this world has ever saw.

He wasn't the only one. All sorts of folks was in it, from bankers to yeggs, and The Works was smart enough to see that pretty soon the buyers with money would stop fallin' for this phony stuff and moonshine, and so on, and that the guy who could get stuff that was somethin' approachin' real whisky would be the guy who could cop the coin. So he figgered around, and he found out two things. One was that some wise ones had exported a whale of a lot of red liquor to France, where they need red liquor about as much as we need haggis over here, and that exportin' could be done under the law. Also he gets hep to the possibilities of runnin' booze in from Canada, and from them English islands down south of us, and from Mexico, to say nothin' of gettin' it direct from Scotland, and pretty soon he was goin' good.

Nacherally, they was a lot of fixin' to be done. You can't get past with that kind of stuff unless you grease the ways, and there was where I come in. I never did have no education, havin' growed up in the streets over in the gas-house district and around the pool rooms and saloons and race tracks, but I got wise to a lot of things, and I was a natural-born politician. So it works out what with one thing and another that I gets along pretty fair, and learns how to handle money so's to leave no tracks, and finally I works up to where they got to usin' me with fellers like me who got into the legislature in Albany, and over to Trenton; and I had good luck, understandin' them birds because I come up through the same sort of politics they did, and bein' wise to all the strike stuff they tried to pull over, like bills fixed up to cost the railroads and the insurance companies and such a lot of money unless they come across and had them killed by the statesmen who framed them. They was a lot of this, of course, and I got the reputation for bein' able to do the fixin' cheaper than most, and I knew how to entertain them birds like they wanted to be, bein' one of them, and was a good judge of money, and how to spend it.

Among other things I handled some dough for one of the public-service corporations that The Works had been fixin' for, too, and we come together. So he picked me up, and it wasn't long until I was next to him in the game, and doin' pretty well myself, but not nothin' like he was. He got the big end of it, and, believe me, that was some end!

They was one thing about him that I didn't like, and that is that he was nacherally a good deal of a piker. He was a sure-thing player. I could see places where things could be done that would bring in ten times as much, but he was satisfied with the game he was playin'. He was gettin' more money than he ever thought was in the world, anyhow, and he didn't have no imagination or nerve for the great big stuff. He was as cold as a wedge, too, and without no mercy. He never batted an eye over any killin's that come off, and he had some of his own men put away when they tried to cross him. That is why I knew that Charley Semmler's number was up, if I ever found him, and I doped it out it would be even money that my number would be up if I didn't find him or tipped him off.

III

SO I GETS out at the flat when I come to it and goes up and tells the missus it's all off about Atlantic City for a spell, and where is Sophie Caro? It seems Sophie has gone back to her flat, and I follows to talk it over with her.

Sophie is one wise lady. Notwithstandin' she speaks our language when she is with us, she can talk like a book whenever she wants to, and she reads things that might just as well be printed in Chink for all I can get outen them. Her father was well-to-do, and she had good schoolin', but when she was twenty-one or so the old boy cashed in, and he didn't leave a bean. So Sophie had to go to work. She got a job workin' for a bird that runs a string of bucket shops, and shifted around through some promoters' games until she lands close up to the inside of a lad who was runnin' a few pools and corners and things in Wall Street, and wreckin' some railroads on the side. This lad had dealin's with all sorts of public officials and politicians, and Sophie was right there like a fox to all the plays. Unexpected, they got this lad into Sing Sing for a stretch, and Sophie was left to do the best she could. So she run a handbook on the races for some of her lady friends that had a hankerin' to play the ponies, and a very exclusive poker game in her flat for some society dames who wanted a outlet for their bettin' yens, and then she hooked up with The Works, and she done pretty good, at that. They wasn't many ways you could fool Sophie except that husband of hers done it. That was her soft spot. But I suppose all of us is short somewhere.

I spilled what The Works had told me, and asked Sophie what she thought.

"Why," she says, "you can write your own ticket and I'll take the long end of it that Charley Semmler ain't boob enough to be wanderin' around out in the sticks with all that cash on him. He's beat it back here and planted it somewhere and he'll stay under cover for a spell, and then come to life when it's blowed over."

"Where d'you suppose he is?"

Sophie gimme a foolish-question look, and began kiddin' me. "Where do I suppose he is? Why not ask me a easy one, like what will win the Suburban in 1954, instead of one like that? They's five million

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"He Won't Do Nothin' That We Can't Lay Off," Says Charley

THE WHITE GROUSE

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A LONELY cabin in the hills occupied by a he and a she suggests romance; but the interior of such a cabin—although so occupied—was altogether free from things romantic on a certain star-filled October night.

Gladstone's Nellie, undeniably feminine, was staring with dreamy indifference into the fire. John Jones, indubitably masculine, happened to be staring at Gladstone's Nellie. It is to be doubted whether in all the land there was a creature more worthy of inspection than Champion Gladstone's Nellie; yet John Jones saw her not at all. He had just harked back along a tunnel of dead years and come suddenly on a dun mare hitched to a yellow-wheeled buckboard, trotting briskly along a winding thicket-flanked road.

Startlingly clear, after the dimness of the tunnel, were the high-headed, ear-flicking mare and mud-splashed buckboard; startlingly clear was the man with the iron-gray mustache in the woods-smelling, sweat-stained, weather-beaten canvas shooting coat who was driving the mare; clear also was the gawky, tow-headed boy, perched beside the man, with a shiny, new, single-barreled, twenty-gauge shotgun clasped in his arms. But clearest of all was the black, white and ticked setter, shaking with suppressed desire as he crowded against the boy's knee and stretched his long deep muzzle above a clicking wheel to read the autumn air.

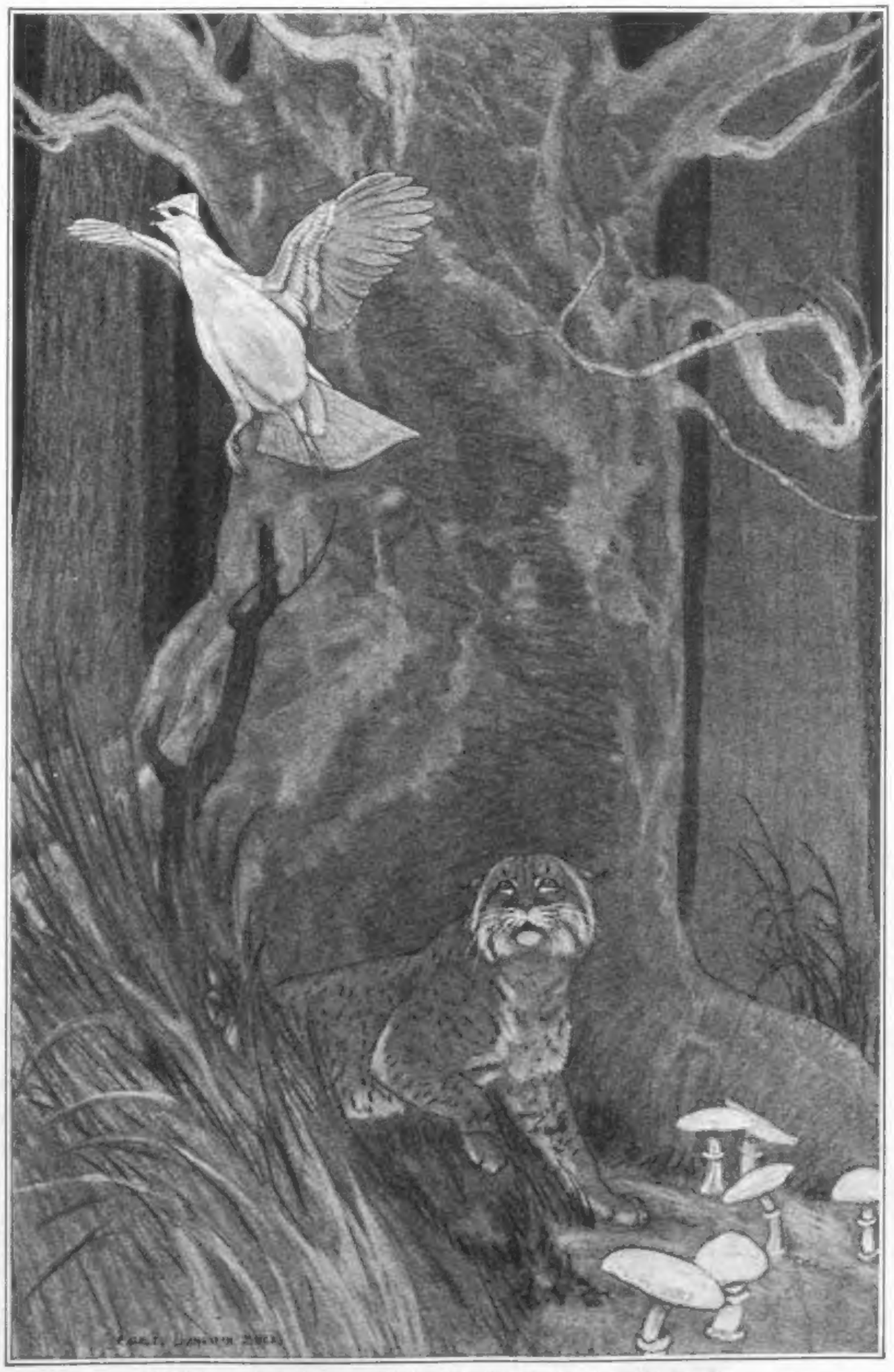
Yes, clearer than mare and buckboard, clearer than his father, clearer than himself, were the stretching neck and head of old Don. Thanks to the brain within that head and the miracle called a nose at its end, John Jones now exchanges the vision of mare and buckboard and winding road for another. He watches the tow-headed boy follow a creeping black, white and ticked shadow, through a thicket, down a gulch, along a watercourse, up a hillside, and so at last to a small jungle of blackberry vines. The shadow moves slower, slower; it has ceased to move.

"Are you ready?" asks a quiet voice.

The boy finds it impossible to speak. Even a whisper is beyond him. He nods faintly.

"All right, Don. Go on!"

A roar of wings beating up from the briers, a hurtling bombshell all black and bronze and gold, the boy swings his gun and pulls the trigger, not knowing he has done so. A puff of floating feathers in the air, empty of all else except blue sky and flaming branches; a heart-shaking thump and rustle in the dead leaves below. John Jones has killed his first ruffed grouse on the wing!



He Seemed to be Shot, as Though by a Released Spring, Into the Air

One night during the winter that followed, old Don came to the bedside of the father of John Jones and whined a yearning whine that the man could not understand. He laid a hand on the old dog's head and asked him what was the matter. Don whined again, stuck a cold nose against his master's cheek, and returned stiffly to the shooting coat in the corner on which he slept. In the morning the man heard no thump of a tail against the floor when he sat up in bed. A moment later he knew that the whines and that cold nose in the night had been a last farewell.

When the next shooting season arrived the father of John Jones began to take long drives through the country with John Jones' mother. When they passed a flaming thicket he would shift the reins to his right hand and put his arm about his wife. John Jones wondered why his father never hunted any more. One day his father explained.

"A man is entitled to one good woman and one good dog during a lifetime. He'll never be happy until he gets them. You're going to be a man and a grouse shot some day, you're going to know a lot of women and think a heap of some of them—until you find the good one. You're going to own a lot of dogs and think a heap of them too; but when you get the good one—you'll hunt him till he dies, and then—well, then you'll be glad you've got the woman."

"Yes, sir," said John Jones as though he quite understood.

Fifteen years had passed since then, passed like the landscape at the window of a train. In those fifteen years John Jones had learned to cut a grouse down with the precision of a machine. But that was all, and it was not enough. He must have the complement of perfect shooting—a perfect shooting dog. For ten of the fifteen years he had been looking for such a dog; for the one good dog to which he was entitled—a grouse dog like old Don.

As for the one good woman to which he was also entitled—there was a certain girl. Sitting on a ribbon of white beach which edged a purple ocean, he had told her many things that summer. He had explained the lack of ambition of which he was accused. Happiness, he had told her, was what the bewildered human race was stretching and yearning toward. He had found it in woods and thickets, on little lakes and streams. He had found abiding tranquillity so long as he remained in the environment from which it sprang. A few days in the city and it was gone. In its place would come a restlessness, mental at first, physical later, like a gnawing, deep-seated pain.

The girl had drawn in her breath sharply and touched his sleeve.

"I know," she had said; "I know."

John Jones went on to tell about his shooting. In doing so he had tried to describe the indescribable—a ruffed grouse roaring up in the brooding hush of a thicket.

"But it can't be told," said he at last; "you'll just have to see for yourself."

That fall he had contrived to have them both members of the same house party in the Connecticut hills. On the opening day of the grouse season they had set forth together. She had exclaimed rapturously at the sight of Gladstone's Nellie, moving like music, through bowers of scarlet and gold.

But John Jones had recalled for her the black, white and ticked shadow of his boyhood, that could follow a grouse through any cover and point him out again and again, like the finger of fate. He was looking, always looking for another like him, he had told her. He admitted—cautiously, lest she think the matter trivial—that he could never be wholly contented until he found such a dog. Mildred—that was the girl's name—regarding him with cool gray eyes, had seemed to understand.

It had rained the night before. The woods, when they plunged into them, were filled with the patter of silver drops and smoking with mist. The leaves and branches on which they stole along were too sodden to protest at alien footsteps. It was a day on which a dog with any sort of nose could find birds. Gladstone's Nellie had done surprisingly well. As for John Jones—with those cool gray eyes upon him he had shot as if inspired. Grouse after grouse, glimpsed through steaming vistas, had crumpled up at the pull of his magic trigger and thumped down on the wet leaves.

John Jones had come to a halt at last and laid the dead birds in a row on a fallen log, smoothing the feathers of each as he did so. "Nine," he counted, and looked up at the girl in triumph. He found her regarding the dead grouse with a strange white look.

"You told me you gave the birds a chance," said she.

"Of course. They were killed on the wing. A lot got away."

"None that you shot at."

"But the dog flushed a dozen or more ahead of us; you heard them get up."

"Yes, I heard them." She looked again at the row of grouse on the log. "And that's why you want the kind of dog you told me about—so that none would get up ahead." She had spoken softly, half to herself. Now her lips contracted to a thin red line, her eyes became gray agates. "I hope," she cried, "you never, never find him!"

That was the beginning of the breach between them. John Jones might have explained that it had been an

extraordinary day; that had the woods been dry nine out of ten birds would have flushed wild before the beauteous but uncertain Gladstone's Nellie.

But why explain? Why explain anything to a girl who thought her feeling for wild things was deeper than his own? A girl who had brought a little silly sentimentality into his beloved woods and been shocked by what he did therein. Give the birds a chance! She seemed to think one poked a gun at a grouse going like a flash of light through thick cover, and down he came.

So John Jones had not explained. The breach between them had widened that evening. The next day she was gone.

He would never try to close the breach, he now reflected. Never! He had found the one good woman apparently, only to have her think he lacked in sportsmanship. Well, the one good dog remained to be looked for. Some day he would find him; another like old Don.

What if he failed to do so? What if such a nose and such uncanny bird sense should never be combined again? John Jones stirred uneasily at the thought.

Gladstone's Nellie stirred also and lifted her head from her paws. John Jones snapped his fingers; she rose unhurriedly from before the fire and came to him with a slight wave of her tail. He put out his hand. Her muzzle sank into it. He covered her nose with his other hand and tightened his fingers until her nostrils were closed. For a moment breath was denied her. When he released her she sneezed. He smiled down into her amber eyes, into which came a gleam of amusement.

She adored him openly for a moment, not failing to come to a statuesque pose while so doing.

"You're a fraud," said John Jones. "Go and lie down!"

She obeyed the command with the carriage of a stag and the grace of a fawn. Yes, she was a fraud, he thought—self-conscious, vain, a born poser. A champion on the bench, she was only a fair bitch in the field and somewhat less than that when pitted against a wily old cock grouse. Her nose would do if the day was not too dry. She was quiet, steady, and obeyed his lightest word. But she lacked the quenchless passion of a great gun dog—old Don, for instance. He would go all day through briers or over stubble, gasping with the heat or shaking with the cold, lost in a frenzy of concentration on the finding and pointing of birds.

Gladstone's Nellie was not like that. Slush and mud distressed her. Burs she abhorred. Always a lady in fine raiment, she shirked too briery thickets, she skirted the edges of swamps. But, oh, the wonder of her poses! The sheer breath-taking beauty of everything she did! At the first scent of birds she became a duchess. On point she dimmed the glory of a queen.

Perhaps, being feminine, this satisfied her soul. Perhaps she simply lacked in nose. At any rate, in solid bird-finding qualities she did not improve. John Jones knew she would never make the grouse dog that some day must be his. It was too bad. Just to watch her gave a man a thrill, and, damn it all, she was a sweet old thing.

He watched her now as she sank down and resumed her contemplation of the birch logs pouring an inverted cascade of flame up the black mouth of the chimney. The chimney was a haphazard affair of stones and mortar. At one time the stones had been scattered on the surface of a timber-crested hill, rising like a threatening wave above the valley of the Neversink. The four-room shack which huddled against the chimney was borne up a hundred feet above the valley by the first swell of this wave. Across and farther down the valley was Slide Mountain, its rounded top the highest point in the Catskill Range. The shack belonged to a friend indeed, who was held in New York at present by the anxieties of a falling market.

John Jones had never hunted the Catskills before, but during the previous June he had spent a week with a fly rod anywhere from ankle to waist deep in the rushing Neversink. Above the noise of the stream there had come to him again and again the mysterious hollow drumming which a cock grouse achieves when he beats his love-racked body with ecstatic wings.

Finding the woods and thickets of the Connecticut hills curiously haunted by a pair of cool gray eyes, John Jones had recalled those feathered drums along the Neversink. Good! The grouse would be in the hills above the stream at this season. New country. Nothing to remind him of —— He plunged into his packing.

That was on Monday. It was now Tuesday. John Jones and Gladstone's Nellie had dropped out of the stage from Big Indian that afternoon to find themselves just beyond the five-mile shadow of Slide Mountain. John Jones had a bag full of hunting clothes and shells in one hand and a gun case in the other. In his pocket was a key to the shack—its roof a blank gray square among lemon-colored maple leaves well above the road.

Five hours had passed since then. A Flemish-oak clock gesticulated the fact from the mantel with thin brass hands. John Jones decided on a sniff of the night air, a look at the stars, and so to bed. Gladstone's Nellie accompanied him to the door and slipped out into the night when he opened it. At his whistle a moment later she seemed to float from the darkness into the light from the open door. She, too, stood and raised her eyes to the heavens. Her nostrils worked delicately as she sniffed the portent of a myriad blazing stars. Her tail moved in faint approval.

"Correct," said John Jones; "it's going to be a nice day. A little dry for you, Susan Jane."

He bent his knee against her silken side and gave her a push. Robbed of a marvelous pose she took her injured dignity with her and stalked into the shack.

"Good night," said John Jones when he was ready for bed.

She only stared into the dying fire.

He chuckled and blew out the light.

II

IT WAS clear and warm next morning; it became hot as the sun rose with enviable ease above the hills which John Jones was climbing doggedly, the sweat running into his eyes. The sun drained each fern and fallen leaf, the briers and the laurels of every trace of melted hoar frost. It began to crack and rustle and snap under foot.

Gladstone's Nellie roaded like a spring song past a thicket and paused vaguely, her head lifted. From the thicket came a sudden b-r-r-r-mph of strong wings beating among leaves and slender twigs, followed by th-r-r-r-rh to the left and below her, and then from somewhere ahead another th-r-r-r-rh.

"Three of 'em," counted John Jones, deep in a tangle of wild grapevines, with a spider web pasted over one eye. "She was right on top of them," he reflected. "Well, it's pretty dry."

He struggled on and came in sight of what had been a stone fence. Beyond this was a semiclearing of matted briers and wild grass. A dozen wizened apple trees clung to the hillside, despite the overpowering advance of an army of birch, already swarming among them.

Once more Gladstone's Nellie paused, exquisite but vague. She began to move in her most royal manner up the hill along the stone fence. John Jones crept behind her—ready. The bird rose on all but silent wing, as they sometimes do. It was an instinct only which turned John Jones' head to see a flash of brown directly behind him a hundred feet down the hill. He whirled to fire, but there was nothing to fire at by then.

"Susan Jane, Susan Jane!" he said reproachfully.

Gladstone's Nellie, somewhat abashed, leaped gracefully to the top of the stone fence. Realizing that she was silhouetted against the sky above the clearing, she poised

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He Beat His Breast and Waited, Listening, Until at Last She Came—Slowly, Timidly, With Shy Reluctance Dragging at Her Feet

HARDENER'S HEAT

"Talk Sense. Where Did You Pick Up That Tough Monkey-Dub? All You Do Is Hang Round Pool Rooms With a Bunch of Alley Cats. I Won't Have It"

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

HOLCOMB once said of a man that he had a sulphate-of-calcium mind, but unless you knew one of the gypsum industries you might not have caught the idea. No, he did not mean that his brain had softened—nothing like that. Sulphate of calcium.

He said of another, a married man, that he first died when he learned his trade. He meant that the man had learned his trade completely and finally, reel one, reel seven, as a mere craft, instead of regarding it as a living, growing, changing thing, like a profession, that never can be wholly learned. No man can know everything and continue to learn. A man who can no longer learn is dead. Something like that. This dead man had begun to die during the second week of his apprenticeship. Before he was twenty he had died the rest of the way; but such is the force of human inertia, he had walked round unburied for forty-two years before a coffin was ordered, meanwhile drawing good wages.

This story is not about Holcomb, nor about that dead man, but about Pete Bedford, whom I met through a snub-nosed boy named Jimmy, and later came to know.

Pete Bedford as a child had been a little edition of his father—impulsive and generous, even if not studious and not in any large way ambitious. Like him he had run away from home to make his fortune. These facts are needed. They explain why Minna, his mouse of a wife, married him. They explain Jimmy, also. The man had begun life alive.

One incident of those days of life—it fell in his honeymoon—must stand for many. The young husband had brought home four hamburger sandwiches from a corner houseboat.

"Too hot for little girls to cook meals," he announced. "Let's make up a picnic supper and run out to the pier."

"I don't know what's in them," began Minna critically.

"That's right, too," grinned Bedford.

"Maybe you can tell us if you're so smart."

"Search me, lady," replied the same husband who later paraded his knowledge into every field.

"Onions," said Minna. "They contain onions. But it won't matter if we both eat them."

They had been very merry about it all. Since then Bedford had learned his trade and died. He had long ceased to bring home sandwiches or anything else that would save housework; and as for the onions, it no longer mattered whether both ate them or not.

Joe Sanderson, who began his trade in the same shop, still likes to tell stories of Bedford's early craftsmanship. Some of these tales are touched lightly with irony, not unlike human existence itself, in which ignorance is commonly able to take on the colors of wisdom, thereby forfeiting to the race much healthful chastisement.

One exceedingly hot morning in late June a long reamer Bedford was quenching emerged from the bath looking more like a scythe handle than a reamer. The fault was undoubtedly Bedford's. He should have plunged it, held vertically; instead in a moment of inattention his tongs had twisted, the red-hot tool had struck the water slightly sidewise, as a springboard diver sometimes will do when he miscalculates, one side of it had become chilled a fraction of a second sooner than the other, and in the readjustment of tension what should have remained straight became Diana's bow.

"I quenched it perfect," he told his foreman. "That elbow got put in upstairs. Some mutt up there's been hammering out his bends."

Steel intended for reamers is usually annealed before it is machined, to relieve internal strains. Sometimes the annealing leaves the stock slightly warped. Hardeners believe that inexperienced men on the lathe are always under the temptation to straighten warped stock with a hammer, instead of finishing out its faults with a cutting tool. Hammering adds other internal strains to steel. The result is a crooked or worse tool.

"The man's crazy," the workman upstairs replied when the charge was repeated to him. "He has a steel strain in his head."

"He didn't hammer anything," his neighbors testified.

Their foreman himself ran down with the tool. "I gave out the stock myself," he said. "It hadn't a bend in it to need straightening, no more than Halsted Street. What do you take us for, anyhow?"

"There she lies," said Bedford. "Something bent her crooked. I didn't. Me warp a reamer? I never warped a tool in my life."

"Bedford's a good man," said his own foreman.

"If he's so good maybe he can straighten it," snapped the upstairs man.

"Sure I can," was Bedford's answer to that.

"The grinding allowance is six thousandths," said the upstairs man.

"Always glad to save a botched job," was Bedford's parting shot as the visitor went out the door.

Sprung tools can sometimes be straightened between centers, through heat and controlled pressure, but a hardening room contains no lathes.

"Now you'll have to fix it," said his foreman.

"That mutt needs showing up," was Bedford's contemptuous reply.

The hardener seemed to have transferred his contempt for the upstairs man to the crooked reamer. He heated it carelessly to redness, leaned it casually against a firebrick and, holding it roughly with his tongs, pressed against its protruding center with a block of wood, about as a man might do in straightening a poker. Then without so much as testing the tool he reheated it and again quenched it, this time held vertically.

"There you are," he said, laying it before his foreman.

"What gets a man," observed Sanderson, "is how such things happen. That reamer proved up so true it might have been used without grinding. He couldn't have repeated in a million years. Just accident. But Bedford thought his skill had straightened it, and swaggered about like the goat that could eat cut glass. Some men sure get the breaks."

The breaks did not end there. Bedford's swaggerings became so objectionable that later on, during the absence of his foreman with appendicitis, the tool room had the inspiration to send down a spoiled aluminum casting, nicely machined, for hardening. This was before aluminum was as common as it is now. Bedford was in charge of the room.

"Full hard, and draw her back a little," said the upstairs man soberly. "But maybe you'd better wait until Henley gets back if you're not used to aluminum. We don't want to spoil it."

Bedford softened up like hot solder; or to use another figure, he took the bait—hook, line and sinker. "Sure I can harden aluminum," he said. "I can harden anything."

Upstairs they heard of the man's boastful ignorance with intense though silent joy.

"We've found a guy can harden aluminum," went the word.

"Bedford?"

"Sure. Who else?"

"Better not crow too soon," said someone then. "Even money, that guy knows aluminum as well as you do. You've played into his hands. Watch his come-back."

But Bedford did not know aluminum, unless in the sense that the cat knows apples. He knew it by sight. Aluminum did not fall within the trade he had learned. He did not suspect that the piece before him could not be hardened like steel. Reaching down a muffle he therefore proceeded to pack it for heating, using instead of charcoal a mixture of sand and salt that he sometimes used for tempering. By all the rules no folly could have been greater. When he had packed it he placed it in a furnace, brought it up slowly to a glow, and at the exact hardening

temperature, as he believed, cherry red, quenched it, quite unaware how near he had come to melting it down into a button.

The result was all that he had expected. When he came to look at his aluminum he found that it had hardened. Aluminum cannot be hardened by heat; yet this aluminum, reacting under the heat with the sand, or with the salt and its impurities, or both, had undergone a surface induration until compared with pure aluminum it was as drill rod compared with Bessemer

"Only skin deep," said Sanderson. "Bad for the aluminum, but fine for Bedford. He took the mongrel upstairs himself, puffed out like a pouter pigeon. Then when he heard himself called 'Mister' for a change, and saw the excitement, he swelled out still further into a silk blimp sausage"

None of which was fine for him, any more than it was for the aluminum, but bad, seeing that death also is a state of existence, and the flowers and fine speeches a mere expression of opinion about irrelevant matters.

All this occurred early, like his marriage, though not so early as the picnic luncheon upon sandwiches that had to be shared. At the time of this story Bedford was foreman hardener for the Ascott Company; but if anyone imagines that his candle of knowledge had grown dim during the years he will have missed deep meanings. He still knew his trade, still heated and quenched and tempered with never a slip. And because no man can stand round dead during the day and at night return to life, his home likewise suffered from his passing. I think it suffered more than his business. Death makes great changes in a home

II

THE head of the house, his broad face still flushed from the heat of the day, sat breasted against the table as if he were a pushcart or a box and it a loading platform. He was eating his supper and at the same time asking questions; now and then his fire-scarred hands paused in their homely duties while his nouns overtook his verbs

He sat facing the kitchen door, as was his right. Across the table sat Minna, like the patient Griselda, less patient than she looked. Her dark hair, massed softly above her bright black eyes, would have framed her small face prettily had it not been for the wrinkles furrowing her forehead. At his left Jimmy's sun-colored countenance frowned down upon his clouded plate.

You would have said, seeing only Minna's patience, that she was a thousand years old. Jimmy, however, who had no patience on his thin features, but only freckles, showed his youth more plainly.

Bedford Was a Practical Man, a Steel Hardener Skilled in His Trade

Yet Jimmy was familiar with grief. He had come in late from a game of baseball in the park to the north, and now, to use an expression from the lots, his old man was riding him to a frazzle

"Why don't you talk?" asked Bedford. "Has the cat got your tongue? Why don't you talk, if you know?" Why shouldn't Jimmy talk? Why shouldn't you talk, or I anybody, if he knows? Or if he doesn't know, why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't a man eat, whether he is hungry or not hungry? Why shouldn't this, why shouldn't that? The answer is whatever it happens to be. Anybody can answer questions, says the proverb, with an eye on Socrates and his ironies, but only a wise man can ask them. Anybody, that is to say, except Jimmy, and any questions except those asked by his father.

"I dunno," muttered Jimmy.

"What were you doing that you don't know? Who do you think I am you can put off that way? Do you think I'm that foolish I can't guess?"

Bedford was not angry; he merely spoke in the form of sharp questions from habit. He was not seeking information. He knew he was not foolish. His questions would have taken their course regardless of replies. The boy understood this, resented it, shrank back into himself. He could not have felt other than injured and rebellious; if for no better reason, because the human soul is no bottle, to be opened with a corkscrew. He might have spoken freely of his movements, both now and at other times, had he been let alone; but after an accounting was demanded as a right, not torture could have forced him to give it.

"I dunno," he repeated, when the query crumpled into dust and became reincarnated in another.

Bedford asked him then if he could not answer a plain question, repeated the inquiry, and when Jimmy tried not to listen, repeated it again.

"You don't know! Maybe you don't know where you are now."

"Yes," was at last wrung from him when that question marched up the hill and then marched down again through its damnable variations

"Then where?"

But Jimmy had reached his emotional limit. Either that, or an idea had occurred to him. Suddenly his brow cleared and he began speaking in a language he had acquired from a certain Spike Colbes

"Dead house," he said. "De morgue, see?"

"Talk sense. Where did you pick up that tough monkey-dub? All you do is hang round pool rooms with a bunch of alley cats. I won't have it."

"Didn't pink an ivory all day," said Jimmy.

"I know where you were. You get so used to lying you couldn't tell the truth for money." He paused to recover his continuity. "Pool rooms all day, and then come home with your lies. I won't have it."

"Nix on de ivory stuff"

"Then where? Smoking cigarettes with the gang? How many cigarettes did you smoke today?"

"Me? Not one, see?"

"Nearer fifty. You lay off of cigarettes until you grow up. Cigarettes are bad, smoking them the way you do."

"Say, listen! How could a guy burn up de leaf like youse tell, wid no dough on his ribs? Youse owes me a quarter from t'ree weeks ago youse never paid me."

"What you want to spend it for? Pictures?"

"No, not pictures"

"Then it's cigarettes. First it's pool rooms, then it's pictures, then it's cigarettes. Anything to spend money. Why don't you save your money?"

But without waiting for the answer Bedford returned to his starting point and began all over again with his questions. What had Jimmy been doing? Where had he been? Where? Where? Query followed query, sometimes repeated in form, sometimes in substance, until Jimmy's mind, had it been blank, must have stood forth cross-hatched with the lines of them like the shadow mind in a cartoon boy.

"I know what you were doing You were cooking up some job with Senty Mahon. What was it you planned to do? Steal freight from the yards?"

"Nix on dat stuff!"

"What were you two doing you're ashamed to talk about? Tell me that!"

"Nuttin'. I dunno."

"Nothing you're ashamed of! Sure. Maybe not. You wouldn't be ashamed of breaking into houses. You wouldn't

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"How's That Coloring Job Coming On?" He Asked. "I Sent Back the Ticket for Instructions," Said Bedford. "That's an Oil-Process Job. You Need a Special Equipment for That Job"

The Greatest Hunt in the World

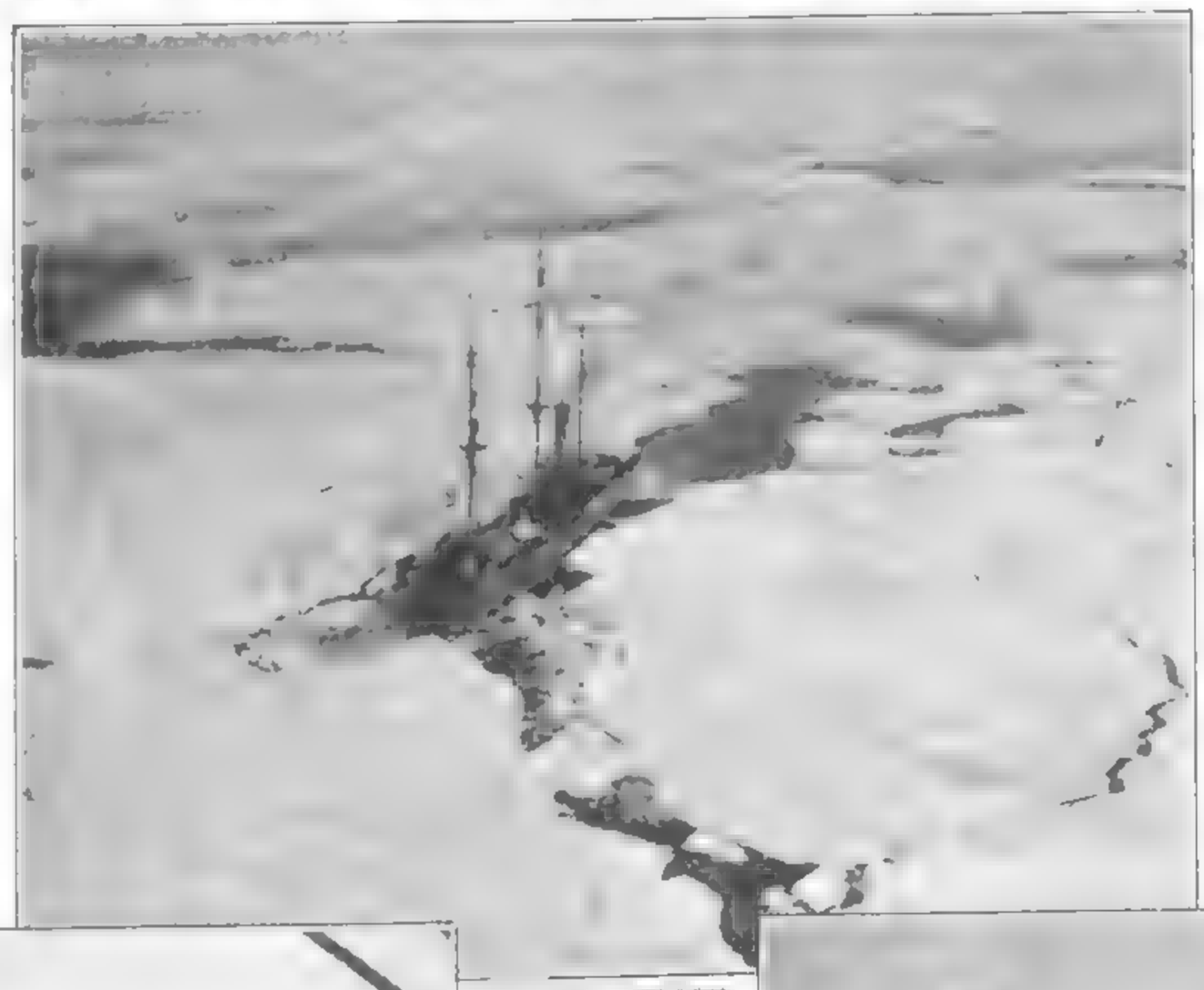
By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

"WHITECOATS!" yelled a hoarse voice down the cabin companionway. Instant confusion electrified everybody. Captain, boson, carpenter, master watches and all jumped up from the oilcloth-covered table where we had been having our lobscouse, potatoes and jam. Such a shouting, such a running, such a buckling on of sheath knives, grabbing of towlines and murderous-looking gaffs you never could imagine. Up tumbled all hands and out on the coal-blackened decks of the laboring old Terra Nova. One sealer nearly impaled me with his gaff point as I scrambled for binoculars and camera. Never mind! Whitecoats!

Feet thudded the decks. Forward, swarms of Newfoundlanders were pouring from the to'gal'n' house, the 'tween-decks, the dungeon. Grimed faces appeared at the engine-room scuttle, the galleys. Babel broke loose. Sealers lined the broad rails, gesticulating out toward the illimitable plain of arctic ice that blazed, dazzling white, under the March sun.

"Whitecoats! Hear 'em bawlin'?"

Shouts, laughter, cheers.



Away She Ground, Crushed, Shuddered Through the Floes. But a Different Spirit Was Here. The First Honors of the Spring—as the Wireless Assured Us—Were the Terra Nova's

"Overboard, My Sons!" Shouted Cap'n Abram Kean From the Bridge

"Dere 'm de whitey jackets, b'ys!"

From a ship of anxious questing, she had become a ship of joyous finding. The thrill that comes but once a voyage was here. For now we were to have a rally at the whitecoats, a killing of young seals. The Terra Nova, first of all the St. John's fleet, had struck the fat.

"Overboard, my sons!" shouted Cap'n Abram Kean, admiral of the fleet, from the bridge he had already reached. "You'll see somethin' like seal runnin', now we've got down to the reg'lar sheet ice and no more slob! Get into 'em!"

Overboard and At 'Em

BUT the men needed no urging. They thirsted for the kill as harts for cooling streams. Even before the ship had bucked into the edge of a vast, groaning floe that broke crisply like gigantic candy, they had escaladed the rail, eager for a go at this whitecoat patch, the outscouts of the great Atlantic herd; they had slid down the ropes to the side sticks, or horizontal rope-hung timbers, and were ready to spring. For, in this desperate game of hide and seek with the herd, here at last was a chance to tag something. After all these days of crashing, grinding, wallowing through the white wilderness, here was gainful slaughter.

First of all actually to make the ice was Cyril, the cap'n's grandson, a mere boy. Sixteen, I think he was; but boys grow strongly daring in those hardy latitudes. He led the leaping, yelling crowd that jumped to the upheaved slither of loose-broken pans, scrambled with goatlike agility to solid ice, and in their heavily spiked Eskimo skin-boots, or skin boots, ran like madmen across its fantastic and tumbled-up confusions.

At the rail, meantime, I watched; I, who by the grace of the ship owners, Bowring Brothers, had been permitted to go to the ice. Watching, I heard the whitecoats bawl, saw their puffy, white-furred bodies wopsing about or lying prone on the floes that looked like frosting on some Brobdingnagian cake.

Speedy Cyril

THE old seals raised inquiring heads, began to swing round, to get under way with their peculiarly sinuous shimmy—it certainly would not be allowed in United States waters. The dogs, to their shame be it said, were first to make for rifts and bobbing holes. The females lingered, but not long. They had to go, one way or another—into the sea or under the sculping knife. With a very general farewell wave of scutters, or hind flippers, the fond parents vanished. But the young, the coveted whitecoats, still remained.

For General All-Round Innocence, I Commend the Whitecoats to Your Attention

Cyril, the Cap'n's Grandson, a Mere Boy. Sixteen, I Think He Was

"Dere'm de fat, sir!" a grizzled old Bonavista Bay man exclaimed to me. "Only a little skein o' swiles, but dat 'm a beginnin'!"

It was a beginning, all right enough; a beginning of nearly six weeks of the toughest, roughest, most gorgeously colorful and comprehensively thrilling hunt that exists on this planet. Now, already the kill was under way. Swiftly the men ran, caught, struck with their heavy gaffs. Cyril's gaff got the first seal, for the boy could outrun the others. It was a fat dog. It faced him, raised its head, flashed sharp teeth—sometimes such teeth work havoc on incautious hunters—and flung a throaty "R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

Whack! The seal's head dropped. The boy's flensing knife got busy on the instant. Speed and efficiency, plus! A very deep and primitive excitement grappled me. Color? Some! The ice glowed with it.

Now the others had gone into action. Everywhere the gaffs were rising, falling; towropes being cast from shoulders; men bending over the fat booty. Everywhere the seals were being rolled over on the ice, deftly sculped. The hunters were shucking the seals out of their pelts as deftly and almost as quickly as you'd shuck a peanut. Every pelt had one forward flipper cut out, one kept with the skin. Blobs and spots of red dotted the icescape. "Snick-snick-snick" sounded the whetting of the knives on the steels. All about, pelted carcasses sprawled.

Open came the loops of the lines, and swiftly the tows were laced up. The men began dragging their plunder back toward the ship. Through ice defiles and around

pinnacles tenderly blue they toiled, each bending far forward with the weight of the load, each with gaff swaying over shoulder. Long, sinuous lines of crimson formed, they joined to broader roads, converging shipward. In came the sculps, fur side to the ice, flesh side quivering like currant jelly. Here, there, a round seal which is to say one as yet unskinned—was trailing at the end of a gaff. Thus the first wealth of the season gathered at the ship side.

Along the rail, all who had borne no hand in the exploit were gathered, and babels arose. Men clung in rig and ratlines. Officers peered over the high bridge cloth. Shouts, gibes, cheers, laughter rang into the thin, shining air. Big red patches began to form on the ice. This, from the cap'n:

"Out with them straps now! Out with the whip line! Take 'em on the after winch! Don't put y'r gaff point down! Remember, every hole in a skin is ten cents out o' your pocket! Now then, aboard with 'em! Look yary!"

And inboard came the sculps, swiftly, while the winch roared and rattled, steam gushed, men shouted. The rails reddened; so, too, the black decks. Lusty hands dragged the round seals up with iron hooks and ropes. Aboard, they were pelted in a jiffy. A comfortable pile of fat already filled the scuppers, steaming.

"Come ashore, all hands!"

Up they swarmed, bizarrely crimsoned of hand and boot. Up the ropes they hauled themselves, over the rail. More babel. The decks smoked and guttered. The sweet, pure arctic air, tingling with ozone, grew heavy with a hot, sickish smell. My camera was working overtime.

"Full speed ahead!" shouted Cap'n Kean.

The bridgemaster jerked the engine-room telegraph. A bell clanged far below. The archaic engines began to thump and thud again, like a tired heart. Away drew the Terra Nova from that place where now, save for some startled survivors surging up and down in open bays, all seal life had vanished. Away she ground, crushed, shuddered through the floes, as for so many days now. But a different spirit was hers. Tuned up, electrified, nerve-tautened, her men were different men. For the first honors of the spring—as the wireless assured us—were the Terra Nova's. She was then, as till the end she remained, high liner of the fleet.

The first whitecoat cut, or kill, had been made.

George Allan England in Sealing Rig

Commercial Seal Products

WITH an eagerness not less acute than the men's I was all this time doing my own hunting, even though it's hard to operate camera and pencil with freezing fingers. But the task was worthwhile; for if life in the raw has power to stir the pulses, the seal hunt puts them high.

Before wading through any more slaughter, let's stop a minute to get some general idea about this hunt as a whole. The two commercially hunted Atlantic seals are the harps and the hoods, cousins to the Pacific fur seal, yet killed not for their fur but for their hides and fat. Atlantic-seal fur is not fast, save only that of the cat, or stillborn seal. The hides and fat, however, are immensely valuable. At St. John's the sculps are peeled, the skins salted and sent to England to be worked up into leather; the fat is ground, steam-cooked, refined, sunned in glass-roofed tanks till it's a pure white, tasteless and odorless oil. And that's a miracle, no less; for seal sculps and oil, originally, remind one of anything but the roses of Gulistan.

My Lady Dainty everywhere carries hand bags and fine leather articles made of such skins; yes, and often wears shoes made of them too. Her costliest perfumes and soaps often contain seal oil; and by chance her purest olive oil holds a good percentage that came from the frozen north. The finest of lubricating oil, too, is a seal product. Then there are other uses; but enough of this. One likes to salve one's conscience, *re* the killing of this extremely warm-blooded mammal, by reflecting how very necessary it is.

The hunt takes place every spring, in the tremendous ice field that drifts down from Greenland and the Labrador, finally to melt on the Banks. The vast herds summer far north. As autumn nips the seas to pack ice they migrate, some down Hudson Bay, others along the Labrador and Greenland coasts. Part of the herds pass through the Straits of Belle-Isle and down the Gulf of St. Lawrence; part keep to the open Atlantic. Why, no one knows; but the strings of hoods always swim to seaward of the harps, either in the gulf or at sea. These two species always migrate in company, but never mix.

They winter on the Banks incidentally destroying millions of tons of food fishes—and toward late winter turn north again.

As they meet the ice they take to it; and there, about the last of February, they bear their young, called pups. In spite of the fact that each female has only one pup a year, and that these infants are the chief object of the hunt, the herds seem increasing rather than diminishing

Dauntless Ships and Shipmen

IN THE old sailing-vessel days, when many thousands of men were out, serious inroads were made; but now that only nine or ten steamers go to the ice, with perhaps fifteen hundred men, only one to two hundred thousand are taken, as against five to six hundred thousand in former times.

One "Watch" Going Away. Pikes, Flags, Belts, Knives and "Nonny-Bags" Give Them a Military Appearance. At the Left—Usually the Hoods Will Stand and Fight

This killing, however, remains the greatest hunt in the world, not only in number of mammals slaughtered but also in point of perils from ice, storm, fire, explosion, drowning—a whole catalogue of hardships that Newfoundlanders alone—and of these only men from the northern bays—can possibly endure.

It reads easy, in an armchair; but my Lord, if you could only put in six weeks of it as I did!

A few thousand seals are killed by adventurous men working offshore on the drift ice, but the vast bulk of the hunt is carried on by the regular St. John's fleet, owned by three firms. Old-time wooden ships they all are, using both sail and steam and carrying heavy crews of as many as a hundred and sixty men. Built of green heart oak, in bonny Dundee, massively timbered and with iron-sheathed bows, these dauntless ships, in charge of ice masters incredibly bold

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One by One the Gangs Skinned Over the Rail and Leaped to the Rolling, Grinding Pans

The Decks Filled With Black-Grimed Men. Flags Bristled. Torchlights Were Dealt Round

LIPS

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

The Lips Beneath the Mustache Said, "Cole. Grown Some Since . . ." "Yes, sir," Said Luther. "Yes, Gen'ral"

JUBILEE danced with all four hoofs so that yellow dust squirted up from the hot road and fell on Luther's breeches. Luther said, "Well, if you want to bust a leg runnin' downhill, boy, go an' do it!" and dropped a palm on the gray horse's neck. So Jubilee lunged forward, flattening his ears, and there was sudden wind that parted Luther's black hair. They came soaring down the curved lane of West Hill and a lad jumped a stone fence with two melons like eyes in his hooked arms on either side of a blue shirt. Scythes halted in a square of August wheat and men waved broad hats. "Go on," said Luther, "bust yourself! Make believe you're a steam engine!" and stooped his head against the flickering mane that lashed his face. The first houses of Buford hopped by, right and left, before Jubilee slowed. They entered Summer Street at a decent pace and Luther stiffened in his saddle; Jubilee stopped with a prance at the stables; no groom idled under the stone archway with its curving sign, "L. Cole & Brother, Livery," and Summer Street was naked, drained of people.

Luther scratched an ear and gaped. He stared at his house. The abandoned dolls of his four sisters lay in the splash of sun that made his steps glitter with the new white paint administered yesterday by Camellius George. A dog romped with its tail before the post office. A very young kitten came from the stables and puffed its fur, hissing at Jubilee. Then Luther saw a receding muddle of bodies below locust boughs at the street's end; people were jamming the station; a globe of black smoke rose above the low roof, loaded with boys. There was no train at this hour! "G'long, son," said Luther, and Jubilee paced down Summer Street with curious jerks of his skull. His snorts must echo in this emptiness.

Some of his carriages and several of his riding horses were caught in the pool of beings. Guests of the hotel at Buford Springs made part of the tide that engulfed the station's small bulk of amber brick and moved against the olive line of the motionless cars. Smells of leather and moist shirts, odd gusts of perfume and peppermint entered Luther's nose. He made Jubilee trot about an edge of the herd and rode on the tracks serenely. Jubilee tapped a rail with a hoof and walked pensively up the ties toward the brazen shimmer of the last car's platform.

These new metal balconies stuck to cars Luther thought of as the vainest pomp. Who cleaned the things? Men and boys flooded the tracks; warm hands were reached up to spot the brass. A little fellow climbed clear over the railing and then tumbled back.

The door opened. A plump woman in white came forth. A bearded man walked past her to the rail and stood, ducking his ruddy face to the prompt froth of waving handkerchiefs.

Luther's elbows smote his ribs in an obedient jerk. His spine straightened. It was Grant, and Luther squared himself in the saddle for the inspection of those immovable eyes. The President had spoken yesterday in Pittsburgh; this special train was taking him on to Washington. Four years had not changed the tawny beard, and a cigar smoked placidly in one gloved fist. The gloves of lavender seemed strange. The white lady must be Mrs. Grant, and General Badeau was talking across her shoulder, staring at the procession that heaved itself below the brass in a fluctuation of heads. Luther grinned. Grant was leaning down to shake hands briefly with the people. Who in this crowd had ever been told by him how to dress wet leather? Who had ever ridden twenty miles to get him a box of cigars? Jubilee edged forward. Luther checked him with a knee and looked with pride at the station, central in this stirring plain of faces. Then he winced; Camellius George Cole was hopping up and down on the shed, not ten feet above Grant's eyes, and his blue shirt had worked from his breeches. A girdle of pink skin showed horribly as the lean boy hopped, his white socks and copper heels bouncing on the slope of slate.

Luther stood in his stirrups and called, "Hey, Camellius George! You put your shirt tail into your pants or I'll give you a bust on the ear'll make you look like mashed up fence!" His brother stopped, but Mrs. Grant's circular fan stopped, too, and directly Luther saw the President's eyes take fire from the sun. The cigar rose to the beard and sank. Icy cannon balls bumped in Luther's stomach. In a moment the changeless voice would call, "Here, orderly!" and the left thumb would beckon. The left thumb beckoned. People spread off the tracks. Camellius George slid down and hung his socks from the shed. Jubilee walked forward and turned sideways. Coils of sweat ran on Luther's back. He would not understand one word. The lavender glove met his fingers. The lips beneath the mustache said, "Cole. Grown some since . . ."

"Yes, sir," said Luther. "Yes, gen'ral. I—I'm stone-deaf, now, sir."

The eyes stared with flecks tossed into them by the brazen rail. Then Jubilee pulled aside. Luther saw the fair top of a tall man's head. It was Martin Summer's head. Those were Martin Summer's pale whiskers, and his one hand rested easily on the dirty platform. Luther beamed. His brother-in-law should be in New York, stockbroking, but Martin was gloriously here, for his rescue, and talking quickly with clear flutters of words: "Scarlet fever, Mr. Presi . . . Yes, sir. He has a big livery. He'll be twenty-one in . . ." Martin raised an eyebrow at Luther. "Be twenty-one in October."

Grant scrubbed his beard about with a glove and turned to Mrs. Grant. He said, ". . . boys at Headquarters . . . more about horses than . . . ever saw, Julie." Jubilee's ears twitched. The platform seemed to shake. A green leather cigar case came suddenly from the coat. Luther snatched a cigar and the train slipped away.

Luther waved an arm, wishing for a hat to wave. Lads ran after the train up the tracks and Camellius George dropped from the shed. His shirt soared in the descent and Luther glanced about for the Widow Grosscup. He saw Sue Grosscup beside a lady in a white, fringed mantle, and to Sue he bawled, "Hey, Sue! You tell your mamma she's got to make Camellius George's shirts longer on him! A person'd take him for six, an' he's sixteen!"

His clerk retorted, ". . . wear suspenders like a Chris . . . wouldn't . . ." But her yellow hair was blowing in a bright muss over her mouth and her green eyes.

"You put your hair into a net so's I can see what you're saying," Luther complained. He turned to Martin Summer and said, "Hey, Marty! When you git here? Say, you saved my life for me! When y'git here?"

The ugly man laughed and answered, with kind slowness, "Just now. Here's Clara."

Luther dismounted and kissed his sister respectfully under her veil sewn with dots. She smiled. He could never see a word, but she patted his cheek and buttoned his shirt, as usual. Translation to New York and the further glories of a house with five servants had not altered her habit of arranging him to suit herself. She was twenty-five and her slaps had always been redoubtable. She had always been subtly minded, and now her gown showed, below the white mantle, strange patterns of green tracery that matched her eyes.

"Well, anyhow," Luther said, "y'ain't took to h'istin' your skirts up to your knees like them women at the Springs." Nor was she painted. He observed, "You look fine. Where's the babies?"

Her lips moved and Luther attended the movement with his eyebrows drawn together, but got no good of the effort. Martin Summer said, though, "Tarrytown—all right." So Luther knew that his nieces were bestowed in a house beside the Hudson River, rented for hot weather. He somewhat resented that unseen house. It was better for Martin to bring Clara down to Buford where they belonged and go fishing in the brooks above Skunk Falls. The great parade of 1865 had danced to pieces about Luther's feverish head and he had dropped from his horse before Willard's Hotel in Washington to wake and find the world silent. But Martin's words had been comprehensible from the first. The lean tall man spoke as plainly as did Sue Grosscup or Camellius George, who had scrambled on Jubilee and was meaning to ride him up Summer Street through the complex lingering crowd.

"Git down off'n that, you big fool," said Luther, gripping the boy's belt and bringing him to earth kindly. "Well, how's your business, Marty? I see in the Pittsburgh papers that this gold has got Wall Street all mussed up."

He strolled between his horse and the grandee. Camellius George hopped ahead with much dignity and scorned other boys. Luther's four small sisters appeared, wagging plaits of rusty hair, and proved by the stains on their pantalets that the station roof was painted red along the

gutters. Mrs. Summer considered them with a smile that lasted a long moment. Luther stopped watching Martin Summer's comments on the gold market and watched his sister smile. It was odd; the stirring of her lips did not alter the pointed rosy face misted over by the veil; she smiled as if a statue smiled in its rigidity

He asked, "What you laughin' at, Clara?"

Sue Grosscup interpreted, "She says . . . girls are too old for pant ——"

"Git out," said Luther. "Mamma always had 'em in pants!"

The four virgins whirled and glared at him. Luther scratched an ear. People were smiling all around. He must have shouted. Sue Grosscup often warned him of speaking loudly.

He said, "Well, you send 'em the right kind of duds down out'n New York, Clara, an' I'll see they wear 'em. Go home, girls, an' git washed for supper."

The girls made atrocious signs with their swift mouths. Their green eyes blinked, and Emma, who was thirteen, announced clearly that she would go to hell before getting washed at four when supper was at five. Luther cuffed her head resignedly and told Clara, "They hang round the stable too much. If I wasn't so stupid I'd git me a wife to mind 'em."

Sue Grosscup settled her paper sleeve protectors and gazed at an elm. Mrs. Summer laughed a little and mounted the high curb before the brown marble steps of the Summer mansion, which bulked for sixty feet along the sidewalk, its white columns and vinous brick now mottled by shadows that seemed stains. Luther admired her calm.

She was a person who read novels and could play the piano. She had married Martin Summer as tranquilly as though the grandee were a farmer.

He asked, "How long you stayin', Clara?"

Martin Summer answered for her, "Tomorrow night, brother."

"Aw, say," Luther mourned, "what kind of visit d'you call that? You ain't been here but them two days in April sunct las' year! I was goin' to let you ride Jub'lee. He's all broke now."

Clara's husband laughed and clapped the boy's shoulder. His lips mentioned, "Market's . . bad . . stay home and see they don't . . . all my money, Luther."

"Sure," said Luther, "them heathen in Wall Street'll take ev'rything you got. You was a fool to sell so much land here. You and Clara'll end up grindin' one them hand organs on the street like " The broker touched his wrist Luther ended the prophecy in a cough and a blush. Some women from the Springs had paused on the sidewalk to listen. He said, "Well, come up to the stable an' see the Empress Eugenie that Demarest sent me down from New York. It's got red wheels"

But Martin had business in the brownstone bank and strolled on. Luther mounted Jubilee and let the horse trot up the cobbles. Camellius George hopped in long strides to keep up with him and twisted his face, stating, "Clara looks . . . sick"

"Don't see so. Wish she'd stay long 'nough to comb the girls out some. They've took to swearin'," Luther reflected, "pretty bad. And I think Katie'd been chewin' some plug when she was sick yest'day. She'll be aimin' to copy that hussy up to the Springs and ride a horse on a man's saddle next. What's that fool's name?"

Camellius George pronounced it, but Luther could not understand until the boy squatted and wrote "Dallas" in the mud where water dripped from the trough at the stables. The black-haired lad continued, "Actress . . . dances . . . York."

"Git out," said Luther. "You think every woman that dresses fancy's a actress sinct I let you read Harry's High Times on Broadway." He dismounted and reproved Camellius George from experience. Luther had talked to an actress in Mill's Café at Washington on furlough after Cold Harbor. He explained, "You can tell this Dallas ain't a actress 'cause she rides out with that Mrs. Budd that's a jeweler's wife in New York. Actresses don't assoc'ate with women, because the women git jealous of the men gawpin' at the actresses. See?"

Camellius George pounded a heel on a cobble and said, "Well, but "

"Shut your mouth or the flies'll git in," Luther warned him affably "You're a big fool, Camellius George. You can ride Jub'lee in."

The boy flushed and accurately swung himself up on Jubilee's saddle. He sat with his wide shoulders paraded and rode the gray into shadow, under the old archway, dismounting with the correct snap of his heels together. It was an excellent copy of Luther's manner. Luther grinned, sitting on the trough. Camellius was all right. If this fuss over the Alabama claims with England came to a war he would send Camellius George to General Grant with a letter and they would make a job for him in the new Headquarters Troop.

Sue Grosscup wandered from the flood of gowns still moving in gay puddles on the sidewalks and Luther assured her, "Camellius is gittin' good, Sue. He can land off'n a horse as well as anybody I ever seen."

His bookkeeper locked her thick arms behind her yellow head and cast her green eyes on Luther's sisters, who were pounding one another before his house across the street. Women from the Springs, airing their short skirts in Buford, gazed at this sight through round glasses on sticks of silver. Sue Grosscup blew some hair away and said, bending her lean waist about, "Them women . . . break their necks . . . heels."

Here was a hole for a compliment. Luther said, "They ain't none of 'em so good a figger as you got, Sue. And them bustles make 'em look like ——"

"Clara," the deeply red lips broke in, "ain't . . . well"

"Awful hot for end of August, Sue. I was sayin' about them bustles that ——"

Sue said, "Come in . . . sign the bills. Mustn't let none . . . folks . . . Springs git away without payin' . . . they did last year."

She had kept books for his dead father through the whole war although she was not yet twenty, and Luther had let her write letters this winter to some base folk who left the Springs without settling accounts. She wrote a majestic hand full of flourishes and his signature looked awkward at the foot of the bills as he signed them in his tiny office beside the archway. Sue said so. She observed, "You . . . like you was diggin' potatoes!" and curled her nose.

"It's a good thing a person so stupid as me has got a bookkeeper so good as "

The girl blotted his last signature neatly and stuffed the blotter into the end of the sentence. Luther took it from his mouth and grinned. This must be love. A sutler's daughter at the Alexandria remount had acted so. He rested his naked pink elbows on the desk and said, "You got eyes on you as green as Clara's."

(Continued on Page 100)

He said, "Hey, But You're a Ugly Muss for a Actress! Give it Here!"

TINY SKIMS THE CREAM

"Get Out!" Shrieked Red to the Chilton Players. "Let Someone Play That Can"

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

STEVENS dropped with limp weariness into the other chair in Travers' office, pushed back the flaming thatch from his moist forehead and scowled at Tiny, who returned good for evil by smiling blandly.

"Tired, Red?"

"Tired?" rasped the other. "I'll tell Susie I am! Tired as hell trying to pry jack out of this burg. Been running my feet off all morning, and how much you think I got?"

"Five hundred?" ventured Travers.

"Five hundred turndowns. One hundred and a quarter, and most of that in promises. Believe me, Tiny, I'd be on a rattler hitting the rails for Frisco tonight if I hadn't said I'd see you through. It wasn't so bad last season, but they're so tight now you couldn't get a dime to stage the World Series here, with the Dempsey-Wills fight for a curtain raiser."

"Same story, I suppose?" yawned Tiny, shifting his two hundred and fifty pounds of jelled bulk to reach for cigars. "Have one?"

"Sure," said Red; "just for the pleasure of getting something without having to flop on my knees and wring my hands. Yeh, same old yarn. Bad business, mines shut down, slow collections. Besides, most of them can't see why we should have to spend more money for players than we did last year or the year before that."

"Did you explain?"

"Sure," was the disgusted response. "Told 'em about the important money Harkness was blowing for stars, but you might as well hiss a guy that's stone deaf. Just as soon give the game to Ajax by default."

"We can get some of the lads we had last year, can't we?"

"Nothing doing. I wrote to Grant and Donovan and Spriggs, and they've all been called on and raised. Harkness is paying the three of them more than we've got for a whole team. Saw old Froglegs Preston at the Commercial Club this morning, and what do you think the old egg wheezed at me?"

"What?" asked Tiny with interest.

"Said he regretted that Chilton had ever found it necessary to go out of town for players. Thought that with proper training the boys here could be whipped into a ball team that would, oh, yeh, reflect credit on our magnificent city. He knows as much about baseball as I do of bull fighting."

"Did you pull the civic-pride stuff on him?"

"Did I? Tiny, you'd 'a' got a lump in your throat if you'd heard my piece. Told him that the annual game between Chilton and Ajax was the only thing that let the post-office people know that mail was still being delivered here. Tried to stir him up by telling him that Harkness was sneering at us and calling us pikers. That got him a little and then he turned loose on you."

"What about, this time?"

"Said if you had spent the dough right last year we'd 'a' had a winning team. Kind of gave me the idea he thinks you're a joke manager. On the square, Tiny, I'd like to send a lot of school kids in there next month and let Ajax wipe up the earth with them. Serve these tight-fisted birds right."

Travers turned his heavy-lidded eyes on Stevens.

"How much money we got?"

"About $600 altogether to corral twelve or fifteen players with. Do you know what Harkness offered Grant for one day's work? Two hundred smackers and expenses. The old boy's sure made up his mind to give Chilton one grand beating this year. Feller told me he said he'd have all Arizona laughing at this burg and its fat-boy baseball boss."

"So Froglegs thinks I'm a rotten manager?"

"Yeh, and I guess he thinks that I'm just as rotten a scout and captain and collector and the other jobs I got. Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"We've got three weeks yet, haven't we?"

"Sure, we got three weeks, but what do you expect—some of them babies at the orphan asylum to grow into Cobbs by that time?"

"No, but we can do a lot of thinking in that time."

"Well," snapped Stevens, "see if you can think up about 1500 iron men. I'd like to be able to hire a pitcher with two arms, anyhow."

Tiny smoked silently.

"Get to see Jamerson yet?" he asked at length.

"No," said Red, reaching for his hat. "I'm going over there now. He'll probably give me ten dollars and three cheers. See you tonight."

Travers hunched his bulk lower into the chair and gazed at the wall. He was thinking of what Froglegs had said. Preston was president of the Commercial Club, head of the Chilton National, and the town's lord high executioner in general. It hurt Tiny to be regarded as a failure with the baseball team. True, he had been a failure at nearly everything else, but that was by the way. The game between Chilton and Ajax was the one big event of Valechula County, and the directorship of either team was the supreme in public distinction. Everybody was interested in the yearly contest, the sporty and younger element because of the playing itself, the women and the church folk because the gate receipts went for the benefit of the Valechula Orphan Asylum.

The year before, Ajax had won after an eleven-inning battle, and Chilton barely raised its civic voice above a whisper for a month after the game. Then it began talking about next year, but the copper mines shut down and enthusiasm did likewise. Ajax was better off industrially, and in the person of Jim Harkness it had a millionaire angel willing to go the limit to produce a winner.

There were no eligibility rules governing the game. Both towns frankly went after all the ball players in the vicinity who were worth hiring, professionals and semi-professionals being brought from Tucson, Phoenix, Bisbee and even farther points. On one occasion Harkness had imported a man from the California State League. As a

general rule the teams had been fairly well balanced, but it had early become obvious that Ajax was determined to leave no doubt as to its superiority this year.

Tiny rose with a sigh and crossed the square to the Chilton National. Preston greeted him coldly.

"We need money," said Travers bluntly, "or Ajax will walk all over us."

Froglegs cleared his throat

"You know how conditions are."

"Yes, of course. Would you," asked Tiny slowly, "make a good-sized donation if I should resign and another manager be appointed; your son, for example?" Young Preston had been a consistent seeker of the honor.

"What makes you think I might?" was the evasive reply.

"You believe I have failed with the team, don't you?"

"Well"—hesitating—"I wouldn't exactly say that, but I do believe you could have spent the money we subscribed—er—more judiciously, shall we say?"

"Maybe. We've got about $600 now. How far do you think that will go when Harkness is hiring the best ball players in the state? You want us to meet on even terms, don't you? The way it looks now, the score will be 543 to 1 when rain stops the game in the fifth inning. I've heard you yourself say that the team did more to advertise Chilton than ——"

"Yes, yes, I know, but — "

"Conditions," persisted Tiny, "are not much better at Ajax. I understand Harkness himself has made a donation of $2500. Expects to get it back betting if anyone here is fool enough to take him on."

"You take a rather discouraging view of — "

"Why shouldn't I?" cut in Travers with a touch of anger. "Stevens and I have combed the town for money How much," he shot suddenly at Preston, "will you loan me on the Grayson tract?"

"To buy ball players with?" demanded the banker

"What do you care?" retorted Tiny. "Will you let me have $5000 for ninety days?"

"Ordinarily I would, but the directors — "

"The place is worth $25,000. Harkness offered me $15,000 three months ago."

"If you can get him to repeat that offer," said Froglegs, "I would advise you to accept."

"You won't make the loan?"

"I think not. Why don't you see Harkness? He's in town."

"He is?"

"He was in the bank an hour ago. I'm certain you'll find him at the hotel."

Sure enough, the Ajax magnate was in the lobby, smoking.

"Hello, Travers," he greeted. "You're just the man I'm looking for. Just thinking of dropping over to your office "

"What do you want? To buy some of my ball players?"

There was the suspicion of a sneer in Harkness' laugh.

"Hardly. From what I hear, you haven't one that's worth a counterfeit dime."

"Think so?"

"You can't bluff me," asserted the Ajax angel. "I wish you did have a few players. We want a little competition. Can't you dynamite some money out of these has-beens here? It's going to be a burlesque from what I can see. There's some talk at home of dropping Chilton and taking on Bowie for the October game."

"Don't worry," flared Tiny. "it won't be a burlesque unless you furnish the comedy. What did you want to see me about?"

"The Grayson tract. What do you ask for it now?"

"What I always wanted. Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"What do you say," said Harkness, "to twelve?"

The other laughed shortly.

"Some more burlesque?"

"Well," shrugged the man from Ajax, "try to get more from anyone else, now that the mines are shut down and business on the bum."

"I can wait till things get better."

"Can you?" asked Harkness. There was mockery in the tone.

Tiny's lips tightened and he was silent. It was true, he couldn't afford to wait. The Grayson tract at the edge of town represented the last of the estate left by the elder Travers.

"That's your best offer, is it?" said Tiny

"Yes. Best and final."

"I've got some machinery on the place and ——"

"I've seen the layout," cut in Harkness. "I'll give you $14,000 for the whole smear."

Travers hesitated.

"You can use some of it," suggested the other, with a laugh, "to buy a ball player or two."

"Got your check book here?" demanded Tiny.

"Most of Them Can't See Why We Should Have to Spend More Money for Players Than We Did Last Year"

II

TRAVERS met Stevens later in the day. "Just as I thought," remarked Red; "Jamerson offered me ten dollars."

"And the three cheers?" grinned Tiny.

"No; business was too bad for them."

"Listen," said the manager. "We haven't hired anyone definitely yet, have we?"

"Not, but I think we can get Hazen from Bowie; and if we can't ——"

"Don't do it," ordered Tiny. "Don't make another move toward getting men."

"Going to quit?"

"Anything but. I'm going to get up a ball team that will knock Harkness off the Christmas tree. Here's what I want you to do: I'm leaving tonight on a trip and I may not return until just before the game. You go ahead and put together a team made up strictly of home talent. If anyone kicks tell them it's Froglegs' idea. You can say, though, that I have gone out to hunt up a couple of good pitchers. Get me?"

"Where are you going? I've combed the field and — "

"I haven't worked out the trip yet," interrupted Travers. "In fact, the whole scheme is still so vague that I can't even tell you anything about it, but I'm quite sure of one thing—we'll give Ajax a trimming that it will remember for fifty years to come."

"How?"

"Leave it to me, Red. I'll show them what a failure I am as a manager. I'll show Harkness a real burlesque. You'll do as I say, won't you?"

"You know me, Tiny. When I ride with a guy I go all the way with him. There are no stop-over privileges on my ticket."

"Good boy." Tiny squeezed his assistant's hand.

"Sure you can get some real players?" queried Stevens.

"In my pocket," was the reply, "is the greatest hypnotist in the world. He can fetch anything."

"Jack?"

Travers nodded.

"Just sold the Grayson tract."

"Get your price?" asked Red

"Just a part payment. Get the rest after the game."

"And you're going to use your own dough on the team."

"No one else," said Tiny, "will be allowed to give a nickel. This is my party. Not only are we going to give Ajax one grand trimming but we're going to put Chilton on the map in capital letters a foot high. You've got about $600, haven't you?"

"Four hundred in cash and the rest in promises."

"Borrow it and make a few bets. Look discouraged enough and you ought to get some pretty odds. I'll take care of paying off the players you get together here."

Red shook his head dubiously.

"Don't be a Fool," He Whispered. "Don't You Know How Money Runs Up When It's Doubled Like That?"

(Continued on Page 92)

Public Men in Dinner Coats

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

EARLY in the season the chiefs of foreign missions dined with the President of the United States. Besides the ambassadors and ministers with their wives there was one other foreign couple asked – my husband and I – and we felt greatly honored by this kindly invitation. The splendid old rooms looked their best, and as the guests were assembling everyone spoke of the noble proportions, beautiful decorations and the perfect floral arrangements with becoming light, which testified to Mrs. Harding's personal good taste. In the East Room, Secretary and Mrs. Hughes received the guests, with Colonel Sherrill and Miss Harlan, of the President's household, to aid in welcoming us and to put shy strangers at their ease.

Of course we were all very prompt, and all were dressed in their best. Even the men wore full uniform, either military or diplomatic, covered with gold lace, while ribbons of court or military decorations added their gay bits of color and showed what honors had been won on the field of battle or by long civilian service. Ambassadors of our Allies, chargés from the enemies' countries, friendly South American neighbors all smiled at one another as those who played host lined us up around the spacious room in a great crescent; the French Ambassador, doyen of the diplomatic corps, at the immediate right of the main doorway, whereas my husband and I were at the other end, the only guests who possessed no official rank at all. To be a White House baby or a Russian refugee gives one pleasant privileges although they have no rights. Before we had time to feel weary the double doors were thrown wide open and on the threshold stood the President and the first lady of the land—he, as always, imposing; she, charming, graceful, and with the smile which makes one feel at home. They went round the complete circle, he first, she following; and they greeted every guest with a warm handshake and a happy word or two. Always varying his phrase, the President was, as usual, vastly magnetic, and I think each of the foreigners there felt that his presence gave the chief of a great nation special pleasure. I have never seen anyone possessing the faculty of creating this impression in a handshake and a word to the same extent Mr. Harding does.

Mrs. Harding Accompanied by the President's Secretary, Mr. Christian

At Table

THE circle finished, the march out to the dining room began. We went by rank, Mr. Harding giving his arm to Madame Jusserand and leading the way to the state dining room, through the full length of the White House corridor. There the table made three sides of an open square and was very large. No one was crowded; there was plenty of space between the seats for the dishes to pass with ease, and the dinner was promptly and silently served. The table was quite lovely. Masses of pink blossoms had been arranged in low baskets by a seemingly careless hand, with here and there a high golden vase carrying the flowers up above our heads. The view was thus quite uninterrupted, and a very impressive one it was as I looked along the well-decked table, where glass and china were of admirable elegance and delicacy. From this handsome surface rose occasionally either candelabra or graceful fruit holders of the best classic Empire style, in ancient gilded bronze. I inquired the origin of these fine pieces, and learned they had been chosen and used by Dolly Madison, and had figured at state dinners ever since. All the serving was done by colored men, quietly dressed, and, as I told the one who smilingly pulled out my chair and gathered up my fan and gloves for me, I had never seen a more beautiful party in any European court. His smile broadened, and I'm sure he took a real pride in the feast at which he had served.

Secretary of State Hughes

I hadn't been to a function of this kind since wartime, and its flavor of official ceremony was rather interesting. My neighbors were new to me, one being the elderly and handsome Minister from Bolivia, while the other was the very distinguished Minister from Sweden. They were about as different companions as could be found. First I heard something of South America; then my partner gave me the names of certain of the other men who were seated in our neighborhood. It seemed quaint to the Russian half of my mind to be told that a large blond across the table was the newly arrived Minister from Finland – that province of old Russia which had always given the imperial government so much trouble in old days. I was reminded by that of my own curious situation; and wondered again whether I was to the mind of this Finn a White House baby or a Russian refugee. I decided he probably wasn't thinking at all of the problem I was trying to solve; so I left the matter in doubt and turned to my right-hand neighbor, to talk of Russia and Germany and Bolshevism.

Sweden had been a neutral, a pro-German neutral, through the war; and since the Bolsheviki have preyed on Russia the Swedes have followed Germany's example and traded with them, not without having some disillusions on practical grounds, I fancy. But his excellency had many curiosities as to my attitude or things I might have heard from Russia, what our hopes were for the future there; and I guessed that though policy or fear of the Teuton kept the Scandinavians where they were, perhaps some anxiety as to the end of the road they followed might be lurking in the clearest Swedish brains. To have the Bolsheviki for neighbors means disorder; and Germany for a friend means domination or an attempt at it which one must resist. Besides, a Wallenberg with ancient name and thoroughbred traditions can't sympathize with the crimes of one gang which led the world into the war or with another which is trying to destroy civilization. We had an interesting talk that night.

PHOTO. BY THE NATIONAL PHOTO CO. WASH., D. C.

Mrs. John W. Weeks, Wife of the Secretary of War

Political Chitchat

I FIND somehow I would rather discuss politics with men who hold views different from mine than with those who agree with me; provided they can keep their tempers of course. It is exciting to argue and try to convert whenever possible. I always like to know what is in the opposition's mind anyhow, if I must battle for my principles and for my cause; and one of the real pleasures of Washington is to me the meeting of such a variety of foreigners, on neutral ground, when I can dig up all sorts of problems of Europe's past and Europe's future and can venture opinions which bring out their theories. But at the White House the parties were rather too official for lengthy talks, and save in some corner where two people might stand for a few moments chatting, the company was a moving brilliant kaleidoscope of color and of sound. After dinner there was a program of admirable music, and at about eleven Mrs. Harding made a move which the President answered. They spoke to those nearest them a short farewell and bowed to those who were farther on. Then, her arm on his, they withdrew, and the great double doors were closed. It was the Secretary of State and the presidential household to whom we expressed our thanks and our good nights.

The large receptions—diplomatic, supreme court, army and navy and congressional—followed one another rapidly through the season, and were all very grand levees; especially those given for the diplomats and for the Army and Navy, which were more gorgeous because of all the uniforms. This Administration had started a new custom, which seemed a very sensible innovation to everyone. When the diplomatic reception occurred it was Secretary Hughes and his wife who received with the President and Mrs. Harding; for the Army and Navy reception it was Secretaries Weeks and Denby with Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Denby. This was instead of having all the cabinet every time, in a long line. There was also a very good arrangement of using various entrances to the White House, thus dividing the crowd, and bringing in certain officials early, without any waiting for them by the long lines of the general public which formed in the corridors and moved slowly through the rooms. Diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, heads of departments, the cabinet, with a few foreigners or visitors of distinction, came in and left thus, through the south entrance, and a pleasant grouping of these guests with much gay conversation always occurred in the large round lower hall while we waited for our motor cars.

One evening we had an opportunity of meeting Laddie Boy down there. He was generally suppressed on party evenings, but that particular night he happened to be

passing out to take an evening airing and doubtless was excited and pleased at finding himself among company. He dashed off from his attendant's side and fawned on a group of important ladies, who were seated together on a sofa. The ladies had not expected his attentions, and there was a wild scattering of fans, gloves and bags as they abandoned their seats and fled before the delighted Laddie Boy. He was soon captured by his guardian, and consented at once to dash out into the garden and leave his frightened victims. Most of us liked Laddie Boy though, and wished he would come back to make another friendly demonstration.

I watched with pleasure these crowds that the White House gathered. The important men and attractive women, the latter in their best jewels and gowns, made a fine picture; and I enjoyed the show of it all and listening to the music. There was an admirable band, generally the Marine Band, I think, stationed in the front hall, and besides their own bandmaster another person hovered about, giving them advice; quite evidently he imparted inspiration. He was a tall man, rather slim, pale of face, clean shaven and with longish slightly grizzled hair worn loosely, a strong nose and fine brow with keen eyes that almost disappeared sometimes in a humorous expression peculiarly his own. His mouth was very mobile and sensitive, his activities were almost unceasing. An interesting personality, with a dual genius for finance and for music, was this man. A friend of my father's, an inherited friend of mine, I always enjoyed him as a dinner partner, and I was always amused with his hot talk and gay sallies as much as I admired his patriotic work. Yet he can be a rough opponent, I imagine; and he has no fear of making enemies. I heard him attack several members of Congress at one dinner and tell them exactly what he thought of a bill that they were backing. Incidentally he expressed his opinion of Congress in general and their group in particular, and it was a good deal for them to stand. But in France he had served Pershing well; and then last winter, at the President's invitation, he did a splendid job, planning the reorganization of this Government's departments so that savings of millions could easily be made. To rest himself from his efforts in this line he composes music, directs an orchestra and plays on several instruments; and he does this as if his whole world were music. He was almost a member of the cabinet in power, yet with no cabinet rank. People call him General Dawes or Charley Dawes, according to their intimacy with him, and he is a very prominent guest whenever he chooses to appear socially, which is not often.

Mrs. Harding Buying a Thrift Bond From Secretary of the Treasury Mellon

Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes

Mr. Hoover

ANOTHER interesting, curious figure is that of the Secretary of Commerce. He is considered shy, yet I don't think his remarkable silences come from that, because whenever it occurs to him to say anything he does so without hesitation. He is brusque in his methods, and apparently he likes others to be direct and short with him. He has proved real genius for organization and for getting things done quickly, and in his own way. His amazing talent for publicity—the kind that makes people give money and leave the rest to him, asking no questions is to me the largest part of his capacity. Evidently he has some of the attraction and attributes of the cave man, for he certainly dominated the women of the United States and through sheer autocracy made them save and starve, after which experience they proclaimed they liked to be beaten into obedience! As I have watched them shout for him in crowds, wherever they assembled to hear him speak, it seemed as if they liked his tyranny. Sometimes we Western women aren't so far from Orientals or primitives.

Hoover to many seems intimidating, but I did not find him so through the rather casual relations we have had for a year or more. He is only short. We have discussed in as few and as clear words as possible some of the relief problems which have come to me in my work among refugees; and we have talked of Bolshevism and of Russia. When we did not agree we took the subjects up again in time as circumstances changed, and generally finally agreed. When we agreed in the first place we stopped discussing whatever subject we had touched. I found him logical and effective, very determined in his expression of opinion, and about some of the Bolshevik activities rather hot in his indignation, especially lately. A year in the cabinet seems to have made considerable change in him, and his personality has not yet said its last word, I think; but what his future career will be it is hard to guess, with the many winds which blow in politics and the rather odd combination of traits offered by Mr. Hoover's character.

Secretary Hughes

EVERYONE in Washington seems to admire Mr. Weeks and Mr. Denby. They are such simple men, and are said to know their departments thoroughly and to manage them well. They are respected and liked by those who serve with or under them, trusted by the President, and they are agreeable companions. Yet neither is afraid to uphold a principle or a measure for the good of our service in the face of opposition. They are American patriots in the best sense of the word and apparently by general consent the right men in the right places.

The pleasant smile, the intelligent clear blue eyes, the strength and elegance of his personality made the Secretary of State a very marked personage through the winter in Washington society. He has always shown such balance in handling foreign affairs that praise for him is general. In the difficult moments of the conference his tact and patience were as great as was his knowledge of the problems he was facing, and since then he has avoided many a snare with a calm smile. Whether tempted by invitations to Genoa and The Hague or by noisy demands of some senator, Mr. Hughes has never been said to lose his temper, yet his answers to each question showed that he fully realized the traps which existed and faithfully performed his duty. Those who heard him make his great speech at Continental Hall on the opening day of our conference know what force lies back of his smooth cordial manner; and whenever I have talked with Mr. Hughes touching any one of the many questions of world interest which are in his hands I catch myself thinking of that wise phrase Owen Wister puts into his Virginian's mouth: "A man, to succeed in life, should have plenty of temper and never lose any of it!" I can't imagine the Secretary of State losing his temper; yet the foreign world will be made to realize through his acts that America is wise as well as generous.

At the head of the Department of Agriculture is a quiet pleasant man, generally liked by those who meet him, who seems to know and love his country and his work. Mr. Wallace goes out only a little, but whenever I've met him I've kept the pleasant impression that I should enjoy asking him questions on the many subjects purely American that touch his work, and I am sure his replies would be worth while.

There is another quiet man who attracts

Continued on Page 58

The Unveiling of the Grant Memorial in the Botanical Garden in Washington

THE TENTH LAW

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"I'm Going Ahead, Sim. You an' Saul Stay Back—Gimme Ten-Fifteen Yards Lead"

THE yellow boy, Jake, shuffled into the blot of shadow before the jail, leading the sheriff's horse, and Dan Mackenzie glanced up from the chessboard on the scuffed landing.

"Reckon I got to give you this game, Sim. Time I started if I am to get back by sundown." The deputy's face twisted to a grin.

"Had you licked anyhow, sheriff. Look." He moved the pieces quickly. "See it? Minute you take that there pawn you're gone."

"Looks like it, Sim." The sheriff nodded. "Play a smart game. Reckon you could beat most anybody round here."

Cole grinned. "Anybody except Rufe Kinston, I could. He c'n gimme a queen and lick me. Slickest chess player ever I see, Rufe is."

"Smart, for a fact," conceded Mackenzie, straightening his back, joint by joint. "All the Kinstons are smart."

He beckoned to the yellow boy and inspected girth and bit deliberately.

Cole, lighting one of the cigars which, with the pink sleeve garters, signalized his Sunday observance, stood watching him, a thin grin lifting the corners of his tight mouth.

"Whyn't you take the flivver, sheriff? She'd get you where you're going and back, time you get started on a horse."

"Would, sure enough," said the sheriff. "Sort of felt like riding, this trip. Reckon I'm too old to pick up new tricks, Sim. Got used to horses quite a ways back."

He spoke gently, but the speech seemed to irritate Cole. He scowled and made a jerking gesture with the cigar.

"That's what's wrong with this whole county, sheriff. Folks stick by what they got used to when they was kids, instead of keeping step with the procession. Only folks in Hewitt County that've got the sense to be up-to-date are the crooks. We got to chase high-powered cars with an old flivver and a horse! Down in Cray, now ——"

Mackenzie swung stiffly to the saddle. Sim Cole's comparisons between Hewitt and the county of his birth were apt to be protracted.

"Well, son, we can chase the crooks that ain't learned the new tricks, can't we? Maybe we ain't cleaned 'em all out yet. Be back by sundown."

He nudged the horse and cantered down the short, sleepy street. As he crossed the plank bridge over the branch, beyond the town, he saw another rider coming toward him, and his face hardened a little as he recognized the horse. Rufe Kinston, coming in for his Sunday game of chess with Sim Cole, had chosen to ride his old bay. Mackenzie could see his heel busy at the beast's gaunt flank. He frowned; a tired horse always drew his eye. Rufe's car must be out of order, he guessed, and Rufe was the sort to take out a general sense of irritation on a horse. His frown deepened; he didn't like any of the Kinstons very much, and Rufe pleased him less than the rest. He would have ridden on past with only a nod, but Kinston stopped him.

"Evening, sheriff. Sim Cole down to the jail?"

"Reckon so." Mackenzie met the insolent eyes gravely. He glanced at the horse. It was sweating and its head drooped dejectedly. He noticed that the hoofs were unshod and that they showed the effect of hard roads. Rufe must have ridden on the paved highway over in Cray, to batter them like that. "Your car busted down, Rufe?"

"No—just giving her a rest on Sunday." Kinston chuckled. "Time this old crowbait earned his keep anyhow." He surveyed the sheriff's colt with an appreciative eye. "How'll you swap, sheriff? Gimme a good boot?"

Mackenzie did not smile. "Never was much of a hand to trade horses on Sunday, Rufe. But if you aim to sell that horse I'd maybe buy him sometime. You ain't got much use for him, now you got that new car, I reckon."

The bold eyes met his impudently. "Oh, I reckon I might's well keep him awhile, sheriff. Kind of handy to have a horse, even if I ain't riding much. But I'll give you first call on him if I sell."

He chuckled and rode on. Mackenzie's frown came back at the sound of the broken hoofs on the bridge. A man who was mean to a horse ——

He paused at the fork in the road, where the highway turned off to cross the swamp and join the new paved road at the Cray line. He could look along the rutted muddy lane which ran on to the low plank bridge over Big Branch, and see, beyond that rickety unrailed span, the gleam of the white macadam. There was a pleasant coolness here in the low bottom, the smell of wet leaves and mold, the faint whispering sound of the branch, slipping almost silently over the sand. The horse, given a free head for a moment, turned toward the stream, and Mackenzie let him have his way. It was a thirsty day, and there would be no water till he reached the Brent place. He noticed the track of Rufe Kinston's unshod horse in the mud and followed it to the bridge. Rufe had ridden over into Cray, just as he had guessed.

He frowned at the cruelty of it, as the colt drank. If Rufe had gone over there he must have ridden four or five miles on that pavement; the nearest house was easily two or more from the bridge. No wonder the beast's hoofs were battered. Men like Kinston ought to drive their cars, and leave horses to people who were behind the times enough to treat them right. He pulled the colt back to the road and crossed the bridge, riding at a walk on the macadam, studying the strips of bare earth which flanked the pavement, and the thicket of holly and gall berry which shut them off from the swamp. Rufe hadn't turned off the road anywhere; he hadn't even had the decency to ride on the soft ground.

Mackenzie turned and went back, taking the other fork and drawing away from the long wide belt of swamp to the dry desolate upper slopes of the sandy hill, where, except for forlorn lonesome pines here and there, scrub oak and bunch grass had replaced the timber. He did not often take note of the depressing landscape; his eye was trained to it, so that it was sometimes almost beautiful, as when the young leaves began to hide the ugly warped branches of the oaks, and there were patches of color where the phlox bloomed, and the blue and yellow lupines. But today he seemed to see the barren slope with an alien vision, almost as Sim Cole saw it, he thought. It was a sorry country, when you came right down to it; not much like the fat farming lands over in Cray that Cole was always talking about.

He emerged, presently, on the shoulder of the ridge, where he could look across the Brent farm in the bottom to the gentle slope beyond. He drew rein and sat a moment to enjoy that contrast. The farther hill was like a high lake in a thirsty desert. Instead of the dry dead brown of the bunch grass and the twisted dwarfed oaks, here was a wide clean sweep of clear green, long ranks and files of fruit trees pruned to low even growth, already half concealing the bare sand in which they rooted. Mackenzie had seen them often before, but never quite as he saw them now, not even when their blossoms spread a lavender mist over the hillside in the early spring.

He rode down the slope to the weathered house below the sycamores, the grateful coolness of the bottom perceptible to his hands and cheeks with almost the effect of water.

He mopped his face, suddenly conscious of the heat now that he had left it behind him on the higher ground. He saw that the colt was sweating, and regretted for a moment that he had not taken the car instead. He shook his head at the thought; somehow it was more fitting to ride a horse on these visits to Wallace Brent than to come in the snorting little tin car.

He snapped the catch of a hitching chain into the bridle and went around the house. Brent rose from a splint chair in the gallery, his fine white hair stirring in the gentle air current that always eddied through these open passages between the two halves of a house.

"Evening, Dan. Right good of you to ride all this way. But I couldn't make out to get in town, and I had to see you."

The sheriff shook his head in deprecation and took the indicated chair. Wallace Brent was getting old, he thought; he had shrunken and shriveled, so that his sunburned skin lay tight on his cheek bones and jaws. But there was still that strange look of youth in his eyes, Mackenzie thought—Brent always made him feel older himself, and wiser, because of that look.

"What's wrong, Wallace? No trouble with the peaches, is they?"

He asked the question merely to make it easier for Brent to tell him. There had always been trouble with the peaches, ever since Wallace Brent got the notion that fruit would grow in the sandhill ridges. He had been, by sandhill standards, a rich man; the farmlands in the bottom yielded good tobacco and cotton crops; there was money in hand from the sale of outlying timber, and plenty of long-leaf pine still standing. It was all gone now, except for the home farm and the worthless ridges that closed it in, all thrown away on the crazy scheme of growing peaches on land that was barely good enough to support bunch grass and scrub. And Wallace Brent had spent himself, along with his money; he was an old man, older than Dan Mackenzie.

The sheriff remembered those earlier failures; the first orchards that the scale had ruined, before men learned the trick of fighting it with lime and sulphur. The state had

made Brent grub those infected trees and burn them, in a vain effort to keep the pest from spreading. Then, successively, the failures because of borers and curculio, the mistake of planting in a cuppy hollow that caught and held the frosts, instead of an air-drained slope that let the cold flow down like water. And now, with the money scraped together from the last remnants of the timber, this final folly of setting out a hundred-acre orchard, because the experimental plantation on the ridge had borne sound fruit!

Wallace Brent was too old to come up smiling from another failure; this would be the last attempt. And there'd be little enough left for Sallie Brent and her two kids. Mackenzie frowned up at the green island in the brown waste.

"Trouble with the peaches?" Brent's seamed face brightened. "Couldn't you see 'em when you come over the ridge? They look like they was trouble, Dan?"

"Looked right pretty, Wallace, sure enough; but I didn't know but ——"

Brent leaned forward to lay a twisted hand on the sheriff's knee. His voice went low, confidential.

"Dan, every one of those four-year-old trees is going to bear better'n a crate, without something goes wrong the next two weeks. I'd ought to get a hundred and twenty-five crates to the acre anyways."

Mackenzie shook his head as if the figures impressed him. You couldn't argue with Wallace Brent about this notion of his; he was sane enough on other topics, but the word "peaches" seemed to go to his head like corn liquor. The sheriff had no faith in his idea; you could make bright tobacco in the lower stretches of this country, and maybe half a bale of cotton to the acre if you used enough guano, but the ridges couldn't even grow weeds.

"I've done it, like I always said I would, Dan! That orchard up yonder's better'n a gold mine! I won't get much good of it myself; I'm plumb wore out. But it'll take care of Sallie and her boys when I'm gone. Sallie she knows mighty nigh as much as I do about peaches."

Again Mackenzie shook his head as if admiring and envying Brent's accomplishment, but he thought of Sallie, grim-lipped and silent and brown, managing the house and her children, looking on without a protest while her father frittered away the last of the property that might have kept them all from the bleak poverty which was the rule in this barren country. Sallie ought to know a good deal about peaches by this time! She'd paid enough for the knowledge!

"But it ain't only my own kin I'm thinking about, Dan it's the whole county all the sandhills If I can jest prove to 'em that these ridges 'll make peaches —— Dan, you know how sorry it is for plain farming here. Work like a nigra and jest about come square at the store; kids getting to school four-five months a year, and going barefoot, winters, too; greens and fat-back to eat, and not enough of that! Dan, think what it's going to mean to those folks if they can make peaches on the slopes not jest money to spend on clothes and cars and fun, but money to raise up the kind of men and women they'd ought to be – kids that get fed right and kept warm winters and taught in decent schools—kids that can stay here when they're growed up, and not go traipsing off to the North, hunting a living! That's what I been after all this while—a way to make this country fit to live in. And I got it, Dan! They wouldn't listen to me when I talked, but they're bound to believe hard money. And"—he glanced over his shoulder, suddenly cautious—"don't go spreading it yet, Dan, but they's been four buyers in here dickering for my crop."

"I'm right glad, Wallace. Reckon you know that without me telling you." Mackenzie nodded. "Was that why you wanted to see me -to tell me it was looking good?"

Brent's face clouded.

"No. That was something that ain't so good, Dan." He lowered his voice again. "Dan, somebody's running a still around here somewheres. My nigras been getting corn liquor lately. And I catched one toting home a jug. Sat'd'y night. Claimed he found it, of course, but you know how nigras act."

Mackenzie didn't smile. Probably there wasn't another man in Hewitt County who would have thought this information worth giving to the sheriff. If Wallace Brent hadn't been deaf and blind to everything except his folly, even he would have learned to regard still running as a commonplace.

"Reckon you're right, Wallace. Me and Sim Cole'll hunt around some and see can we catch him. 'Bliged to you for tellin' me."

He rose wearily as Sallie appeared at the door of the kitchen wing. He had always liked Sallie, in spite of her unsmiling eyes and her tight lips. People who talked a great deal made him uneasily conscious of his own unlimber tongue.

"Evening, Sallie."

He saw that she did not share her father's high spirits, and a faint hope that perhaps old Wallace Brent might be right, after all, died away at the hint of trouble in her steady glance. She answered his courtesy questions in grave monosyllables; the boys were right well; she was in good health; it was hot, but that was good for the crop, and she was used to it anyway. He would have liked to get a word with her alone; she was wiser than old Wallace. But her father kept his chair and made most of the talk till Mackenzie rose to go.

"We'll do what we can about that liquor business, Wallace. But it's kind of hard to stop still running in country like this—you can see that."

"It's against the law," said Brent simply. "You got to stop it, Dan that's why the county needs a sheriff, ain't it?"

"Reckon so."

Mackenzie nodded and turned away. At the front of the house the woman overtook him.

"Did he tell you, sheriff?"

"About the peaches, you mean? Or the liquor?"

She seemed to hesitate. "Sheriff, something's wrong He won't tell me, but he's got money, somehow—enough to see us through this picking time. He must have borrowed it—they ain't no other way he could've got it."

The sheriff wagged his head. "Don't you go fretting about that, Sallie. Nobody'd lend him enough to hurt, the way things stands. What's he got to borrow on?"

Her face darkened. "You don't believe he's right about that orchard, then? You think it's jest another -joke, for folks to fun him about? Sheriff, he's done it this time! Reckon I ought to know!" She laughed harshly. "Ever since I c'n remember I been finding out about peaches—watching the money go into 'em. It's true, what he says, this time. We're going to get a crate to every tree, sure enough. And he's raised money on it."

Mackenzie thought this over deliberately. He knew that borrowing was regarded as a kind of disgrace, although these hill people lived on credit for most of every year. If somebody had advanced Wallace Brent money against his prospective crop it meant that he had convinced at least one person that he was right, after all. He tried to make Sallie Brent see this.

"It ain't that, sheriff it's who he borrowed from. They ain't but one man 't could spare cash money, these times. And Saul Kinston's been up yonder on the ridge three times lately, lookin' at them trees. If it's him ——"

She moved her arms in a stiff despairing gesture that Dan Mackenzie understood better than the words she left unsaid. He knew Saul Kinston better than most men knew him

"Seems like I jest couldn't make out to stand it if things went wrong now, sheriff. You know how daddy is with folks – he don't know they's a mean, sorry man alive—even a Yankee! And if he got that money off Saul ——"

"Don't you go frettin', Sallie. I'll tend to it."

She seemed to take the phrase at face value Some of the strained anxiety went out of her look.

"One thing - if we make the crop and get it picked an' shipped, we can pay, no matter how high interest Saul charged him. And it looks like we'd get the crop, sure enough. Only I can't help frettin' some, sheriff. The Kinstons ——"

Mackenzie nodded. He rode around over the far ridge on his way home, to inspect the young fruit ripening under the brilliant leaves. He knew little about such things, but even his unschooled eye could see the near promise of the yield old Wallace talked about. The trees were bearing close to the limit of their strength, he guessed; their thrifty branches bowed under the weight.

He frowned as he rode slowly back over the ridges in the kindlier slant of a dipping sun. If Saul Kinston had advanced the

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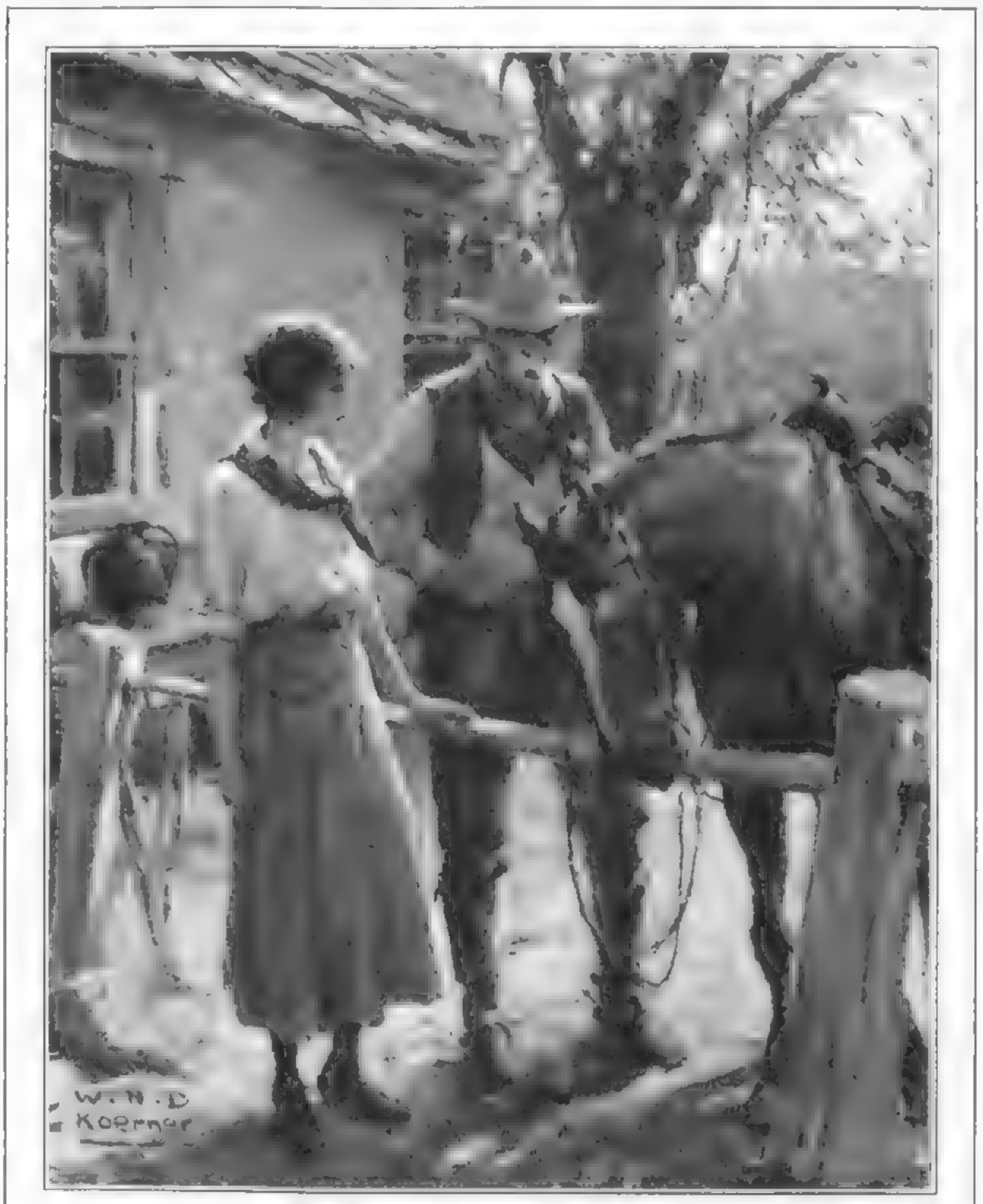

"Don't You Go Frettin', Sallie. I'll Tend to It"

MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS

Calve in Carmen

XX

THE first opera singer to cast her spell over my youthful heart was Adelina Patti. What a picture the name evokes! A beautiful, fascinating being, with a voice beyond compare, her charm and perfection seemed to me divine, almost miraculous. I was only sixteen when, with my mother, we used to stand in line for hours in order to procure a modest seat in the very topmost row of the gallery at the Théâtre des Italiens. What joy and admiration filled my heart as I listened to her! She was then at the height of her splendor, bewitching and lovely. As for her voice, there has never been anything like it. One might compare it to a string of luminous pearls, perfectly matched, every jewel flawless, identical in form and color.

She began her career when she was little more than a child. Her début took place in the United States, where she was touring with her father and mother. She was sixteen years old, but she had retained her childish tastes and habits. Her dolls, which she adored, had to be taken away from her in order to force her to pay attention to her lessons. When she had done her work well they would be returned to her and she would be perfectly happy, playing with them for the rest of the day. Her teacher and impresario, Maurice Strakosch, launched her in America and later managed her many opera and concert tours.

I was told by an old friend of hers, a conductor who had worked with her for many years, that she lived very much apart from her colleagues of the stage. Once she was asked her opinion of a new tenor with whom she had sung the night before.

"To tell the truth," she answered, "I have no idea what he is like. I never paid any attention to him. He must be good, for I did not notice that he was bad."

When she was asked with whom she would like to sing, "Engage anyone you like," she would answer. "As long as he hasn't a tremolo and he sings in tune, it makes no difference to me."

Patti never attended the rehearsals of the operas in which she appeared. She was thus saved the wear and tear of those fatiguing ordeals, and was able to preserve, as one of her friends expressed it, "the velvet of her voice."

Her husband, Monsieur Nicolini, told me, when I was visiting them in their castle of Craig-y-Nos, that she did not even read on the days she was to sing.

"The delicate nerves that control the muscles of the throat," he explained, "are stimulated into activity and cause an unconscious contraction at each word read by the eyes." I am afraid that I, myself, do most of my reading on the days I sing. It is in those hours of enforced repose that I am able to enjoy my books.

Patti sang all the rôles of the Italian repertoire exquisitely. Her vocalization was remarkable, particularly in The Barber of Seville. It is said that one day she sang the aria, "*Una voce poco fa*," for Rossini. The composer listened without comment.

"How do you like it?" Patti asked finally.

"It's very nice," answered the *maestro*. "But what is it?"

"Don't you recognize your own Barber?" Patti asked in astonishment.

"Your Barber, you mean!" he retorted. "It is not mine at all! It is easy to see that your master has Strakoschanized my poor opera."

One day in Naples a good many years ago a friend of mine came to the hotel where I was staying, with a very pleasant invitation.

"Do you want to hear a true Italian voice?" she said. "There is an excellent tenor singing at the Fondo Theater. Will you go with me? I think you will enjoy it."

I accepted with alacrity and a few hours later I was listening to this singer, whose name I had not even heard before. I was overcome with astonishment.

"What a marvelous—what an extraordinary voice!" I exclaimed. "I have rarely heard anything so beautiful. It is a miracle!"

"Ah!" my friend answered proudly. "In Naples beautiful voices are as common as pebbles on the beach!"

"This is no pebble!" I cried. "This is a diamond of the first water!"

At the end of the opera I turned to my friend.

"Tell me again," I asked, "the name of this remarkable artist!"

"Enrico Caruso," she replied.

Ah, that divine, that admirable, that unique voice! Force of Nature molded by an exquisite art! Profound, moving, joyous, a voice of sunlight, compound of all the prismatic colors! But what can I say that has not already been said of that great singer whose untimely death is mourned by the vast army of his friends and followers!

Caruso's heart was as great as his genius, as everyone knows who had the pleasure of associating with him. I remember very vividly an incident that illustrates his extraordinary kindness and the generosity with which he expended his talent. It was years after my first introduction to him in Naples. We were both in London at the time, and were engaged to sing at a concert given in the home of a lady who lived at Wimbledon, outside of London. As we journeyed out to Wimbledon together I noticed that Caruso looked worried and preoccupied.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Why do you look so sad, so depressed?"

"Oh, Calvé," he exclaimed. "I am very unhappy! Your motto which proclaims that he who sings enchants his sorrow is entirely untrue. I sing all the time, but it does not drive away my trouble. On the contrary, it only makes it worse!"

"But you enchant the public, my poor friend," I answered, "and that should bring you some consolation."

When we reached our destination we found that we were a little early, and we had time to talk to our hostess and to make inquiries concerning the health of her son. We knew that this young man was an invalid, living in a secluded corner of the great park of the estate, where a pavilion had been built for his special use. Our hostess told us that he had sent his greetings and his regrets that he could not be present at the concert. She added that he had been particularly distressed at not being able to hear us sing, for he was passionately fond of music; and now, in his invalided condition, he was entirely deprived of one of the chief pleasures of his life.

Caruso looked at me and I read his thoughts.

"Yes, yes!" I exclaimed. "Let us go and sing for the poor boy before the guests arrive!" Our hostess was delighted, and led the way to the pavilion where her son lived. As we walked through the gardens Caruso turned to me:

"I know you are tired, and so am I terribly tired; but it can't be helped. We will sing just a little for the poor fellow—a song or two apiece. It will not hurt us."

Swami Vivekananda

We were, indeed, both very weary. Caruso was in the midst of his Covent Garden season, singing as often as three or four times a week. He was tremendously popular and in constant demand. I myself had just finished a long concert tour and was fairly exhausted.

But for us, poor artists, there is no halting by the way. Are we not required, at a specified hour and moment, to give of ourselves, no matter what the cost? Well or ill, happy or in despair, we must be ready to distribute joy to others. Though our own hearts may be breaking, we must give happiness to those that hear us; we must cast the spell of lovely dreams over our listeners; we must give them the pleasure, the emotion, the exaltation that makes them forget the sorrows and anxieties of mundane things and dwell for a little while in a happier world.

When we reached the pavilion and stood beside that bed of pain Caruso put aside his own preoccupations and fatigues as though they were a useless garment, and devoted himself to the task of bringing a little light into that worn, pathetic face. What a concert he gave the poor boy! Neapolitan songs, arias from his most popular operas, ballads, songs, everything that came into his head.

"Encore, encore!" begged the sick boy's ecstatic eyes.

I took up the task, singing my French and Spanish songs, all the gay and tender tunes I could remember.

"Encore, encore!" whispered that eager, broken voice.

I began my Carmen dance, and Caruso, appreciating how tired I was, came to my assistance. His golden voice took up the air of the dance. With snapping fingers and beating foot he imitated the sound of the castanets, he twanged an imaginary guitar. He was a host in himself, a whole orchestral accompaniment in one person!

The invalid was beside himself with joy. Forgetting his suffering and pain, he urged us on with exclamations of delight and appreciation. We continued our impromptu program until our hostess, who had returned to the house after escorting us to the pavilion, reappeared on the scene in much agitation.

"The guests have all arrived!" she exclaimed. "The drawing-room is crowded and everyone is wondering what has happened to you. They have been waiting more than an hour already and are becoming impatient."

"Bah!" exclaimed Caruso with a laugh. "It will not hurt them to wait a little. Look at your son's happy face! Isn't it more worth while to sing for him than for all the others put together?"

XXI

GENIUS might well be called the expression of a superhuman energy. This definition can be applied with peculiar appropriateness to the great Sarah Bernhardt, who has given, for so many years, an example of prodigious and unflagging activity.

Braving illness and age, overcoming physical handicaps and constant anxieties, she has continued year after year her tremendous world-wide tours, teaching the nations of the earth to admire and applaud the dramatic art of France. She might, indeed, with justice be called the high priestess of that art, for she has probably done more than any one person to carry its message to many lands and peoples. Her vital flame seems to be unquenchable. She is astonishingly resilient, ever ready for new undertakings and enterprises. No detail is too small for her attention, just as no effort is too great to obtain her ends.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of taking a group of young friends and pupils to see the great actress, who was at the moment playing at Montpellier, which is the largest city within motoring distance of Cabrières. I was anxious that they should see this remarkable exponent of the dramatic art, for they were all, in one way or another, aspirants to the lyric or the spoken drama. We sat spellbound through the performance, forgetting time and place, enthralled by her truly astounding powers of emotional expression.

When the play was over we, the audience, were actually exhausted by the intensity of feeling which the great artist had made us share with her. How much more wearied must she herself have been by the tremendous

outpouring of vital energy that the rôle required! I was reluctant to disturb her, but my importunate young friends insisted that they must pay their homage to the incomparable actress.

"I will do my best," I answered, "but I fear she will be too tired."

I made my way behind the scenes and was received most cordially in the artist's dressing room. At the first glance I saw that she was, indeed, worn out by the exhausting performance she had just completed.

"I came to plead for some young friends of mine," I explained, after we had exchanged the usual greetings. "They long to see you and lay at your feet the tribute of their enthusiastic appreciation. But I fear that this is not an opportune moment."

"No, no, Calvé, I am too tired!" she answered. "Indeed I cannot make another effort—I cannot do anything more!"

She closed her eyes and her whole being drooped in a complete abandonment of fatigue. I rose to go immediately.

"They will be disappointed," I said. "But it does not matter. They will always remember the marvelous experience you have given them today, and I can at any rate thank you in their name."

As I turned toward the door that magic voice which has held so many thousands under its golden enchantment stopped me.

"Let them come!" Bernhardt exclaimed. "I will receive them! But not here. At the hotel where I am staying. I will go there immediately."

I returned with my good news to the band of expectant young people. We were soon in the foyer of the hotel, awaiting the promised arrival. The doors flew open, the place was suddenly filled with a vivid presence. Was this the worn, exhausted woman I had left a few minutes before in the dressing room of the theater? The transformation was complete. Charming, vivacious, scintillating, she swept up to us. She had a brilliant smile for each of my young friends, a laughing word; greetings and compliments were exchanged. Then she was gone again, leaving in those young hearts a vision of eternal youth, a fascinating and indelible impression of La Divine Sarah.

Among my many colleagues and fellow workers in the operatic world the memory of Elena Sanz remains particularly dear to me. She was a singer of rare talent, beautiful and lovable. She had an unusual voice, and we used often to sing Spanish duets together for the amusement of our friends.

One day it occurred to us to try our luck in true Bohemian fashion. We disguised ourselves as wandering ballad singers and went out into the streets of Paris to see whether we could not earn some pennies for the poor. We were both young and not ugly. Guitar in hand, scarf on head, off we went in search of adventure.

We started on the Champs-Elysées itself, and asked the first *concierge*, sitting like a guardian dragon in her lodge, for permission to sing in the court of her house. We were refused! Again we tried, with no better result. They turned us away at every door. Undaunted, we continued until we found a Cerberus more gentle than the others, who acceded to our entreaties. We were allowed to go into the court, and there we began our song. We threw ourselves into it with all our heart, our voice, our talent. It was a duet which our friends admired particularly and we sang it as well as we knew how. Suddenly a window on the ground floor was thrown open.

"How long is this howling going to continue?" a furious voice shouted from the depths of a darkened room. "Who are these witches, destroying my peace with their hideous voices and false notes? *Concierge!*" the man called at the top of his lungs. "*Concierge!* Turn these women out!"

We fled precipitously. Once in the street, we did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Do you really think we sang out of tune?" Elena asked ruefully.

"I don't know," I answered, in equal dejection.

Madame Patti in Her Home, Craigy-Nos

"It's dreadful! I feel as though I had neither voice nor talent. Let's go home!"

We walked along silently for a few minutes.

"I know what we'll do!" exclaimed Elena suddenly. "We'll accept that invitation to the Spanish embassy which we had thought of refusing. Come! Hurry! We'll dress in our best and see whether they like us or not!"

Late that evening, surrounded by an enthusiastic group of friends and acquaintances, who were complimenting us on our performance, we had the courage to tell our sad tale.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed one of the guests. "That is the very story Monsieur X was just telling me!"

She turned to the man who was standing beside her and added, "Now you see who it was you chased away!"

Everyone in the room burst into laughter except the poor man himself, who was overcome with confusion.

It does not always pay to be too realistic! I remember that I nearly killed a colleague of mine in an attempt to follow his directions literally. He was an artist of talent, a tenor name Devoyood. He interpreted the rôle of Valentine in Faust, when I was singing Marguerite. In the duel scene he was supposed to be killed by the sword of Mephistopheles. He asked me to come to him after he had fallen, and to pick up his head between my hands. I was then to let it fall to the ground to show that he was quite dead.

"It must go 'pouf!'" he added by way of emphasis.

"But it will hurt you!" I protested.

"No, no!" he answered. "Go to it! I want to get the effect!"

On the opening night I did as I was told, but I miscalculated the distance. His head fell to the floor with a dreadful thud!

"You have killed me!" roared the dead man in heart-breaking accents.

I was overcome with laughter, and was scarcely able to make my exit with proper dignity. The following day the newspapers commented most favorably on this scene. They thought the effect studied and we had to repeat it night after night. My first experience, however, taught me to calculate the distance with greater care.

My experiences have not always had as amusing a dénouement as this. One cannot spend a lifetime on the stage without occasionally encountering annoying individuals and distressing experiences. Like the rest of the world, there are all sorts of singers and actors, and once in a while a comrade will take pleasure in teasing or vexing his fellow artists right in the midst of a performance. Often this sort of fooling on the stage is merely the exuberance of high spirits. Sometimes, however, it is actuated by less admirable motives. On the whole, I have encountered few mean and malicious spirits among my theatrical friends. One incident stands out in my mind as an exception which proves this rule.

It was on the occasion of one of my tours outside of France. I was appearing in Carmen with a group of foreign singers whom I had never known before. As I was a visiting artist, engaged for one or two performances only, the company had rehearsed the opera before I came and was practically ready for the performance. When I arrived I went to one rehearsal only, the dress rehearsal on the day before the first night. We went through the entire opera in order to arrange the necessary stage business in relation to my part. In the last act we rehearsed the scene in which Carmen is killed, with particular care, and I explained to the tenor, who was singing the rôle of Don José for the first time, exactly how to carry out the action of this very dramatic and violent scene. All the details were clearly understood between us and agreed upon to what I thought was our mutual satisfaction.

On the night of the performance all went well and smoothly until the last act, though I will admit that I found the company, particularly Don José, rather wooden and unresponsive. The performance was being cordially received, however, and I suspected nothing until I found myself on the stage alone with the tenor in the last act. Just as the scene was rising to its climax and Don José is supposed to pursue Carmen across the square and kill her, my partner planted himself in the middle of the stage with his back to the audience.

"Now," he exclaimed between his teeth, "you can do what you please! I'm not going to run around the stage after you."

Imagine my stupefaction! The audience, of course, could not hear him or see his malevolent and jeering expression. On the other hand, my face was clearly visible and I had to control my features and carry on the part as though nothing had happened to break the thread of the action. What a dilemma! How was I to finish the scene if he did not do his part? Only a few bars of music remained before Don José must kill Carmen or the whole performance would be ruined. For an angry moment I was ready to drop the whole business and walk off the stage, but I realized almost simultaneously that this was exactly what my kind partner of the evening wished me to do. He hoped to create a scandal which would react disastrously on me. I was a stranger, an outsider, and could easily be made the scapegoat. It was cleverly planned, for no one was on the stage to hear his words or see what he was doing. Anything that happened would, of course, be considered my fault. All this flashed

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The Convent in Calcutta Where Swami Vivekananda Was Buried

TUMBLEWEEDS

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VII

SOLDIERS sat their horses at half-mile intervals, awaiting the appointed hour to give the signal for the home seekers to cross the line. Molly Lassiter's eyes snapped excitedly as she viewed the scene, a spectacle which has never been duplicated in all history. More than a hundred and fifty thousand souls were banked up behind the Cherokee-Kansas line and a thinner wave had assembled on the Oklahoma side, where the barrier would be lowered at the same hour as that along the northern edge.

"And six months ago I was thinking it would take years to settle it," Carver said. "There's twelve thousand square miles in the unowned lands, and within four hours from the time the pistol cracks she'll be settled solid; every foot of ground staked and tenanted, right down to the last odd scrap."

Bart Lassiter joined them as they rode along behind the line. Every sort of conveyance the West had ever seen was represented. Hundreds of canvas-covered wagons were stationed along the front ranks of the mob, their owners having camped there for days, in frequent instances for months, to make certain of holding a place in the forefront of the run. Buckboards and lumbering farm wagons, top buggies and family carriages, shining runabouts, with here and there a racing cart, the slender, high-strung horse between the shafts fretting restlessly for the start; saddle horses of every conceivable size and color. Scores of Kentucky thoroughbreds had been shipped in to make the run, and even now, two hours before the start, their riders were maneuvering for favorable positions as formerly they had jockeyed at the wire.

Individuals reacted differently to the strain of waiting. Some genial souls called encouragement to others and optimistically predicted that there would be claims for all as they motioned some anxious newcomer in the rear to some gap nearer the front. Others glared suspiciously at all about them and resented every shift of their neighbors lest the movement provide space for another hopeful soul. Many men seemed anxious and careworn. Most of these had families and the next few hours would mean much to them, their every hope based upon staking out a claim. Some feverishly discussed their chances, while others were quite stolid; many boastful, announcing for the benefit of all within earshot that they knew exactly the best piece of ground in the Strip and would beat all others to the spot.

His Victim Turned to Cast an Apprehensive Glance Over His Shoulder

One woman called out hysterically as the three riders passed behind her, calling out to a friend who was some yards away.

"Have your man stake the claim next to ourn!" she screeched. "Then we can neighbor back and forth. Watch now and pull right in behind us," she urged, as if the start were but two seconds off instead of as many hours. "Don't let anyone wedge in between."

There were already half a dozen vehicles in between and their occupants fidgeted irritably under the constant scourge of her insistent screech.

One ample soul fanned her infant while answering the questions showered upon her by the rest of her brood, smiling meanwhile at all who caught her eye and occasionally dropping a word of good cheer to the tall lean man who occupied the seat beside her, his eyes roving moodily off across the burned and blackened area of the promised land. A meek little woman near by cried quietly, while her man awkwardly sought to dissuade her, speaking gruffly in his concern over this unforeseen situation.

"Close up, it sounds like a flock of chattering magpies," said Carver. "And from a distance it sounds like the everlasting blat of a band of sheep. Whatever do you suppose brought all this swarm together?"

"The need that every human feels," Molly answered. "The urge to have a home."

She had pulled up her horse, and Carver, following the direction of her gaze, saw an old couple on the seat of a wagon on the very front of the line. The man's beard was white and a ragged fringe of white hair showed beneath his battered hat; one of the pioneers who had helped hew out homes in the West for others, but who had neglected to retain one for himself. For a year old Judd Armstrong had been camped at various points along the line and Caldwell had come to know him. The little old lady beside him was hatless, her hair drawn tightly back from her brows and twisted in a scanty knot behind, the blistering sun falling full upon her wrinkled, weather-beaten face. She gazed serenely forth upon the restless horde of humanity around her, undisturbed by the nearness of the hour which would determine whether at last she should have a home after having been deprived of one for all these many years. Life had handed her many reverses, but she had faced them all with that same serenity, confident that old Judd would see her through.

"Is there any chance for them?" the girl anxiously inquired.

It Seemed That a Black Cyclone Belt a Hundred Yards in Width Had Sucked Up Thousands

Carver shook his head doubtfully as he studied the two patient, bony horses that were destined to carry the ancient couple into the wild scramble of the most desperate stampede of the century.

"Not much, I'm fearing," he returned. "This will be one awful tangle, with every man for himself. Poor old souls, they oughtn't to go into it with that worn-out team."

He turned to Molly, and she was looking up at him, in her eyes that same expression which at that first meeting had impressed him with the thought that she was in grave need of something.

"Don't look at me like that, honey," he said. "Not with folks looking on. I might lose my head and forget there was anyone around. Maybe they'll find a scrap of ground that the rest have run over without noticing. We'll hope it transpires that way, won't we?"

She nodded without speaking and they rode on. A little knot of horsemen appeared some disance out across the blackened landscape, their progress marked by puffs of fine black ashes tossed aloft by their horses' hoofs.

As the Animal Stretched Into a Full Run Behind the Speeding Cyclist He Whirled His Loop Aloft

"Cavalry patrol bringing out some sooner they've picked up," Carver stated as he watched the group approach. "There's likely two hundred-odd hiding out down there to take their pick of the claims when the run sets in."

All through the preceding night there had been irregular spurts of rifle shots at various points along the line as troopers opened up on sooners that had watched their chance to slip through the cordon of guards and make a run for it.

"Did you hear the shooting last night?" she asked, and Carver nodded.

"Tumbleweeds drifting through," he said. "Most of them urged on just for the love of taking chances; others on the chance of making a few dollars by selling out."

"Are there many like that?" she asked. "I mean ones who are doing it for the sake of a few dollars instead of with the idea of living on their claims."

"Thousands," Carver testified. "Every puncher that ever rode in the Strip will stake a claim, and there's not one out of ten that would live on the place a week. Most of them are going in for the sport of making the run."

"And they'll stake the best tracts," she said.

"They will," Carver agreed. "They know the country and are equipped to get there first. But there's such a scattering few compared to the size of the country that their filings all combined won't make a pin prick on the map."

"And where will you file?" she inquired.

"The Half Diamond H," he said. "That's my destination. Every ranch down there stands just as she was left when the cowmen vacated the Strip. Owners are privileged to move their improvements off, but they're mostly sod buildings. The parties filing on them will be saved the trouble and expense of erecting new sod huts."

"But there's a frame house on the Half Diamond H," she said.

"Four rooms—the only one in this end of the Strip," he returned. "Old Nate said he couldn't move it off with any profit and that whoever staked it wouldn't likely offer any sum to speak of, so it was mine if only I'd stake the place myself."

"But won't all the boys that used to ride that country be heading for that same spot?" she asked.

"The old home-ranch sites will be the plums," he admitted. "They're located in good country and all the peelers will line out for them. If one of the boys beats me to it I'll give him a hundred to move on and stake the next. The Half Diamond H sets in twenty sections of rich bottom land in the Cabin Creek Valley. There'll likely be thirty or more old friends of mine head right into that bottom to file, and I can buy the big part of them out. They'll sell to the first man who appears and puts in a bid. That will be me."

"You've found one customer now," Bart announced. "You can buy me out cheap."

"Pick your places in the line and hold them," Molly urged. "You'll have a bad start otherwise."

"Plenty of time," Carver said. "We couldn't get into the front rank or anywhere near it, so I'd as soon start from behind. A fifty-yard handicap won't matter much in a long pull. Those thoroughbreds will stretch out in the lead for the first couple of miles and give their riders a chance to stake, but they wouldn't last on a long hard drag. One of them would run my horse off his feet in the first three miles and mine would kill him off in the next ten or twelve. You notice the boys aren't much concerned over places," and he motioned toward an irregular string of riders well back of the congested throng banked up along the Cherokee-Kansas line.

All the old-time cow hands of the Strip were prowling here and there, inspecting those who were so soon to swarm in and take over their old stamping ground.

The crowd tightened as the hour approached, squeezing a few feet toward the front as if every inch in the direction of their goal would count for much in the final frenzied spurt of the get-away. Carver looked at his watch and snapped it shut.

"Five minutes," he announced. "You follow along to the Half Diamond H if you lose us, Molly. I've got a food cache there."

They pulled up their horses, having returned to the point of their original stand. Judd Armstrong seemed never to have shifted in his seat, and the emaciated horses drooped contentedly, unmindful of the sudden tenseness that gripped all those around. The more high-strung horses sensed it and fidgeted nervously. The ample soul still mothered her infant and smiled, while her man sat as stolidly as before, gazing somberly out across the blackened waste that stretched out ahead. The troopers had ceased patrolling the line, and now sat their horses at half-mile intervals and faced the eager horde they had held in check for so long a time. The hysterical lady cut short a screech of advice to her neighbor four rigs away as the strains of a bugle sounded faintly from afar, penetrating the buzz of conversation and silencing it. A second note, far to the westward, joined the first, and in a space of two

(Continued on Page 67)

of Strange Land Craft and Churned Them Across the Prairies Over an Endless Front

The Trapping of Judge Pinkham

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FOR he was Freedom's champion, one of those ——" The portly passenger from Ohio quoted Byron, intoning each syllable as if he beat on a drum instead of a sleeping-car window, while considering his duty to a client at West Gorham, and his far-wider responsibility to the cause of freedom at large.

A portentous inflation distended his globular rotundity; wrinkles tightened at the buttons, and patches of shirt extruded at every gap. The belt slipped from his Equator to the Tropic of Capricorn, and a white zone widened where vest and trousers parted. Thereupon Judge E. Sylvester Pinkham arose and pulled up his breeches, by the same token girding himself for the rescue of two colored citizens now held in peonage on the banks of Bayou Despair.

The mission thrilled him, not as a complete fulfillment but as a partial payment on his dreams. Horatius had two friends, while Pinkham would stand alone in a hostile country with every hand against him. So the judge hitched up his pants

After a ten-minute stop at Vicksburg the westbound express rolled downhill and crossed on a transfer boat to Louisiana, where he scanned every telegraph post for such casual lynchings as might have occurred during the night; which occupied and disappointed him until the ivory-toothed porter announced, "Tallulah, suh! Bresh off, suh?"

On the seat lay his satchel, wherein a virgin revolver wasted all its glitters. To wear or not to wear? Not he. 'Twere nobler to march thrice armed in justice He manned himself with dauntless air, gripsack and umbrella, and stepped off at Tallulah.

As the big lawyer of a little town Judge Pinkham dressed the part with such distinction that a blear-eyed porter of the Tallulah House promptly got his number. "Hotel, suh? From de Norf, ain't you, suh? Lemme tote yo' grip?"

The Northerner shook his head, for the name of E. Sylvester Pinkham on a register might be construed into an overt act. The porter's remark had made him feel uncomfortably aware that "Yankee" was billboarded across the swing of his long-tailed coat. Yet his foreign appearance provoked no hostilities. The populace seemed strangely placid until a burly native rushed towards him. His back against a truck he bore, and firmly placed one foot before; but nothing happened. The native rushed on to purchase a Vicksburg Herald as the tail end of the sleeper passed.

The few bystanders had slouched away when Pinkham approached the baggage agent and inquired, "Friend, will you direct me to a livery stable?"

"Sure," the lad pointed. "Right around that second corner. Tom Spurgeon can fix you up."

Hoisting his pants and umbrella Pinkham trudged across to a block of squatty stores that fronted the railroad, turned the second corner without opposition, and deposited his satchel on the sidewalk. Two natives sat at Spurgeon's doorway; the bulky one sat reading, and the lanky one sat.

"Mr. Spurgeon, I believe?" Ohio opened negotiations incog. "Can you supply me with a rig and a reliable driver?"

"Reckin I'm the feller what kin," Long Tom drawled as he untangled himself from a chair—the stage article of native in standard make-up—and rose by sections like a fireman's ladder. "Whatcher want? Hoss an' buggy? Or autymobile?"

"Frankly, I do not know," the stranger confessed. "I desire to visit Mr. Buck Hazzard's plantation on Bayou Despair."

"Bayou Despair?" At this name of evil omen Spurgeon shook his head. "'Fraid I can't send you."

"But I assume all risk."

"'Tain't no risk; nothin' more'n the parish is fixin' a bridge an' you moughtn't git round it through the swamp. How 'bout that road, jedge?"

The second and shorter native, in the linen clothes, was apparently called "jedge," and exhibited a judicial protuberance as he delivered his opinion.

It Wasn't a Fit, But a Convulsion, That Gave Judge Pinkham His Crick in the Neck When He Glimpsed Crab Strutting Before the Mirror

"No, sir. You probably could not reach Panther Brake in a car. I have just returned from Mr. Hazzard's by way of the bayou; the road is too badly torn up."

From a solitary and significant fact that jedge let drop the Ohio lawyer reasoned, "He's a friend of Hazzard's. The whites know that I am coming, and will use every trick to prevent me from seeing their peons."

"But I must go there at once"—he spoke aloud, and stoutly—"if I have to walk."

Apparently the natives saw that they had a determined man to deal with, and Pinkham detected Long Tom's glance at jedge, who insidiously proposed, "If you don't mind walking a mile or so perhaps I can send you, sir."

Confirmed suspicion percolated through the corporeal system of Ohio as the pair unfolded their scheme to sidetrack him at a hunter's camp, from which an accomplice, of whom they spoke as Clabe, might convey him to Hazzard's in a motor boat.

"Only way you kin git there, mister," Long Tom kept nodding and indorsing every statement of jedge, who seized the stranger's suitcase.

Manfully Pinkham defended his property, giving his trousers a stubborn hitch, the two bulky men rearing back on their hind legs like roosters tugging at a worm. Jedge seemed determined to possess the satchel, gave a stronger pull and did precisely as Pinkham had done, yanked up his sagging pants—an involuntary act and seemingly habitual. Pinkham couldn't help smiling, and jedge laughed outright as he contested for the satchel. A bond of union had been established between Ohio and Louisiana. Irrespective of geography or politics, their breeches slipped; they were brothers under the skin.

"Let me carry it," jedge insisted. "You are going home to dinner with me."

"Ah? Dinner? I see. Thank you." Ohio surrendered the gripsack and remarked, "I am Judge Pinkham."

"Fortner's my name." The Louisianian extended his hand.

"Also a judge?" queried Ohio.

"No, sir. Just the humble district attorney, and official goat of this parish."

"Ah! An officer of the law?"

"Sure is," Tom Spurgeon chuckled. "Jedge comes mighty nigh bein' the law around here."

A thimbleful of cocktail washes away more suspicion than a barrel of concentrated lye. Candied yams cast out bitter thoughts, and a quart of buttermilk leaves no room for rancor. The stranger's soul expanded until his buttons popped. Only the two of them had broken their bread and eaten salt together when Judge Pinkham was tendered the chair of digestion in Fortner's library, where his tongue wagged loose, then stopped with a guilty jerk. If this were a trap he'd stuck both feet in it by showing his documentary evidence—three letters from a colored citizen on Hazzard's plantation which revealed how he was chained by night in a stockade and whipped forth by day to toil for a brutal master.

"Well, sir," Ohio demanded, "what defense can a civilized community make to that indictment?"

The peace and dignity of Louisiana failed to share Ohio's agitation, but glanced up unruffled to inquire, "Judge, may I ask how you got these letters?"

"Certainly. Nothing to hide. They were mailed from this town to Mr. Rufus Stiggins, at West Gorham, Ohio."

"Who is Mr. Rufus Stiggins?"

"A very worthy man, cousin to these peons. A man of color. Through him my client became interested in securing their freedom."

Freedom! Glorious text! It suggested bunting and brass bands, and patriotic remarks which the Hon. E. Sylvester Pinkham was proceeding to deliver when Fortner interjected a question.

"Judge, did you send these people any money?"

"Money? Money? We are speaking, sir, of liberty."

"Yes, I know. But these letters also ask dear cousin for a little cash."

"Cash?" Pinkham felt that he'd soared to the clouds and dropped in daddy's 'tater patch. "No," he explained. "My client knew that money would never reach the prisoner. He sent me prepared to defray all expenses."

For a jolly-faced man the district attorney carried a most ambiguous countenance, which kept adverse counsel guessing as to whether he would confess judgment by default or would smile blandly across the table and set in his stack. So Pinkham experienced a second qualm of doubt when an automobile honked outside and Fortner rose, returning his documents.

"There's my car, judge," he said. "It's best that you should go and see for yourself. If Buck Hazzard is holding these negroes against their will I pledge myself to put every power of the law behind you."

Like fleas that have lain quiet for a siesta and then come back to itch again, the Ohio man's suspicions returned in double force while Fortner's young nephew hurried him westward in the car. His twinge of uncertainty upon leaving the district attorney had come back to fortify his original intuition at the livery stable, and clinched the fact that Syl Pinkham talked too much with his mouth.

That dinner did it. Full of pie and pure intentions he had betrayed himself, and a grimace crossed his face at recollection of the quotation which he never failed to use upon rising from a table: "Ah! 'Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day.'" The poet was a fool! After dinner,

that's the vulnerable moment when Fate sneaks up behind and plants her swiftest kick. Yes, he had dined and ignored his client's solemn warning: "Don't make friends with those Southerners. If they can't get you one way they'll get you another."

Now he could see that his host had been too friendly, and there must be a trick in it.

From the porch of a roadside store Fortner's nephew accumulated a villainous-looking colored man named Josh, and several miles farther on halted his car at the edge of a swamp

"Well, judge," the boy remarked pleasantly, "I hope you don't mind walking?"

"Not a bit. Delighted to stretch my legs. Which road do we take?"

"'Tain't nary road, suh."

Josh snickered as he picked up the tenderfoot's satchel and crashed into the jungle. Pinkham didn't like the looks of Josh or of the jungle, where anything might happen, and friends from home would never find his remains.

"Jes foller me, suh," the black fellow beckoned, and Pinkham tore amongst the tangle, where briers snagged his coat tails and grapevines knocked off his hat. On and on and on the negro floundered, mashing down brush like a tractor—canebrakes, fallen logs, acres of swamp vine—until he burst through a wall of greenery and deposited the satchel in a most unexpected boat.

"Bayou Despair, suh."

"Thought so!" wiping off the sweat and readjusting his hat.

Miles of winding stagnant water, shrouded by impenetrable undergrowth. Miles of dipping oars, of mud turtles sliding off their logs. Miles of garfish turning up their yellow bellies, of poisonous moccasins and dead, gray moss. Where was the black man taking him? The brawny negro sweated in silence. So did his distrustful passenger. More miles; then Josh nodded backwards and said, "Yon's Uncle Jimmy."

Straight ahead was what appeared to be a stump with a bunch of gray moss near the top; and the prow of their skiff had burrowed into the mud beside it before Pinkham made sure that it was a bearded man. Stump or man, the object never moved.

Every detail of his debarkation had evidently been prearranged. No word passed while Josh set the baggage ashore before delivering his message.

"Jedge Fortner say for Mr. Clabe to take dis gemman down to Mr. Hazzard's, an' fetch him back tomorrer mornin' 'bout ten o'clock. I'll come back for him wid de skiff."

Without squandering a syllable Josh pulled away, leaving the stranger to hitch up his own pants and state his own business to Uncle Jimmy.

"My name is Pinkham—Judge Pinkham—of Ohio."

"Howdy."

"Can you inform me where's the man I believe he is called Clabe—with his motor boat?"

The trapper answered by a southward gesture.

"But I infer that you expect him here very soon?"

"Yep."

In those sepulchral solitudes Judge Pinkham yearned for the solace of a human voice. He parted his coat tails, sat down on the log beside Uncle Jimmy, and denounced the League of Nations. Uncle Jimmy heard what he said. What did Uncle Jimmy think of the bonus? Of prohibition? Of Irish freedom? Uncle Jimmy used his mouth for smoking. Then Pinkham suggested the need of rain.

"Yep." The trapper spat and grunted, "Too dry. Four million bullfrogs in this swamp ain't never learned how to swim."

Having overspoken himself Uncle Jimmy then gave his pipe a twitch towards the south, whence came the put-put-put of a gasoline boat, and added, "Clabe."

From the trapper's camp to Panther Brake the judge pursued his sentimental journey with a most congenial soul, John Claiborne, a young lawyer on vacation, who told such bully stories that the visiting attorney dissolved his client's injunction to make no friends. Clabe liked the judge. He soon discovered what West Gorham already knew, that Sylvester Pinkham was a singularly amiable and high-minded man. Of course he cherished some hazy notions of the South—just as Clabe, perhaps, labored under a few misapprehensions concerning esoteric Buddhism or the ecclesiastical canons of Zanzibar. But Pinkham was ravenous to hear, and Clabe kept him laughing for a dozen miles.

"Well, here we are, judge!" Young Claiborne held the boat at Hazzard's wharf and nodded for his guest to step ashore.

An abrupt tightening of the jaw shut off Pinkham's laugh at the yarn of Cooter's coon dog that Clabe had been telling, and Freedom's champion came back to his mission.

Here he was. Here he was, on the very ground where human creatures, guilty of no crime except their color, were chained and whipped and driven to their unrewarded labor. Now he'd see their ruthless guards, the bloodhounds, the slave gangs. Could such things be? He glanced upward, almost doubting that a just God sat unmindful in His heavens.

"Come along, judge," Clabe roused him. "We'll go and see Buck."

The Ohio lawyer held back, cautiously scrutinizing his companion before he ventured to ask, "Do you think it could possibly be arranged for me to speak with T. L. Stiggins?"

Instantly Pinkham regretted his unwise tongue, for the smile on Claiborne's face gave way to a furrowing of the brows and a hesitation as he repeated, "Stiggins? Stiggins? There's no such man on this property"

"He must be here," Pinkham insisted, reverting to his original belief that all the whites would stand together and hide their victim. "I have his autograph letters. From this plantation. A man of color."

"Oh!" Clabe chuckled. "You mean Crab Stiggins. Want him for a witness? Sure, you can't miss seeing Crab. We'll find him loafing around somewhere."

But they found nobody loafing through such ideal picking weather. Dozens of blacks, busier than switch engines, bustled about the gin, where wagons stood piled high with fluffy staple. Perched on top of the nearest load Judge Pinkham saw two babies, like tar drops on a drift of snow, their eyes glued to the fascinating stranger. Trace chains rattled and teamsters shouted to their mules as they drove in from white and level fields which spread before him as a chromo of life in Dixie—happy darkies, all that sort of bosh.

Yet a glaring deficiency in Panther Brake dissatisfied the judge. Something must have been removed from the landscape, and he missed it with the same sense of vacancy that he'd miss a new-pulled tooth. More than this, none of the colored people were manacled; no guards stood over them with shotguns; the apologetic curs seemed anything but formidable. Doubtless the whites had been tipped off and this scene was being staged for his benefit. A similar ruse had occurred at home during his term as state senator, when he had served on a committee to inspect the penitentiary, and found the prison conducted like a summer resort. But the same trick couldn't fool him twice So Pinkham kept his eyes wide open and followed Clabe.

As they neared the gin shed a pair of spanking mules pranced through the gate. Skillfully their young driver whirled his team around the gin yard, like the grand entry into a circus ring, and then sat upon his wagon, singing, "Who's goin' to dee-liver po' me?"

Freedom's champion halted as he caught the pathetic significance of these words, a challenge aimed directly at himself, the age-old appeal of Africa enslaved. "Who's goin' to dee-liver po' me?" And the judge felt a surge of

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The Autocrat Expressed No Malice as He Forced Judge Pinkham Through the Mob, Flung Open a Door and Announced, "There They Are"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Salvador, Spain, Panama and Peru, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1922

Interest in Work

STRIKES, radical labor movements and other supposed evidences of social unrest are often explained away by saying that they are the result of modern machine industry, which deprives the worker of all real interest in his task. But is it true that manual work has thus been robbed of zest and attraction? Nearly half the persons engaged in gainful occupation in this country are in agriculture, where the worker comes into exactly the same intimate contact with the job that he did a thousand years ago.

Even in manufacturing and mining, where the process of industrialization has gone farthest, only a moderate proportion of the workers are engaged in the very large establishments where specialization is carried to extremes. On every side are workmen pursuing occupations as essentially individual as regards the job as anyone could wish—carpenters, painters, plumbers, truck drivers and chauffeurs, mechanics in small garages, repairmen for telephone and electric power companies, municipal employes, motormen and conductors on trolley lines, postal employes, and the great army of railroad men. In some cases the employer may be a large corporation, but the work itself is an individual job in which any normal man must take just pride.

Listen in, unnoticed, on the conversation of manual workers of varying degrees of skill and importance—street cleaners, painters, track laborers, tinners—any group at all.

There may be some rough conversation at times, and there may be complaint against the boss. There is trivial joshing and hearty, noisy, not overrefined repartee that strong men of all classes always indulge in when engaged in hard outdoor work or sports. But probably the major part of the conversation will concern the work itself, serious and earnest talk, based on the knowledge that the work must not only be done to earn a living for the laborer himself but that it is of vital importance to the customer and to the community at large.

A few boys are irresponsible or unready to settle down. A few older men are naturally born lazy or trouble makers. But in the heart of each of the vast majority of manual workers in this country is the feeling that his particular job, whether it be the finest of precision work or the breaking of stones on the county road, is of enormous value to the community and that he and his kind are the only ones who really know how to do it.

Our ears are filled with the noise of too much talking about the labor problem. Labor in this or that instance may not be fairly treated or it may demand too much. It may be wisely or blindly and arrogantly led. But this much is certain: Those who try to persuade the workingman that modern industry has killed all the natural interest in work are engaged in false propaganda, running contrariwise to the fact.

The automobile is typical of modern machinery, and there may be dull monotonous work in portions of its manufacture, as in many other industries. But the automobile has brought with it a vast number of jobs in its repair and operation which appeal to and fascinate the natural mechanical instinct of youth. It is the same with every industry.

There is dull work, but each new invention, each new process and piece of machinery creates a multitude of things to be done that arouse the interest of thousands of young men and provide welcome occupation for them. Radio is one example.

Several of the most severe strikes in the country's history have been those of the railroad brotherhoods, the members of which are engaged in an occupation so interesting that it thrills every boy in the land. No, social unrest and industrial disturbance have followed other lines than that of interest in work or its lack. If it were true that work had become uninteresting, then it would be time to despair of the republic.

But though, alas, zest for labor does not in itself prevent many industrial ills and disturbances, the fact cannot be disputed that in the main men still find their daily labor of value to themselves and to the country, and well worth the doing. If it is true that the goal of socialism is the right to loaf, then it may be said that most of our people are too wise to seek any such aim.

Compulsory Tenantry in Russia

SOMETHING like a year ago it was announced that nationalization of the land had been suspended in Russia. It had finally been borne in on the soviet leaders that the peasants would not work land they did not own. Later, private ownership in the crop was recognized and private trade declared permissible, with certain restrictions. This was merely the belated recognition of the universality of illicit trade in foodstuffs. Then taxes were declared levied in kind. Finally household industry, long established, was again recognized.

These various concessions on the part of the soviet leaders had at no time the ring of sincerity, though they were elaborately argued out by Lenine. The definitive formulation of the new land policy was promised in the new civil code, of which the provisional draft has recently been issued.

It now seems that in theory nationalization of the land is not given up. Title remains in the state. The peasant is granted the right to occupy and work a piece of land. Improvements, implements and work animals he may possess. Once established on a piece of land, he acquires a prior right to remain there. This prior right the peasant, as a lessee with the right to sublet, may transfer—with improvements, implements and work animals—to another. The rent is to be paid in kind, at the option of the state. The crops and produce, outside of rent and taxes in kind, may be marketed at private sale. Coöperative buying and selling are permitted.

This means universal tenantry. The world over, tenantry that leads to land ownership is constructive. Tenantry that represents a migratory occupation is destructive. A renter conserves the land he hopes to buy. He exploits the soil if he is not planning for future ownership. A professional tenant either farms as he elects or must follow the system of the landlord. If the tenant is cropping the soil for the immediate return he exploits the land. If, as was once the case in the South, he farms according to the instruction of the landlord or factor, that means exploitation of the tenant by the owner. Constructive farming is observed only with private ownership of land. If world experience is to be believed, the restoration of agricultural productivity is not to be attained in Russia through such a system of tenantry.

The Lost Scapegoat

CORRESPONDENTS in various parts of the country tell us that the direct primary has been thoroughly tried out in their respective states and has been found wanting. They aver that candidates of low moral and business standing, men generally unfitted for public office, have been brought forward; and that in many cases those who have won nominations are much below the average moral and intellectual level of the candidates selected by boss-ridden conventions in previous years.

Pessimistic observers openly express the belief that if our democracy is not a total failure it is only because it is based upon a system of indirect rather than direct representation; and the real alarmists do not hesitate to assure us that the direct primary is a short cut to Bolshevism.

Among the chief mourners over the adoption of the direct-primary system are those voters and nonvoters who have passed the buck whenever it has thus been possible to dodge personal responsibility and who now have only themselves to blame when unsuitable candidates are selected, and wasteful, slipshod or grafting government ensues. Under the convention system they had a scapegoat, and often a whole herd of them. There was abundant opportunity for looking dignified and outraged, for soothing the conscience and saving the face; for when crooked or incompetent candidates were put up the reformers, the nonvoters and persons who take no interest in elections except on election day could and usually did lay all the blame on the broad shoulders of "the corrupt bosses." Under the direct-primary system every voter may be a boss in little. Every voter is offered a chance to help make the political bed upon which he must lie for the coming term: If that bed is hard, lumpy and ill made, so much the worse for him. He will get precious little sympathy from the bystanders. His failure to make the most of his opportunity does not in the least discredit the political machinery the law has put at his disposal.

The more disastrous the blunders made at the direct primary the louder and more general will become the demand for the exercise of sounder judgment and more discriminating selection in the future; and thus the weaknesses of the system should prove self-correcting. Even though the period of self-correction be long drawn out because for reasons of their own the masses really prefer shifty and incompetent candidates, they may just as well vote for undesirables of their own choosing as for another set, perhaps no better, imposed upon them by political gangsters.

This silly season interlude will make rough going for substantial and level-headed citizens who have a real stake in the community; but the imposition of hardship on intelligent minorities is an evil that is never entirely absent from systems of majority rule.

Any consideration of the democratic form of government must take into account the errors, blunders and ineptitudes that are almost certain to result when great power is put into the hands of mediocrity. And yet when we became a nation we preferred to brave the consequences of mistakes of our own making rather than to trust our fortunes and our future to the autocratic control of some great and good American as king. This choice was made at a time when we were proportionately richer in statesmen of unusual administrative ability than at any later period; but we have never had serious reason to regret that we set up a republic rather than a monarchy.

Self-government is a living and a growing science and if it is to thrive mightily in the land and become more and more nearly perfect with each successive generation it must not be denied a chance to try its powers. There is no reason to suppose that the lass who was told to hang her clothes on a hickory limb and not go near the water ever became a strong swimmer as a result of obeying that historic command. By the same token popular government never learns to paddle its own canoe unless it is allowed to go out on the stream and take a chance of getting an occasional wetting.

The Rewards of Journalism

They are Found in Newspaper Influence and in Congenial Employment

By Chester S. Lord

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IN THE spring of 1889 it occurred to the managing editor of the Sun to start a movement for a world's fair in New York City in 1892, four hundred years after the discovery of America. Just then, William McMurtrie Speer, who had been the Sun's legislative correspondent in Albany, strolled in to say that the legislature had adjourned and to ask what he was to do next.

Speer was the man to push a boom for the fair. He had just attested his mettle by discovering a brash swindle in the construction of the new state capitol building. The ceiling of the big assembly chamber had been made of marble originally; but as it began to chip, the assemblymen feared it might fall on their precious heads. So they ordered it replaced with a ceiling of solid oak at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars. The new ceiling looked substantial and fine, but Speer and Don Seitz, of the New York World, who was then the Albany correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, thought they saw something peculiar about it. They got ladders and climbed, at considerable peril, to the space between the ceiling and the floor or roof above it and discovered that the entire ceiling, supposed to be solid oak, was simply papier-mâché, put there at a cost not exceeding twelve thousand dollars. They exposed the fraud in their newspapers and intimated that the two hundred thousand dollars went to politicians. A fine row followed. They were summoned for investigation. They attracted much attention as they established the truth of their accusations.

New York Sows, Chicago Reaps

SPEER started the World's Fair boom. For ten consecutive days he wrote an article urging the fair. No public interest developed. Conspicuous men interviewed agreed indifferently, but offered no suggestion. The other newspapers were silent.

"Get the mayor interested," urged the managing editor. "Persuade him that it will boom his administration and his party. Get him to call a public meeting. Have the names of a big committee all ready, have half a dozen well-known men speak—and then spring a set of resolutions. The other newspapers will have to take it up if the mayor does."

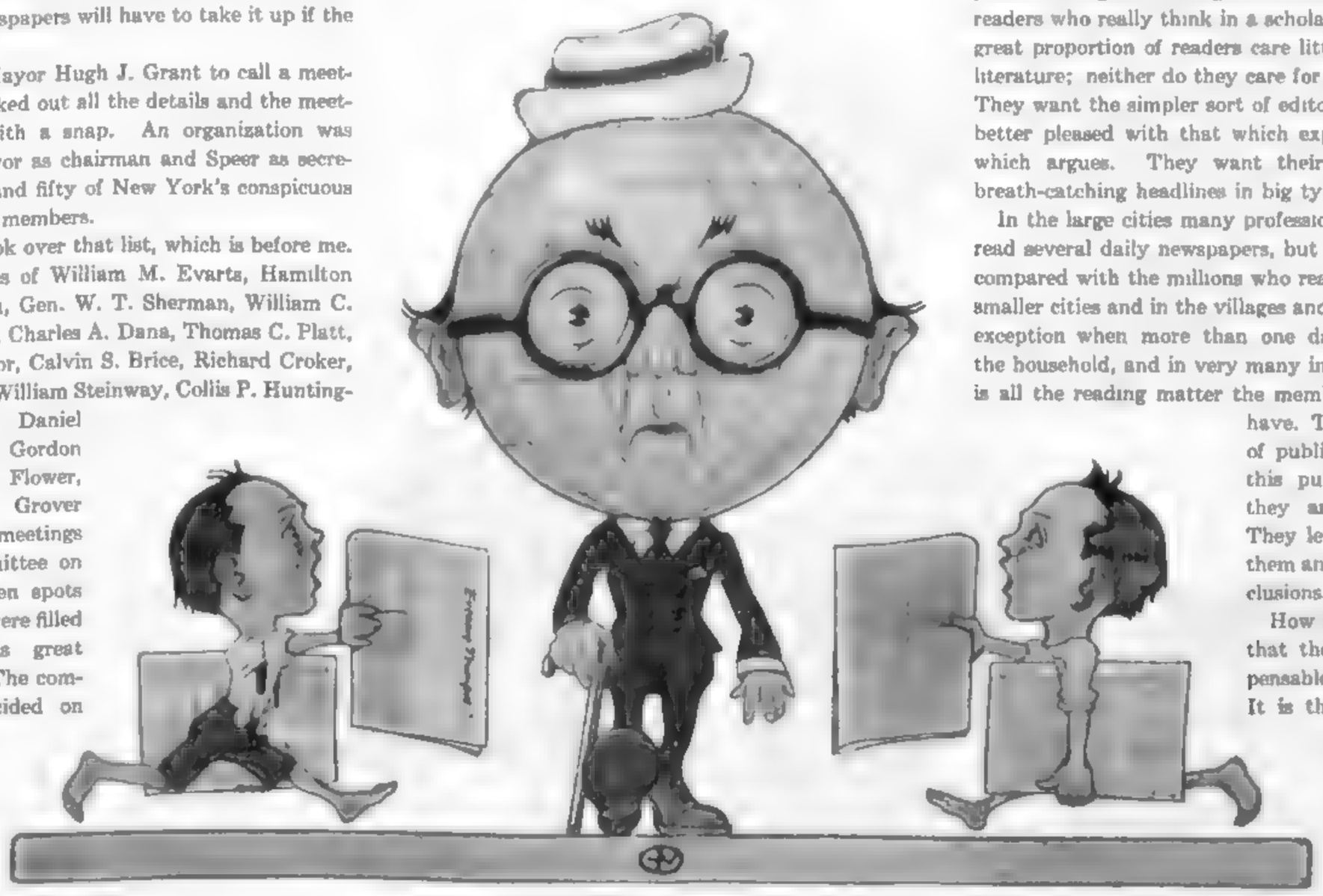
Speer persuaded Mayor Hugh J. Grant to call a meeting. Then Speer worked out all the details and the meeting went through with a snap. An organization was formed with the mayor as chairman and Speer as secretary and a hundred and fifty of New York's conspicuous citizens as committee members.

It is amusing to look over that list, which is before me. It includes the names of William M. Evarts, Hamilton Fish, Levi P. Morton, Gen. W. T. Sherman, William C. Whitney, Elihu Root, Charles A. Dana, Thomas C. Platt, William Waldorf Astor, Calvin S. Brice, Richard Croker, J. Pierpont Morgan, William Steinway, Collis P. Huntington, Warner Miller, Daniel F. Appleton, James Gordon Bennett, Roswell P. Flower, George Jones and Grover Cleveland. Other meetings followed. The committee on site examined a dozen spots and the newspapers were filled with suggestions as great rivalry developed. The committee virtually decided on Bloomingdale Heights with Morningside and Riverside parks adjoining. Architects drew plans for buildings. A financial committee raised a five-million-dollar guaranty fund.

But a great exposition of the progress of the entire world in the arts and in civilization since the fifteenth century must of necessity be an international event, and Congress alone had jurisdiction over international affairs. The exhibition could not be had without an invitation by Congress to the world to participate. Then the politicians got busy. It was discovered that 1892 was a presidential-election year; that presidential elections in those times had a way of being decided by the vote of New York State; that New York City was under Democratic government and control; and that the fair must of necessity insure large political patronage for the party in power. Some Republicans foresaw great advantage to the Democrats in the great popularity of the fair with its two hundred thousand visitors a day throughout a presidential campaign. The party panic grew until even some of the big committeemen became indifferent. After a warm contest Congress, in 1890, refused the fair to New York and gave it to Chicago. That city was unable to get ready for an exhibition in 1892 and it was held in 1893, thus avoiding influence in the election for President.

But the arousing of New York's interest, the city's great preparations and organization, the raising of five millions of dollars, the selection of the site, the drafting of the proposed buildings, the fully arranged preparations—constitute a remarkable example of newspaper influence. Chicago profited greatly by New York's complete preparations.

The editor of experience appreciates that in attempting to influence the public he is addressing many men of many minds. An argument intended to convince a scholar or a well-informed man would be lost on an ignorant man, while an appeal written down to the understanding of the ignorant must provoke mirth from the wise.



Nevertheless, all persons frequently are influenced by mere suggestion, especially when they have not studied the subject. Frequently they may reverse a judgment on a mere hint in a newspaper. Not all men have time in these busy days to think out the problems of the hour, have not the facilities at hand for research, haven't been taught to think. Intelligent thinking is a result of education—the education that teaches to think. Mental improvement is the result of thought. Progress comes from mental application. What we call experience often is the result of constant thought in one direction or toward a single purpose. Lincoln was fourfold the man in 1865 that he was in 1860. Any observer could see Woodrow Wilson leap forward in mental strength from the instant of his appearance in public life.

The editor literally thinks for his readers. He acquires a quality of thought not cultivated or sought or possessed by his readers. He is trained to a mental analysis of the causes of great events, to an expert understanding of their present importance, to insight into their future influence. If he has studied he knows the great influences that for centuries have governed human conduct.

The Editor's Influence

IN THE big cities the editor knows the quality of mind he is addressing better than does the writer in smaller communities. In New York, for instance, every sheet has a different clientele. Everybody knows which newspapers by reason of their scholarly editorial articles, criticisms, reviews and nonsensational news appeal to the highest intelligence. And everyone knows the ones that appeal to the nonthinking public. But in smaller towns the newspaper goes to the wise and the unwise alike. The task of pleasing everybody requires study, and here editorial writing becomes an art indeed. The scholar may sneer at the article that pleases the man of toil, and both may despise the suggestion that convinces the man of medium intelligence.

The editor of scholarly instincts naturally wants to please the highest intelligence among his readers, but the readers who really think in a scholarly way are few. The great proportion of readers care little for so-called polite literature; neither do they care for profound instruction. They want the simpler sort of editorial comment and are better pleased with that which explains than with that which argues. They want their news adorned with breath-catching headlines in big type.

In the large cities many professional and business men read several daily newspapers, but their number is small compared with the millions who read one paper only. In smaller cities and in the villages and on the farms it is the exception when more than one daily newspaper enters the household, and in very many instances this one sheet is all the reading matter the members of the household have. Their entire conception of public affairs is had from this publication. Of course they are influenced by it. They let the editor think for them and they accept his conclusions.

How little do we appreciate that the newspaper is indispensable to our Government! It is the mouthpiece of the Government, the means of communication between the Government and

(Continued on Page 140)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Monody

SLOWLY the roses droop and die;
(Where is the love we knew of old?)
Slowly the sun-bright days go by.
(Little white love, so cold, so cold.)
Dark are the leaves on the weary ground,
Sad are the winds in the still, gray glen;
Slowly the year goes its listless round
Over again.

Somewhere the sunbeams dance and play;
(Where is the love that used to thrill?)
Somewhere the riotous roses sway.
(Little white love, so still, so still.)
Somewhere the skies of young April shine
Bright as the heavens we prayed to then . . .
Somewhere you're pulling the same old line
Over again.

—Helen Wells.

From The Salome Sun

WHEN Salome gets the New Division Station we are going to imitate Los Angeles and annex some of the little water holes, whistling stations and mining camps like Mesquite Wells, Harrisburg, Harqua Hala, Vicksburg, Cullen's Wells and Wenden, and call ourselves a Metropolis. Bill says we cant print what some of the rest of them call us.

• • • •

The main difference between a Man and a Mule is mostly in front of the collar; a Man uses his head or is supposed to, and a Mule dont or cant. Some Mules only have two legs, but a real Man can easily be distinguished, because he has and uses a brain that enables him to do wonderful things—in comparison with other animals—in short, to BE SOMETHING MORE THAN A MULE.

• • • •

Our Frog says: "Arizona is dry—my tears are dusty when I cry; my chances here look pretty slim—7 years old and I cant swim. I'm a dry-land frog away from home—but watch me when I get to Salome."

• • • •

Some of the old-timers are still waiting still for someone else to do something else.

• • • •

Any two-legged animal that does not use his brain to advance and make of himself something more than a Mule, that is satisfied to be an animal and do mere animal work that requires only animal strength and no real brain work or skill—that kind of an animal IS NOT AS GOOD AS A GOOD MULE—because he is not as big or as strong or cannot do as much animal work as a good mule. All he ought to be entitled to is a halter and a stall and enough to eat. With our wonderful free educational systems today, the child of even the poorest and most ignorant parents has a chance to be more than a Mule—and most of them have a Spark of Something in the bump in front of their Collar that Leads them on to the Light that distinguishes a Man from a Mule.

• • • •

THE SALOME SERVICE STATION IS "ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE"—a place where tourists and others can always get SERVICE in capital letters at reasonable prices. STOP AND SEE US AS YOU PASS AND FILL YOUR TANK WITH LAUGHING GAS. Stop and say Hello anyway, even if you dont spend anything. If we cant get your money, we will be glad to get some of your conversation.

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.

The Passing of a Fine Art

A PHENOMENON which has received surprisingly little public notice is the passing of the fine old American art of political make-up. This art has played a great part in our national life, but of late years it has slipped into oblivion unsung and almost unobserved.

Andrew Jackson is usually credited with being the father of the idea. When he went to the White House he refused to wear socks because, he claimed, he never had and did not see why he should put on style simply because he happened to be President of the United States. It proved to be a great stroke. The people rapturously elected him for a second term.

Thereafter an attractive and original make-up came to be absolutely necessary for any man who aspired to hold public office. Even candidates for state legislatures adopted white ties or Prince Albert coats. Candidates for Congress had hats made from their own drawings.

When Bryan first ran for President the supreme importance of make-up was just beginning to be realized. If at that time he could have blossomed out the mature masterpiece he later became there would have been no doubt of his success. But before he succeeded in developing his make-up to its richest and fullest, the art itself had begun to lose popular favor. Bryan therefore is a transitional figure.

It is not recorded when he began to wear boiled shirts, but it was at a tender age. He did not originate the prone or broken-arch type of collar, but he adapted it to more splendid uses. The style of hair dressing, somewhat resembling the coiffure of a hen pheasant, was his own idea. These features, combined with those Nature had given him and set off with a black form-fitting, full-skirted coat, made him the almost perfect flower of the art. But he was too late. In 1916 he did not even run for President, but put up a man who had never even worn a black sombrero.

And this man, wearing a conventional lay-down collar and business suit, actually defeated Charles E. Hughes, who parted his beard down the middle and did not part his hair at all. That was the beginning of the end. In 1920 neither of the candidates had a make-up. Cox went into the fight wearing a bow tie and an iron derby; Harding had for years enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best dressed men in the Senate. Now the picturesque old art is done for. It is a profound change. There is a ward boss in New York City who wears a wrist watch. In a small manufacturing town in Iowa a man was recently elected mayor who wore low shoes and a coat with a belt in the back.

—Kenneth Andrews.

Evangeline, 1937 Version

THIS is the Royal Gorge where flowed the great Colorado,
Filled with tomato cans and the pasteboard dishes from picnics;
Under the traveler's foot he hears the crunching of eggshells,
Mixed with the tearing swish of an ocean of paper napkins.

• • • • • •

This is the tale of Joe and Evangeline, cross-country campers,
This is the tale of why folks call it the Grand Tincanyon.

I

Home from his grocery store came Joseph, the village grocer,
Strode he into the hall and called to his wife in the kitchen,
"Hey, there, Vangie! Come here! We're going to take a vacation,
I've had the flivver fixed up and bought us a camping outfit!"
Clashed the aluminum skillet as it dropped to the good wife's gas stove,
Cried she, jumping with joy, "Oh, Joe! that'll be just elegant!"
Piled they into the car, on top of the camping outfit,
Provender packed in cans, a tent and cooking utensils,
Seventeen hundred pounds of junk they heaped in the flivver
Gave the starter a kick, and headed across the country.

II

Late on the twentieth day they stood at the rim of the Canyon,
Gazed in its blazing depths as they flamed in the hues of sunset,
Gazed at its wondrous valleys and its riven peaks in their grandeur,
And then Evangeline said to Joseph, "Don't it look pretty!"
Parked they the flivver then and camped for the night at the margin,
Broke they open the pack and took out cooking utensils,
Opened they sundry cans—canned beef, canned peas and tomatoes,
Took all the empty cans and threw them into the Canyon,
When they had finished their meal they heaped all the broken eggshells
Into a pasteboard dish and tossed them carelessly after.
Next day did they the same—that week and the week that followed,
Then they packed up their kit—the tent and the cooking utensils,
Gave the starter a kick and headed the flivver homeward.

III

That is the tale of Joe and Evangeline, cross-country campers,
They were the first to come, but now they swarm by the million,
And now that the cheap machines are become as the sands of the seashore
Filled is the Canyon full with the débris of touring vandals—
Filled to the brim with cans and the pasteboard dishes from picnics;
Filled, till the traveler walks from rim to rim on a carpet,
Laid on the tin-can floor, of eggshells and paper napkins.

• • • • • • •

That is why folks have changed its name to the Grand Tincanyon.

—Baron Ireland.

"We're Pairfectly Safe Here, Wally, See Long's the Big Brute Does'na Lie Down"

See Any Hat Shop

"SWEET on you, madam. Look, Anna, isn't it sweet on madam? Sweet, I think, don't you, Anna? Oh, madam, it's just sweet on ——"

"—— so queer that way, he never likes anything at all out of the ordinary. Now there was that hat I got here with the wreath of kumquats, and the sprays of pussy willow, and the border of gardenias. Every time I wore it when I went out with him he made the worst ——"

"—— won't make any mistake in deciding on that one, madam. I wore one just like it myself all last season, and all my friends remarked how becoming ——"

"—— just wish you could see the hats my sister-in-law's sister trims. I tell you, you don't see anything like them around the shops. If she ever wanted to go into business that girl could make a fortune. I often wish I was clever like that, but ——"

"—— don't see how I could possibly let you have it for any less, madam. The feather alone—just look at that feather, madam! When you have a feather like that you have something. And that silk is imported—you ——"

"—— no, just looking, thank you. I really don't need another hat, but I thought I might just find something that ——"

"—— one of the best models we've had this season. And another thing, madam, it isn't a hat that you are going to see on everybody else. I sold one like it only yesterday that Miss Nish wears in the first act of Choose Your Exit, and ——"

"—— can't seem to wear blue. I don't know why it is. People say to me, 'Why, May, with that hair and that coloring, you could wear anything.' Last night ——"

"—— not many could, madam, but it's lovely on you—so youthful too. Rose, just come here a minute. Doesn't madam look like a little girl in this one? That's what I think, too, just like a little ——"

—Dorothy Parker.

Editor's Note—Contributions to this department should be sent to the Editor, Short Turns and Encores.

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

Every time I try to spell
I hear the good old dinner-bell!
And then I just sit here and dream
Of Campbell's Soup and the rising steam!

Anticipation!

Just the thought of Campbell's Tomato Soup will wake a drowsy appetite! It is one of those delightful dishes that you find yourself remembering and looking forward to when your thoughts travel to an approaching meal. It has a rich, delicious flavor all its own which makes "tomato soup" mean Campbell's to you.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

has the spicy richness of full-ripe, flawless, ruddy tomatoes. Just the pure juices and the tempting fruity parts, strained to a fine puree, are used in Campbell's and butter worthy of your own table enriches the blend. Eat a delicious soup like this every day and see how your appetite and your digestion improve!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Of course you like rich Cream of Tomato!

Just make it with Campbell's if you want to taste it at its very perfection! Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

LAUGHTER, LTD.

No Regular Art Gallery Boer Gave Me the Kick That Open-Air Hollywood One Did

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IX

A PERSON'S not knowing what experience lies just ahead of them is one of the greatest inconveniences of life. Take for a sample a boy I know of who got ruined by a saxophone. You see this boy, he was awful anxious to get into the pictures and had made friends with another boy named Eddie, who knew a producer real well. Eddie was going to introduce our hero to this producer sometime, but in the meanwhile our friend borrowed a saxophone from him. Well, this Eddie went away on a trip, and our hero thought, well, I believe I will high-finance a saxophone of my own. So he hocked Eddie's saxophone and with part of the money he paid the first installment on one of his own. He was just learning to play real good, because as he was not working he had plenty of time to practice, when he heard that Eddie had returned sooner than expected. Well, Eddie naturally wanted his saxophone back, so our hero, being broke, had to hock his installment saxophone in order to get his friend's out. Which he done.

The only trouble was that when the installment collector come around there wasn't any installment to pay him with, and when he says why then I will take the instrument, our hero had nothing only a pawn ticket, so the installment man had him put in the cooler. And this day that he went to the cooler happened to be the very day Eddie had it all fixed up for him to meet the producer. Well, he learned to play the saxophone, anyways.

Now when I signed up with Nicky to star at five hundred a week the world was my saxophone, and it looked like I was going to have lots of chance to learn to play it.

"This is like it!" says mommer. "What a good thing we didn't close with Silvercrown. They say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but I always say, not if you can kill the two birds with one stone!"

"Well now that we are rich," I says, "there is one thing I am going to holler about. No more Mrs. Snifter in our lifes, and, oh sweet daddy; won't I weep at parting from her, just!"

"It's a real cheap, comfortable little place," says mommer doubtfully. "And we could save against the rainy season."

"Say listen, mommer dear," I says. "This is only April, and what with my contract, the rainy season can't possibly start for five months. What is more, earning the big money which I now am, I feel entitled to get a little fun out of it. Of course I don't intend to lose my head, but I do think we ought to buy a house on time, and also a car on the installment plan. Nothing much, you know. Say an eighteen-room stucco home and a nice little roadster. I don't care for anything over twelve cylinders for a start."

"Why dearie!" says mommer. "After all you said about economy!"

"But mommer, after we start the next picture I will be getting even more!" I explained reasonably. "And when we come to renew the contract, why you know yourself, I will be able to ask for practically anything I want. Hitch your wagon to a star, I say."

"Well, you know that piece commencing 'Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are,'" says mommer. "When I was Laura's mother I always used to tell her you can afford to live simple if you got money in the savings bank."

"Did she act on it?" says I.

"Well, no," says Adele.

And after that nothing mommer said could stop me from getting us a few things. She just didn't seem to realize there would be plenty more where this week's pay came from, and so why not enjoy life while a person had it? Especially after all the grief we'd been through. And so I set out to grab off a few of this world's best, wondering a little if I would be able to convince the ones I was about to deal with that I was really a star. I even put my contract into my bag when I went looking for my house, thinking maybe it would be necessary to flash it. But Nicky's announcements had evidently forestalled any more personal ones of my own, and the very first real-estate office I went in, the man there knew more about me than I did.

"Sure, I know you, Miss Delane," says the bird. "I seen your picture in the paper this morning!"

Whatter you know! Of course I hated to hear this, and it offended my ears like sweet music or something! My map in the news sheets, and a recognizable picture, at that! Also the real-estate folks treated me with a respect which was all news to me. Up to then I had a idea that if a person was in the pictures every California native son or daughter, or even naturalized Iowaian, would consider the fact sufficient grounds for insulting and mistrusting me. However, it seems I had a crooked slant on that subject. Insults was for would-bes, extras and small fry generally. But once let a actress be a star, and sweet daddy, how the flowers did bloom! It was Miss Delane, allow me! Would this suit you, Miss Delane, or would you like something better made to order? Let me charge it, Miss Delane, let me send it, let me carry it, let me this, let me that, until I felt like a cross between the queen of Spain and the Statue of Liberty.

Every place I'd go it was the same. The clerk at the hotel was the only person I couldn't impress, and I guess he was calloused from rubbing up against celebrities for so long.

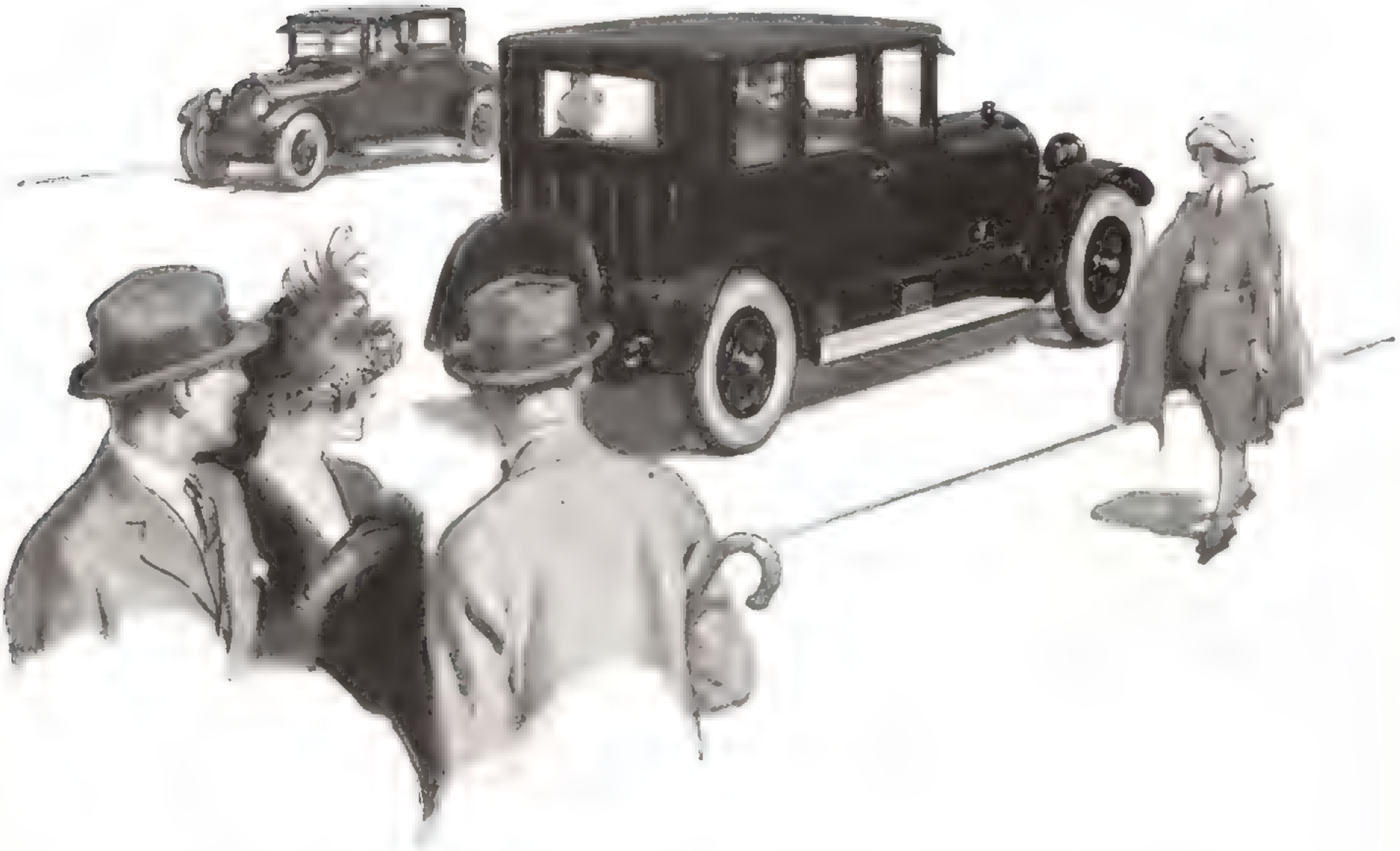
"Well, well, if it isn't Miss Delane!" says he lightly when I dropped by there to see did I have any mail. He had known me as McFadden of course, but nothing got by that bird. "Well, well! Working for the pictures, I see!"

However, to get a rise out of a hotel clerk was really too much to expect, and the rest of the world made the loss up to me, I'll say it did! The home I finally decided on was not after all a mansion, but the cutest little bungalow imaginable, and I got it close both to Santa Monica Boulevard and the price I was prepared for. I had decided it must be thoroughly modern in every way, and so selected an old Spanish model from a street where a hundred new assorted homes was on the market all at once, most of them finished, or pretty nearly ready to move into, but in spite of that, quite a selection remaining as yet unsold.

I had a awful hard time making up my mind between a Italian villa with blue doors and windows and a red roof; a cute little Greek temple, all snow-white with bouquets of flowers done in colored tiles let into the plaster on the outside walls; a light green Early English cottage with black and white cross beams and a roof of some kind of patent shingles that, honest, looked pretty nearly like a thatch; and a warm rose-pink stucco Spanish one, with carved redwood window frames, tiled roof and a tiny patio and colonnade where the sweetest assortment of cactus was already set out, just like Ramona's house or something.

They was all on the same block and I finally fell for the Spanish, paid down a coupla dollars to bind the bargain, and then mommer and me went to furnishing, and here is where I had trouble with mommer right away, because she had set ideas about gilded eucalyptus leaves in the fireplaces, kewpie dolls in the bookcases, and she would keep taking the colored plaster art book ends I had picked up

(Continued on Page 32)



Every woman desires possessions which will receive the approval of her associates.

This is particularly true in the case of her motor car. Gratifying, therefore, is the enthusiastic sanction accorded by her friends to her Cadillac.

Everywhere she hears that whole-hearted and unreserved praise which voices the esteem with which Cadillac is so universally regarded.

Strange, indeed, would it be if the woman who owns a Cadillac did not derive more than passing pleasure from such sincere and outspoken approval.

But added to this tribute to her judgment is another significant factor.

Her own appreciation and her friends' appraisal of Cadillac character increase progressively with each successive day of acquaintanceship.

There is an ever-growing wonder at the ease of steering and the extraordinary simplicity of control.

Nor is lesser wonder excited by the car's marvelous dependability.

To-day's estimate of her Cadillac is constantly giving way to a more flattering estimate tomorrow—both in her own mind and in that of every other woman of her circle.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 30)

down to a art-gift shop, and putting one at each end of the mantel for ornaments.

"Say listen, mommer dear," I says, "I been raised on the best magazines in the country and I know what is what in interior decoration, and this isn't. I want our home should be refined in every particular, and in thoroughly good taste. So if you don't mind, just lay off, will you, until Baumburger's Home Decoration Department gets here, and let them do their worst."

"How do you know they will make a artistic job of it?" says mommer.

"Well, they ought to," I says. "They been furnishing Spanish-style houses complete ever since Mission furniture went cold. Besides, there is a regular formula for Southern California houses in good taste, and once you know it you can't go wrong. Take one refractory table, three shopworn altar cloths, one pair polly-chromo candlesticks, one black velvet rug, four of the most uncomfortable wooden carved chairs you can find, spread thinly about a room with no wall paper over the plaster, and there you are! Perfect Inquisition Period room!"

"Bah!" says mommer. "Piffle!"

But she didn't argue any beyond that, not even when I had Casa Delane engraved on the iron door knocker, although I seen her look at it hard for a long while and then register "Cuckoo! Perfectly, absolutely cuckoo!"

But my buying the car was even worse. Mommer was all for a flivver, not alone because she could run one of them herself but on the expense account again.

"Why Bonnie dearie!" she says to me. "Don't think I am trying to prevent you from spending your own money. I know there's precious little use in me trying to do that! But think what them cars can do! Why I know a man used his for climbing trees, or so he claimed. And they say that you get sixty miles to the gallon, and a pair of shoes lasts four years."

"Well, the kind of car I'm going to get," I says firmly, "would take a gallon sixty miles a minute if I was in the bootlegging business, and as for shoes, the only shoes that ever lasted me four years was a pair of pink knitted bedroom slippers my old chum Ella give me for Christmas one year, and the reason they wore so good is because I never put them on. No, mommer dear, if there is one thing a successful picture actress is known for it is her car. And the one I am going to have will be a humdinger!"

I had made up my mind that my car should be in every way distinguished and handsome, and believe me it took some shopping to find exactly what I wanted—a boat that was both refined and individual and still in good taste, yet unmistakably expensive. But at last I settled on a Alpine twin-six.

Well this car was sure some boat. It was painted snow-white with solid brass disk wheels and crimson genuine morocco leather upholstery, and it had the cutest, most complete equipment I ever seen, from a solid silver eight-day clock to ash trays, cigarette lighter, cigarette box, vanity case, a place to keep my veils, and a horn like the Angel Gabriel. It was real practical, too, for it had a double windshield to keep the persons in the back seat from hearing what the two on the front seat said.

I believe it also had a engine of some kind, because the lovely talker who sold me it lifted up the hood and gabbled about it quite a lot, but all I come away with was the general idea that the bus had a head-involved engine, double irritation, four speeds and one standstill, or something of the kind.

Well, when I had bought this bus, and paid the first installment on it, I kind of went easy about what else I let myself in for, and got very little more. Of course the furniture in the house, including an electric piano, was on time, and so I merely bought myself a wrist watch with only quite small diamonds in it, and one good-looking ring to wear on my contract-signing hand. You maybe have noticed that if the hand which stretches out the old self-filler to make its mark on the sign-here line wears a diamond, the papers are generally made out accordingly. Anyways, I got me these bare necessities, and then I quit, except for a few charge accounts here and there.

Meanwhile of course I was not spending all my time in the stores. Nicky had rented space on the Brunton lot, right near Pickford, and we was, during odd moments, making our first picture. The name of it was Alias Cinderella, who was me, and it was a scream, some of it modern and some of it taking place back in Middling Evil times in Merry England, and right away Nicky was in trouble, just like an old-time producer, on account of a unprecedented thing happening. The extras struck.

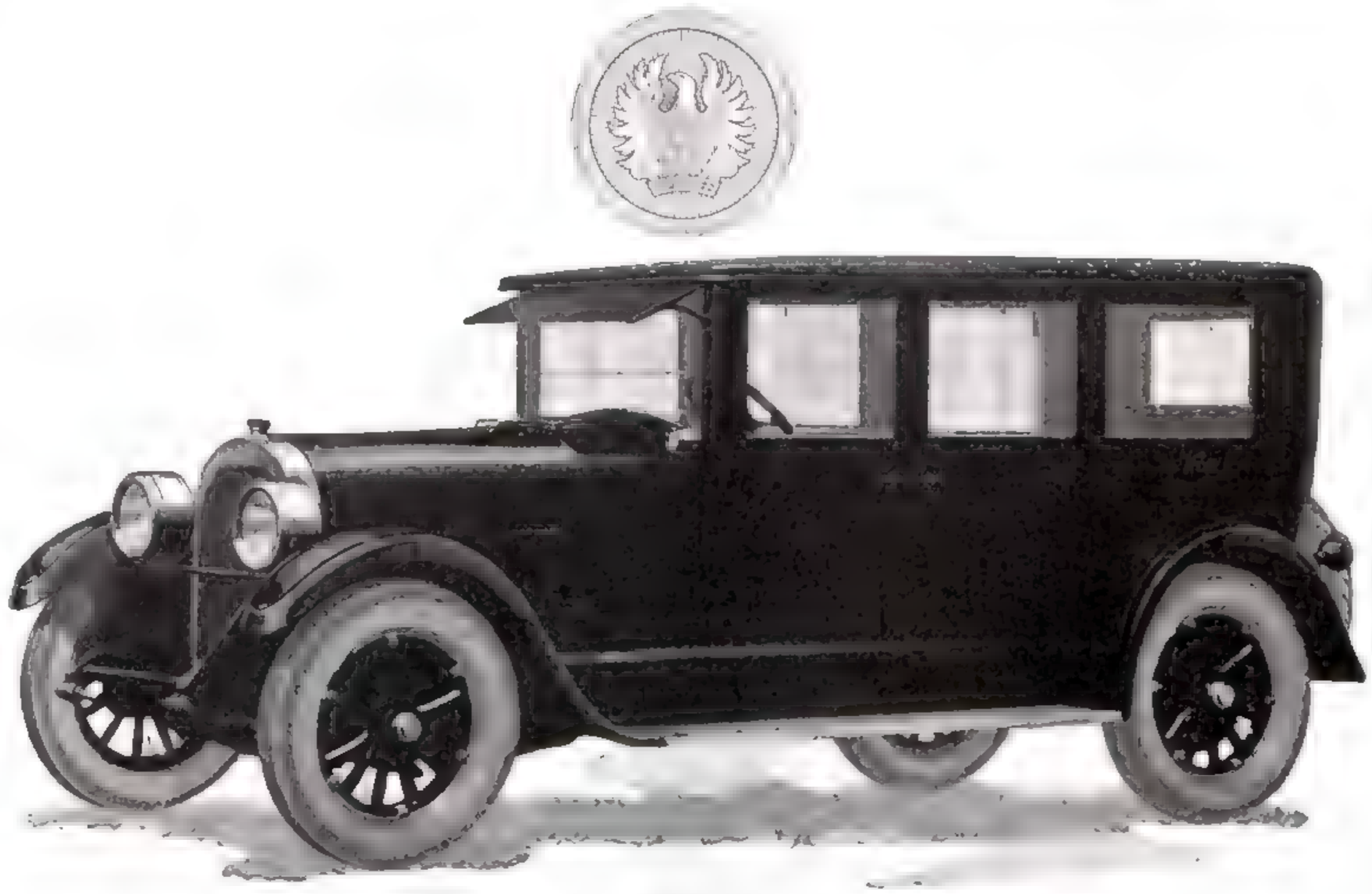
Of course they was not common extras, but a bunch of cow-punchers. In the pictures practically all riding scenes are done by punchers in various costumes, and in the big mob scene in Cinderella the punchers Nicky had hired was dressed up in winter-weight suits of armor, with helmets and all, and the trouble come out of the fact of the armor being so heavy that for the first time in their lifes these punchers couldn't get on their horses without being helped, and they took it as a personal insult from Nicky.

Well while Nicky was straightening this fight out I had time to get my dressing room at the studio fixed, and believe me, I had some shack. The system was different over here, and the stars each had a bungalow to theirselves, and I was no exception. A modest young couple could of gone housekeeping in mine real comfortable, for I had a sitting room with a fireplace in it, a rest room with a bed, a big dressing room and bath, and the cutest kitchenette ever, where mommer would fix up lunch every day for Nicky and her and me and usually Greg Strickland, and often as not one or two others, including Slim Rolf, who was now our publicity director, and my old friend from Stonewall, Bert Green.

(Continued on Page 77)

"We Can't Fail!" I Says. "This Picture We are Making is a Great Picture. You Can't Stop It From Succeeding!"

"Can't I Stop It, Though!" Says He, Still Furious. And With Them Words He Beat It Out



Only one conclusion can be drawn from the warmth of the welcome given to the new Peerless Eight.

That conclusion is, that this latest eight-cylinder creation has exceeded all that was expected of it in the way of power and speed and ductility.

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And everywhere, the consensus is the same—the eight-cylinder Peerless has attained new heights of finished performance.

Power, and ease of power-control, probably never paralleled in a stock car; new and finer degrees of flexibility, and an unusual capacity for sustained speed—these are the distinguishing marks of the new Peerless Eight.

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THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

THE SHINING COLUMN

By MARGUERITE CURTIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Have You Been With the Gentleman Who Sent His Servant With a Letter for You?"

EVERYONE always seemed to think it odd that I should have understood my sister Louise so well when she was twelve years older and I was only seven when she went away, but why should it be? Wasn't I there? Didn't I know exactly what had happened? Besides, she was my sister, and so beautiful; and if there is one thing a child loves more than anything else it is beauty. Gran never knew this. There were lots of things she didn't know, which caused the whole trouble.

Still, to be fair to Gran I really must admit that she didn't cause all of it; part was Louise and temperament. Gran never admitted that there was such a thing, but I've got it, so I know; and Gran had it, too, though she'd have died rather than acknowledge it; and of course Louise was a nuisance sometimes, with her high spirits and her airy way of taking everything for granted.

She came in one night from the village, riding her mare—at least, it was Jeremy's mare, but he always lent it to her and she called it hers—flying along, her hair loosened by the wind, her eyes like stars. She sat as easily on that horse as she sat in Gran's drawing-room; and before she reached the portico she called out to the groom, and he came running from the stables at the back of the house. I thought she looked like—like an equestrian statue, or one of those paintings you see in the galleries; and when you're little you don't know whose they are, or what they are called or anything; but later on you remember that you saw them when you were small, and the catalogue tells you that a master painted them.

I rushed into the hall after her, and she was calling out to Gran:

"Oh, Granny, I want this whole house changed into a fairy palace in fifteen minutes. Captain Leland is coming up for dinner. I've just been talking to him over the phone. He wrote and asked me to call him up. He's the darlingest thing; a perfect lamb in his uniform."

Gran came down the stairs. There was a chilly kind of atmosphere around her. She was a grandmother out of a book. I never saw anyone just like her. Her hair was dark and she wore curls, swept back over a comb and falling over her shoulders at the back, tied into little bunches over her ears. She always wore black, soft and rustling, and the finest lavender silk petticoats with ruffles on them. Her feet were very slender and small, but she was tall, or perhaps she just seemed tall to me because I was little.

"Let me understand this, Louise," she said severely, picking up her lorgnette and looking at my sister through it. "Do I understand that you invited this—this captain, whatever his name is ——"

"Leland!" Louise interrupted. I knew she was angry by the edge on her voice, a sort of sharpness where it had been liquid velvet; but Gran went on as if she had not heard —— "to dinner in my home without asking me?"

"It's my home, too, isn't it?"

"Certainly; but that is not answering my question, my dear."

Gran's voice was sarcastic; it made me shiver. I moved a bit closer to Louise, and she put out her hand absently and touched my shoulder. I could feel her trembling.

"Captain Leland is coming to dinner tonight," she said. "I asked him. I don't suppose you will refuse my guest."

I think something in Gran's face warned her of what was coming, because before she could answer that Louise burst out with this:

"As for making this house into a fairy palace, it never could be that. It's like a grave!"

She turned on her heel and marched away towards the staircase. Gran did not speak; she simply stood where she was, looking after Louise. I stayed staring at them both.

Louise rounded the first circle of the staircase, walking with that lovely, swinging sort of step that always made me think her as wonderful as a fairy princess, and not a sound came from anywhere. Outside everything was going on just as usual, I suppose, but I couldn't imagine it. The Sleeping Beauty must have felt that way when her godmother made everyone in the palace go to sleep. All we could hear were Louise's sharp little heels go click-click as they hit the parquet of the floor above, and sort of feel her brightness—smiling and hard; not a bit like the real Louise—come down to us where we stood.

Gran turned to me with a smiling sigh. She seemed to come to life all at once, to remember that she was a Farley, with all the Farley tradition behind her. How lovely it would be if we could have tradition in front of us! Of course I know that is absurd; but I mean, instead of the finest things being behind, as Gran's were, to put them in front and work towards them instead of staring back. Not that Gran ever stared—she was too well-bred—but she seemed to have her eyes on her father, who had been one of the governor-generals of Canada, and on Government House at Ottawa, and all the things of her girlhood and young womanhood, instead of on the life of Louise, just opening out before her.

"When I was a girl," Gran used to say, and something severe and sort of restricting followed.

"I don't believe she ever was a girl!" said Louise once.

So now Gran smiled and sighed all at once, very gracefully, and said in her quiet, aristocratic sort of voice, "Ring the bell, Jane, please."

She passed on into the drawing-room and I went after her. I knew something was going to happen, and I wanted to know, to tell Louise. Gran didn't know that Louise was miserable inside, but I did.

When Jevons came in answer to the bell Gran looked as placid as if nothing had ever happened to disturb her; but instead of knitting she sat with her hands in her lap; very white hands, very soft, with beautiful rings with old-fashioned settings.

"Jevons," she said in that distant way of hers with servants, "a Captain Leland is coming to dinner tonight. When he arrives present Mrs. Farley's compliments, and she is sorry, but the dinner is postponed."

"Yes, madam."

Jevons faded away, his eyes glazed like the eyes of a fish. I believe Gran hypnotized him sometimes, he was so dull. I left, too, congratulating myself that Gran had not noticed me.

"Jane?"

I went back to the drawing-room.

"My dear child, I should prefer that you did not tell Louise what I felt it necessary to do. In the first place——"

But I could not stand it; I rushed out. If she said so, I would not go and tell Louise. But Gran could not expect me to be happy about it, and stop and listen like a lady to her old speeches. I knew Louise was difficult sometimes, but Gran was so strict and dull, was it any wonder?

I rushed across the terrace and down to Jeremy's cottage and threw myself on him as he stood picking branches of quince blossom.

"Jeremy!" I panted.

He had on his old hat, a Bangkok that he loves. He wore it in Peru when he was twenty; or maybe it was Alaska—I don't remember. It is soft and squashy and disreputable-looking and comfy, like Jeremy himself, and I knocked it off and shifted his glasses as I took the branches of blossom.

"Jeremy!"

"Just a minute, old girl, till I get this one."

He let his hat lie on the grass and shook his glasses back into position, reached up a long arm for the branch he wanted and bore it inside triumphantly. His cottage is jolly; all funny corners and windows, with big desks and chairs. Jeremy has to have a desk, because he writes stories. He put the quince blossom into a Nankeen jar and pushed it into the middle of the living-room table. Then he took me on his knee.

"Out with it, Jane!"

His eyes grew soft and kind when he got a good look at me; he knew something real had happened, not a pretense sadness.

"Louise?" he questioned.

"Oh, Jeremy, it is dreadful! You know Louise will never submit to a thing like that!"

"Like ——"

I told him about Gran, and he nodded, his face getting older and sort of set. Then he called to Ming To Ling, his servant, and they talked together in Chinese for a moment; it sounded awfully queer. Ming went out to the stable and Jeremy jumped up and nearly threw me down.

"Child, I am sorry," he said; "but Louise —— You know how it will be. I must get dressed. What time was Captain Leland coming?"

"Gran always dines at 7:30," I said; "you know that."

He nodded and tramped away to the bathroom.

"You hang out of the window, honey bird, and see if you can catch sight of him going up the drive. If you do, sing out. I want to head him off, you see. I can help Louise out, I think."

I clapped my hands, for I guessed his plan. Then I saw something that sent a chill down my spine. A man in uniform was galloping up the drive. I went and banged with my fists on Jeremy's door. I could hear him splashing water about in his bath, and he stopped and listened while I told him that the man had come.

"A soldier—in uniform," I said. "Louise said uniform."

"Run to the stable, honey, and tell Ming to work like lightning," he called out; and by the time Ming brought out the buggy Jeremy had run after me, dressed in his evening clothes, all fixed up as if he were the President.

Without a word more he took the reins from Ming, turned the buggy into the yard and out onto our drive, and

(Continued on Page 36)

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INCORPORATED

(Continued from Page 34)

stood there waiting when the man in uniform came riding back down the drive.

"Captain Leland?" Jeremy said in that nice deep voice of his that has such a friendly sound, and the man stopped and saluted. Jeremy saw then that he was not an officer, and he waited.

"No, sir; Captain Leland met with an accident. He sent me with a message."

"Ah!" said Jeremy. "I am sorry; a message to say that the captain could not come to dinner, of course? He was expected."

"I think not, sir," said the orderly. "He wished me to deliver a letter to the young lady, Miss Farley, in person. I was not able to do so." A shade of perplexity crossed his face and he took the note from his pocket. "My orders were very strict, sir, not to give the letter into the hands of anyone else. But the old lady up there"—he nodded at the house—"positively would not permit the young lady to be called. I had to bring the note away."

Jeremy flicked the reins.

"That's too bad," he said cordially. "If you feel that I am to be trusted, I think I can promise you that Miss Farley will receive her letter—without any intervention. I know the family intimately."

Jeremy didn't know I was listening, of course; but I had run out after him and down behind the big tree. I saw that the man hesitated, not knowing quite what to do; and while he did so Louise, lovely as a moonbeam, came down the drive.

She wore her long gray evening cloak and her arms were bare. Her feet were in satin slippers and her dress was low and beautiful, showing her lovely white shoulders as her cloak slipped back when she held out her hand to the man.

"I understand you have a letter for me. Wait! There may be an answer."

She had not appeared to notice Jeremy, but while she read the note he watched her, and his face was anxious and sort of old. Louise lifted her eyes to his for an instant, crumpling the note between her fingers as she turned to the man.

"Tell your master," she said, "that I will come at once."

She talked to Jeremy.

"You'll drive me down, won't you?"

"Where?"

"To the Anthony Hotel, where Captain Leland is staying."

The man had ridden away; there was no one listening. Jeremy winced, looking at Louise in all her loveliness. She just stared at him anxiously. When he did not answer she thrust the letter at him impatiently.

"Here, read for yourself, Jeremy. Captain Leland is a gentleman, you know."

"Of course, Louise, since you count him a friend."

"He's more than a friend," said Louise in a low voice, and her eyes shone and her voice was beautiful. It made me want to cry.

Jeremy waved the letter away.

"I can't read your letters, child. I was thinking—perhaps, wouldn't you like it if I went down and saw him and—and explained? You see, your grandmother is old. She has such set ideas about things; she ——"

Louise looked at him, and although I could not see her face, I knew how she looked. Her eyes sort of set and all the softness gone—hard, if you can imagine it. Jeremy did not say another word; just held out his hand and helped her in. I nearly cried out, because the edge of her lovely dress scraped across the wheel and was smeared with dirt. I stared after them as they disappeared down the drive.

It seemed a long time until they came back. Nine o'clock—nearly ten, I think. I had not seen Gran close. I had my supper in the schoolroom with old Biddy as usual, and she talked about the wild ways of the young folks of today. I suppose she meant Louise; I did not care. I leaned out of the window and watched Gran walking up and down, up and down, on the terrace. Jevons stole in and said to Biddy that the mistress had not eaten a bite of dinner. I knew Gran was frightfully anxious, but I could not feel sorry. She had to have her own way. It wasn't modern, and she wouldn't even have a telephone in the house! It would have been lovely for Louise to be able to talk to her young friends over the telephone. I'd heard her, down at Jeremy's cottage, laughing and sparkling and so—so gay. I loved her to be gay.

Inside, my heart felt like lead, thinking it all out. I saw a light in Ming's kitchen, but the rest of Jeremy's house was dark. It looked desolate, because Jeremy always had the loveliest sort of soft lights shining out at you through the dark. I'd wake up sometimes, frightened from a dream—this was before Louise left school and came back home to us a real young lady—and slip out of bed and run to the window and look down at Jeremy's light. When I saw it I felt all right, but I never told him. It was lonely now not to see it.

I'd have liked to go out and down to Ming's kitchen, but I was afraid of missing Louise. Biddy had forgotten all about my bedtime, she was so excited; nothing ever happened at Gran's house.

At last I saw Louise coming up the drive. She was walking, and alone, floating along in that beautiful springy way, her head up, one hand holding together her gray cloak at the throat. Her eyes shone so I could see them as she lifted her head and looked at Gran, and I wondered where Jeremy was until I saw his light spring up in the cottage. From where she stood Gran could not see it.

"Well, Louise?"

I don't think Gran knew how that sentence sounded—as if she were the judge and Louise a criminal. But I saw my sister's head go up, and she looked back at Gran defiantly.

"Well, grandmother?"

I shivered, because they seemed to glare at each other terribly. Oh, why hadn't Jeremy brought her back to the house? I didn't know then that Louise had insisted that she must go and meet Gran alone.

"I should think you would have something more to say to me," said Gran then, and her voice was even sterner than before. "Where have you been, Louise? Have you been with ——"

Her voice sort of trailed off into nothing, as if she dreaded to ask the question. But the flashing anger in my sister's eyes helped her to catch hold of herself and go on, I suppose, for she rested one hand on the balustrade and looked down into Lulie's face, where she still stood a little below her on the first steps.

"Have you been with the—gentleman who sent his servant with a letter for you?"

"He is a gentleman, Gran, whatever you may imply," said Louise icily, "and I have been with him. He is sick and a stranger here. I went because he had an accident and they had carried him back to the hotel. Someone had to notify his colonel, and the officers of the new post to which he is going—I ——"

"And had that somebody to be you?"

I saw Louise begin to say something and then stop, biting her lips. And when she did not speak Gran did, putting into her words all the pent-up bitterness of the hours when she had waited for my sister; not knowing where she was; imagining, I suppose, all kinds of things that might have happened.

But, instead of listening, Louise mounted the steps very slowly, bowed her beautiful head as she passed Gran and walked on into the house. I heard her coming, coming up the stairs. She walked as if she were tired to death, and when I ran out and put my childish arms around her she sat down on the top step and gave a sort of low sob.

"Small sister, give me a big snifty hug!"

A snifty hug had been my own name for a breathless squeeze, when I was a baby. Louise had often laughed over it. Now she held me so close that it hurt.

"Lulie, why didn't you tell Gran that Jeremy went with you? She thinks everything he does is right."

Louise stiffened.

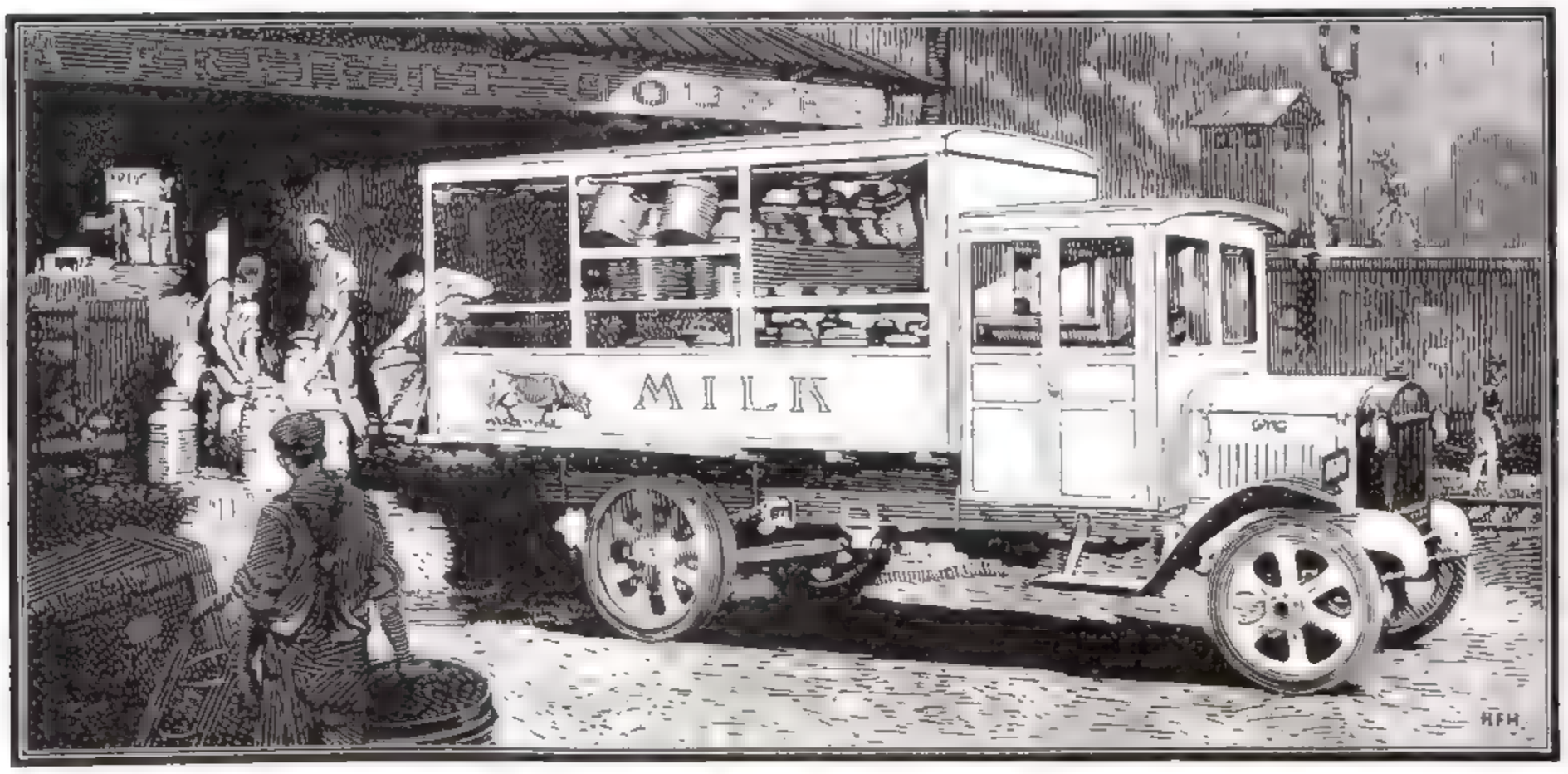
"Do you think I'll try to justify myself? I've done nothing wrong. Other girls can ask their friends to the home; why can't I? You know, baby, she would have refused to receive Captain Leland; I saw it in her eyes. Perhaps she did; perhaps she gave orders that way."

She questioned me, holding me off and looking to see if I knew; and then, with a hard little laugh, catching me to her again and kissing me.

(Continued on Page 38)

"Here, Read for Yourself, Jeremy. Captain Leland is a Gentleman, You Know"

"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"



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General Motors Trucks

GMC

(Continued from Page 36)

"It's all right, baby. Don't look so grieved, darling. How thankful I am that he couldn't come, though!" I heard her give a half sob over my head.

"I told Jeremy: he was going to fix it," I said.

"Bless you, and good old Jeremy too; he's always right there. Now, small sister, I must take you to bed. Want your Lulie tuck you up tight?"

How I loved her as she sat there in my bare old nursery and laughed and chatted while I took off my dress! As I went to hang it in the clothespress that had belonged to the governor-general she took it from me.

"Blue serge! Such a horrid dress for my small sister Janie. I wish I could take you with me and dress you like a fairy."

I had a breath-taking vision of myself in a white dress with a wand and a crown; then the other words came to my mind with the force almost of a blow.

"Take me with you? Louise ——"

Tears gushed from my eyes. Where was she going? What had happened? Why had the world turned upside down? For years Louise had been away at school, home only for short holidays; and now, since the stiff coming-out party Gran had given for her, she was at home. Oh, she couldn't go away, not again! I didn't say it, because, though one can think long thoughts when one is seven years old, it is not possible to put them into words. But if Louise went away there would be nothing beautiful to look forward to—except her return. And a wave of desolation swept over me, because I could sense no return.

"You blessed baby, if only I could!"

I had come over to her, clad only in my little petticoat and the black silk stockings of which I was so proud, and hung about her neck in a very storm of grief.

"Louise, there isn't anybody—I never have any fun when you aren't here. Take me with you -only don't go! Poor Gran."

For years after my sister had gone I would awaken in the night crying, wishing passionately that I had not added those last two words, "Poor Gran." It was true; but oh, if I had not said it!

"Poor Gran?"

The mockery in that voice, followed by the quick sigh. Then Louise's beautiful eyes were looking into mine. She had forgotten that I was only a child, I think, for she began to talk—talk with the fervor she might have used to a friend of her own age.

"What is there here for me, can you tell me that? No real fun, nothing spontaneous, nothing real, just being a lady! Grandmother does not know that ladies went out with bustles; and she wants me cut out after her pattern, and I'm myself—myself!" She clenched her little hands. "I won't be anyone else! I can't be the girl grandmother was! I—I've tried to do everything reasonable to please her. But I have to live; I am only nineteen. I feel ninety!"

That last sentence struck wild terror to my heart. I burst into sobs. Louise put me to bed, hung over me as if she had been my mother. I had a memory of her beautiful face wet with tears when I awoke, and a broken voice murmuring above my head. Ah, she had gone! I knew it! A tolling bell rang in my little heart!

No one paid much attention to me. Jeremy came and went all day, helping Gran. He told her he had found Captain Leland a nice, lovable sort of chap.

"A gentleman?" Gran's coldest, most collected tone.

"A man—that's better," said Jeremy vigorously. "Louise will be happy with him." He sighed, recalling himself to Gran's presence with an effort. "They were married early this morning, a few minutes after Louise reached him. They have been in love for some time, I understand. His family is good, but he hasn't any money except his pay. You know what an Army officer gets the first years of promotion. Mrs. Farley, you won't keep Louise's money from her? Of course she is not of age; she is not due to have it for two years legally; but ——"

"She can have my money, Jeremy," I cried out to them; "all mine."

I don't remember anything after that. I fainted, they told me, and day and night Gran fought for my life. When I got well I had left off being a baby. I did not feel like one any more, now that Louise was not there to pet me. The dull years slipped by. No one except Jeremy ever mentioned Louise until Gran died. Then he told me that they had not been able to find her when she was twenty-one; the money had been accumulating. Captain Leland, it seemed, had left the Army, gone to Singapore on some engineering work. Jeremy had searched everywhere, but they had not been able to find Louise. She had disappeared with her husband.

I haven't said very much about Jeremy, have I? He weaves in and out of this narrative as if he were one of the family, almost, and that was the way I thought of him. Jeremy was always there—the nicest, friendliest sort of big brother or young uncle. Gran had loved him almost as a son, and her affairs were in his hands. He sat in the library at Farley with me the day after the funeral and told me all about it. He'd often sat there in that big leather chair, but I had never noticed before how handsome he was. His face had been too familiar, like a picture you have known by heart for years. His face is thin and his hair is dark and very straight, almost like an Indian's, only he keeps it cut so short; and he has the kindest sort of eyes: eyes that see right through you without appearing to—blue, and very calm except when he laughs, and he laughs a lot.

He's just as comfortable to be with as an old shoe is to wear. And yet so distinguished-looking, too, with his good features and his easy, nice way of wearing his clothes. He is so tall that I like best to be with him when he is sitting down; it doesn't make me feel so small. But he has shoulders broad enough for—for all my troubles as well as his own, he said.

"I didn't know you ever had any troubles, Jeremy," I said, and hurried on trying to cover up my awkward speech.

Because, of course, old Biddy had told me that he had been in love with Louise, even though he is so old, and I could have kicked myself for saying such an unfortunate thing. All the while he was explaining investments and things like that I was turning over and over in my mind how I could possibly bring up the subject of Louise to him again, because the first thing in the world I wanted to do was to find my sister—my lovely, lovely Lulie. All these years I had never heard from her, and yet I knew she had remembered me; and I couldn't help a little catch coming into my voice when I spoke about it.

"It does seem, Jeremy, as if Louise would have written to me once for a real good-by."

A strange look crossed Jeremy's face—he stared at me. Then he got up and rummaged in Gran's desk. Presently he came back with a little white envelope. It made me flush to recognize Louise's writing; and Jeremy turned and walked to the big windows, looking out at the green and silver of the lawns, the pond that had been Gran's last interest. She had meant to have swans on it—the big black ones with red bills that they had at one of the Farley homes in her girlhood.

I could hardly open the letter, my hands trembled so with excitement. I read:

Dear, darling small sister: I am going to be very happy with Jack Leland, and he will be a big brother for you too. He loves you already. I did not want to leave you, but I shall ask for you to come and visit me, and I think grandmother will let you. She could not be so cruel—to separate us. I love you more than anyone in the world, next to Jack; and tell Jeremy that I love him, too, and thank him for what he did when he brought me here to the hotel.

Do not worry about me, ever. The only thing I cannot stand is being dull, Janie dear. I don't mind being poor, if I can be happy and amused. You'll always remember that I love you dearly—never forget that, honey bird.

Here is a great big sniffy hug from YOUR LOUISE.

A silly dear letter, just as if Louise had been talking. I could almost hear her silver voice sparkling and flashing with warmth. My eyes were wet when I passed it to Jeremy. While he read it I went to the window, too, and looked out at the gardens. They were lovely, but how little they counted, without Louise. She'd love it all—the things Gran had done to make the place more like her old country home. It must have been a wonderful place, shadowy and mysterious and filled with glory. I put a hand on Jeremy's sleeve.

"Jeremy, I have to find her!"

"Sure!" said Jeremy cheerfully, nodding his head.

But I could see that he was just humoring me—he didn't really believe we ever could. Little lines had come back and were quite distinct now around his mouth. His eyes had a sort of tired look back of their kindliness.

"Sure!" he said again. "Where d'you want to start for?"

I shook my head; I didn't know. It seemed sort of hopeless; the world is very big, even America alone. I'd never been anywhere except Farley, and to Boston to school. Boston was quite big and sort of twisted up; but somehow Louise and Boston made me smile; it could be awfully quiet there. I thought a minute.

"Jeremy," I said, "where do you think is the—the jazziest place in the world?"

To anyone else it might have sounded silly. But Jeremy had been a traveler; he knows Broadway and Alaska and Hollywood and Berlin and Petrograd and London and Paris and mining camps and logging valleys—and the Orient. He doesn't often talk about it, but he just knows—you feel that. He understood what I meant.

"I guess I'd say—New York."

I'd thought it would be some place much farther off than that, and I said so, rather surprised. And I started right off to say we'd go there, when suddenly something made me think, and I stopped short.

"Jeremy, I—I'll tell you in the morning where we ought to go first."

He nodded his head and stood up to go, looking down at me with his kind smile. I wished he hadn't to go. After all I did miss Gran dreadfully, and I wouldn't let myself think of how cruel she had been to keep that letter from Louise. She didn't think—grown-ups hardly ever do—how much a child feels things. I think she imagined I'd forgotten my sister.

"You aren't going to cry all night, Janie?"

I smiled. "No, I am going to sleep, Jeremy; I am awfully tired. How did you know that Louise had written to me? Isn't it a lovely letter?"

"She sent me the letter, honey bird. We wrote for quite a bit. I used to send her money at first, as—as her man of business. I knew I could get it back when she was of age, you see"—he was apologetic about it, as if he had not done the kindest thing in the world—"and then your grandmother wrote, and Louise found out that it was not her money. You see, it was not necessary for Mrs. Farley to give Louise her share unless she wished; she has never had it, although she was of age so long ago. I tried to find her then, because I thought I could make Mrs. Farley do the just thing. I believe if I had succeeded that I could have too."

"Well, we are going to find her now," I said, smiling up at him, and he suddenly took my hand and gave it a big squeeze.

"You're a sportsman, Janie dear. I—I somehow believe we shall find her too. Well, you let me know where to start in the morning, because it really does not matter, since one place is as good as another. I have no clew."

No clew! I went upstairs to bed. Jevons turned out the lights, bolted the heavy doors. Everything was as dignified and quiet as it had been during Gran's lifetime. I stopped, half afraid she would hear me. It seemed exactly as if she were asleep there in that big bedroom that was so like the governor-general's.

Biddy slept in my dressing room. She was sitting in a chair, fast asleep. I went and woke her up, telling her to go to bed, I'd look after myself.

"But first," I said, "tell me what you do, Biddy, when you want to dream of someone? Do you turn around three times and ——"

"Turn sivin times, Miss Janie darlin'," said Biddy in her broadest Irish, "and thin take sivin steps backward and sivin steps forrard, and turn sivin times in bed. Be careful to put somethin' av the one you wants to dhream of gave ye undher your pillow, and may the saints give ye swate slape, me darlin'."

It seemed very intricate, and of course I am not superstitious; but I thought I would try it, anyhow; it couldn't do any harm and it might do good. Everything was easy, too, except turning seven times in bed; seven is an awful lot.

But when I had done it all somehow I was ashamed of being so silly. I sat up in bed, looking out through the windows at the lovely spring night. There was a light in Jeremy's windows, and I could just hear him laugh at what I had done, and I didn't need that thought to make me know how ridiculous I had been. I wasn't an ignorant old Irish woman—it was all right for Biddy.

So I got out of bed and stood at the mirror in the moonlight and braided my hair all over again. And I walked softly over to my bed and snuggled down under the covers, and went to sleep at last with my hand on Louise's sweet letter; and the odd thing is that I did dream of Louise.

It was a queer dream. She had changed, somehow, but I only felt that, for I could not see her face. That troubled me, and so did the work she was doing, something that made her stoop forward, low down, something that required effort.

A pang shot through me as I watched her. I made a tremendous effort and called her name:

"Louise! Louise!"

She heard me and looked round, pointing at something that was hidden from me. I strained forward and got a glimpse of water—a harbor, way out, with shining ships, seen from a window—beautiful, it was—and leading to it in some inexplicable way that I did not understand was a shining column, a sort of cylinder up which Louise vanished, smiling and radiant, just as she was saying something to me.

In my dream I understood her words; they told me where she was, how to find her. The words were linked inextricably with that view, I knew that; but in the morning—although I could still see her dear face and her lips moving—I could not remember what she had said.

I told Jeremy, thinking he would laugh. But he didn't. When I came to that part about the water he was very particular that I should tell him exactly what I had seen.

I could see that patch of water then nearly as well as I can see it now, but it was difficult to describe; and the shining column wasn't like anything I had ever seen; I could not explain it. I thought it was just one of those things you see upside down in dreams; that are always something else when you awaken. The thing that bothered me was having forgotten what she said; that seemed so terribly important; and I didn't like the work she was doing—I knew it was strange and disagreeable. But when I remembered the expression in her eyes when she moved upward through that shining column, and the reflection of what she had seen—that patch of water through a window—you see, I had come to know that I hadn't seen the water, exactly; I had seen what Louise was looking at in her mind—well, then, even the work did not seem to matter so much. But forgetting her words—that was serious.

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SIX ELDER STATESMEN

By Francis W. Hirst

FEW who have mingled in the politics of a modern democracy or have watched the workings of representative institutions from the study or the newspaper office will claim that mankind has achieved perfection in the art of self-government. Some part of the disappointment felt by those who have pinned their faith to democracy, expecting so much from mere extensions of the suffrage and the spread of education, is due to the innate apathy and political incompetence of the species. Men and women are social rather than political animals. We learn more from the taxgatherer than from the historian. The dull, stagnant, inert mass of electors is seldom informed by enlightened self-interest; if it reads the newspapers it reads them unintelligently; and so far it cannot be said that in the choice of their representatives the voters have fulfilled the hopes and expectations of Thomas Jefferson and Jeremy Bentham, or of Abraham Lincoln and John Bright.

These are grounds for disappointment rather than despair. After all, the reactionaries who would return to oligarchy or absolute government are few; and there is always hope for improvement in self-governing institutions.

It is not my purpose here to inquire whether proportional representation or any other legal device would improve popular bodies. I am going to suggest, however, that as time goes on democracies may gradually learn to value character more highly and look for guidance to the proved wisdom of the sages, whose "old experience" doth attain "to something like prophetic strain." The notion of assigning constitutional weight and influence to the elders is as old as Homer and as young as modern Japan. Such words as "alderman" and "senator" signify the survival of an idea that dates from patriarchal times. I am not for a moment suggesting that age is or should be a qualification in itself, but I am led by an intimate acquaintance with British politics, and by reflections on the recent history of democracies, to value the counsel of those who have retired from the active service of the state to enjoy well-earned leisure and the grateful recognition of their countrymen.

It is not every retired statesman who follows the course of events with eager interest and undiminished anxiety for the public good. A politician whose ambitions are purely selfish is not likely to be concerned much about the public weal, and if in retirement he did continue to interest himself in politics his philosophy would not be inspiring. But to veteran statesmen who have made a religion of politics, subordinating ambition and party loyalty to conscience and public spirit—to them younger publicists and politicians may well look for oracular aid and warnings in times of perplexity and crisis. Their influence is, I am sure, far greater than the average newspaper reader, who no longer sees their names in the headlines, ever suspects. When the life of Bryce, for example, comes to be written it will be found that he exercised by his conversations and correspondence in the last years of his life an influence on ministers and rulers at home and abroad similar in kind if not in degree to that which Jefferson exercised from Monticello over American policy after his retirement from the Presidency.

The veterans who form the subject of this sketch are happily, with one exception, still among us, and I will only say that no estimate of the currents and undercurrents in our public life would be complete which left them out of account. There is a well-authenticated saying of Mr. Lloyd George that he valued Lord Morley's approval above that of any person living; and he was happy in obtaining a public expression of it on behalf of his peace treaty with Ireland.

Lord Eversley's Long Career

THERE are ebbs and flows in public as in private ethics; nor can the regenerating power of high example be weighed and measured in the laboratories of political science. And when the standards of honor and consistency in public life have fallen, some survivor of a more heroic age may help us back to a finer sense of the dignity of public life and to that love of truth, that scrupulous respect for public money, and that refined simplicity which are too often wanting in their successors.

A personal knowledge of the six elder statesmen delineated in the following sketch may excuse me from the disagreeable task too often undertaken by political caricaturists of retailing ill-natured gossip.

The first in my group is Lord Eversley, known throughout his official life as Mr. George Shaw-Lefevre. Born in the year of the Reform Bill, he celebrated his ninetieth birthday in June. He remembers the repeal of the Corn Laws, was a page at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, visited the Richmond slave market in 1853, and took photographs of the siege of Sebastopol a couple of years later. He served as Civil Lord of the Admiralty with the Duke of Somerset when that noble lord was First Lord in Palmerston's last administration; and in 1868 he had the honor of moving in the House of Commons the vote for referring the Alabama Claims to arbitration. All his life he has been a consistent Liberal of the Cobdenite or Gladstonian school, an advocate of peace, good will among nations, free trade, public economy and democratic reforms. He will always be remembered with gratitude by lovers of Nature and scenery as pioneer and leader of the movement for preserving our beautiful English commons from private and public spoliation.

A few weeks ago I spent a couple of days with him at his country house on the Itchen, one of Hampshire's most famous trout streams. His talk abounded in recollections of the past. He has known personally thirteen prime ministers, seventeen lord chancellors and seven archbishops of Canterbury! His father, Sir George Shaw-Lefevre, was clerk to Parliament, and so as a boy young Lefevre met many of the great, wise and eminent. On one occasion he had the honor of breakfasting with Macaulay at Holly Lodge, and the great historian discoursed on English prose style. One of his favorite authors was Fanny Burney, and by way of illustrating her power as a descriptive writer Macaulay took down a volume of her diary and read an account of an adventure which befell her when staying at a country house on the coast. Rambling along the shore she had been caught by the incoming tide and driven into a cove, whence she was rescued by a young man named Lefevre. "Are you the man?" asked Macaulay, suddenly turning to Sir George. Lord Eversley told me that his father was visibly embarrassed, but had to blush assent. The account, it seems, was highly colored, for the lady was not really in any danger at all.

Another story related to his first visit to America, in 1853, when he was introduced to the President. The room in which the President sat was very scantily furnished, the most important ornament being an immense spittoon which the President and his friends used in common.

During his last visit to the States, only a few years ago, Lord Eversley was struck by the growing similarity of manners, habits and dress on both sides of the Atlantic. He spoke to me with the utmost enthusiasm of Mr. Hughes' wonderful success in inducing the naval powers to limit their armaments. "Who could have believed," he cried, "that so many battleships could be scrapped by international agreement?"

Macaulay's Brilliant Nephew

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, Lord Bryce and Lord Morley, all born in 1838—"the men of 1838" include also Lecky—represent at its best and highest the fine English tradition which associates the practice of politics with scholarship and letters. Before the death of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, young Trevelyan at Harrow and Cambridge had already delighted that prodigious genius by the tasteful learning and sparkling wit which afterwards blossomed in The Ladies in Parliament, Horace at the University of Athens, The Competition Wallah, and Cawnpore. The smallest list of English biographies will include Trevelyan's The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, and for sustained brilliance The Early History of Charles James Fox is almost unrivaled in our literature.

In the '60's and '70's no more ardent politician and few more popular speakers were to be found on the left wing of the Liberal Party than George Trevelyan. John Bright was then his hero. Gladstone advanced if anything too slowly towards a complete democracy, though, to be sure, in one of Trevelyan's most spirited poems we read how, in a moment of crisis,

Imperial Gladstone turned to bay upon our furthest left,
Where, shoulder tight to shoulder set, fought on with sullen pride
The veterans staunch who drink the streams of Tyne and Wear
and Clyde.

But as with Macaulay, so with Trevelyan, the Muse of History called him at last from politics, and in 1897 the statesman retired to write the history of The American Revolution, a book which has done more perhaps than any other to remove the ancient grudge and promote an enduring friendship between the Old and the New Englanders.

I for one shall never forget my delightful visits to Wallington, his home in Northumberland. No one I have ever met possessed such a power of communicating enthusiasms to others or of painting so vividly the persons, the memories and the scenes that he loved: Macaulay, whose books and marginal notes are cherished in the Wallington Library; the old Whig society of his boyhood; county elections in the '60's or Cambridge University in the '50's. His conversation was always more rapid and impetuous than Morley's, but in both there resides the divine power that "scatters from her pictured urn thoughts that breathe and words that burn." His favorite books are still the great classics of Greek and Latin literature.

Without the fire and poetry of Trevelyan or the reflective imagination of Morley, Lord Bryce surpassed all his contemporaries, even Lord Acton, in comprehensive grasp of history, geography and politics. His first important book, The Holy Roman Empire, a prize essay composed at Oxford in 1862, placed him at once, as Freeman said, "on a level with men who have given their lives to historical study."

After the passage of nearly sixty years Mr. G. P. Gooch, Lord Acton's favorite disciple and now the most learned of our historians, declares that this essay—Bryce's first and only historical work—"has contributed more to the understanding of the Middle Ages than any other book in our language."

A Gladstonian rather than a Jeffersonian democrat, he was drawn into politics by Mr. Gladstone's campaign against the Oriental and pro-Turkish imperialism of Disraeli, and a few years later was converted with Gladstone to the cause of Irish Home Rule. His consistent antipathy to imperialism was proved again in the Boer War, when he ranged himself—cautiously, indeed, but firmly—in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain along with Campbell-Bannerman, Harcourt, Morley, Spencer, Lloyd George, and indeed all those Liberals who preferred the old traditions of Cobden, Bright and Gladstone to the new gospel of Lord Rosebery and his friends.

One day in the spring of 1921 I had a long talk with Lord Bryce, partly about the United States, which he knew I was about to visit, partly about his recently published volumes on Modern Democracies, which I had just reviewed.

Contacts With Lord Bryce

THIS led me to ask him whether public opinion was all-powerful in America, and how he would define it. He referred me to the six chapters in his big book on America, but added that the *locus classicus* for the intolerance of American democracy is in De Tocqueville. It is, however, in his view only intolerant at moments, in wartime or on other occasions when national sentiments and emotions are deeply stirred, and when also a good deal of it is manufactured by the press, "that chief danger of democracy."

"Are democracy and civilization now imperiled?" I asked.

"They always are in danger. There have been many crises; but civilization has survived, and progress has been resumed."

"I was thinking of the collapse of the Roman Empire."

"But that was very gradual. It went by bits, and in places, taking perhaps two hundred years. No; the one example of a sudden revolution was the Reformation. In thirty years great numbers of civilized Europeans completely changed their ideas."

"A peripeteia of opinion."

"Yes, that exactly expresses it. I know of no other such case."

He turned to my review of his book. "Yours is almost the only one that has not missed the point. I followed the Aristotelian method of observation, taking examples of democratic government and describing their features. That seems to me the only way of advance."

His idea was that there is no need to go on "floundering in theories," when you can proceed inductively from ascertained results.

"You are very kind to democracy's faults," I said.

"Yes. But it is much easier to see defects than virtues. Where there is doubt one should give democracy the benefit."

I crossed the Atlantic in July of last year on the same ship with Lord Bryce. He was in almost boyish spirits, enjoying the sense of travel and, above all, the prospects of beholding once more his beloved United States. At the captain's table were several Americans, including two New Englanders and a Georgian. They found it pretty hard to answer some of his questions. He was accumulating information all the time, and just before landing asked me to send him any new facts I might gather in California relating to recent political developments in that state, which he described to me as "perhaps the most beautiful and interesting in the Union."

Like John Bright he was an angler, and one evening I started fishing stories. After a particularly incredible one—about sharks—had been contributed by the captain

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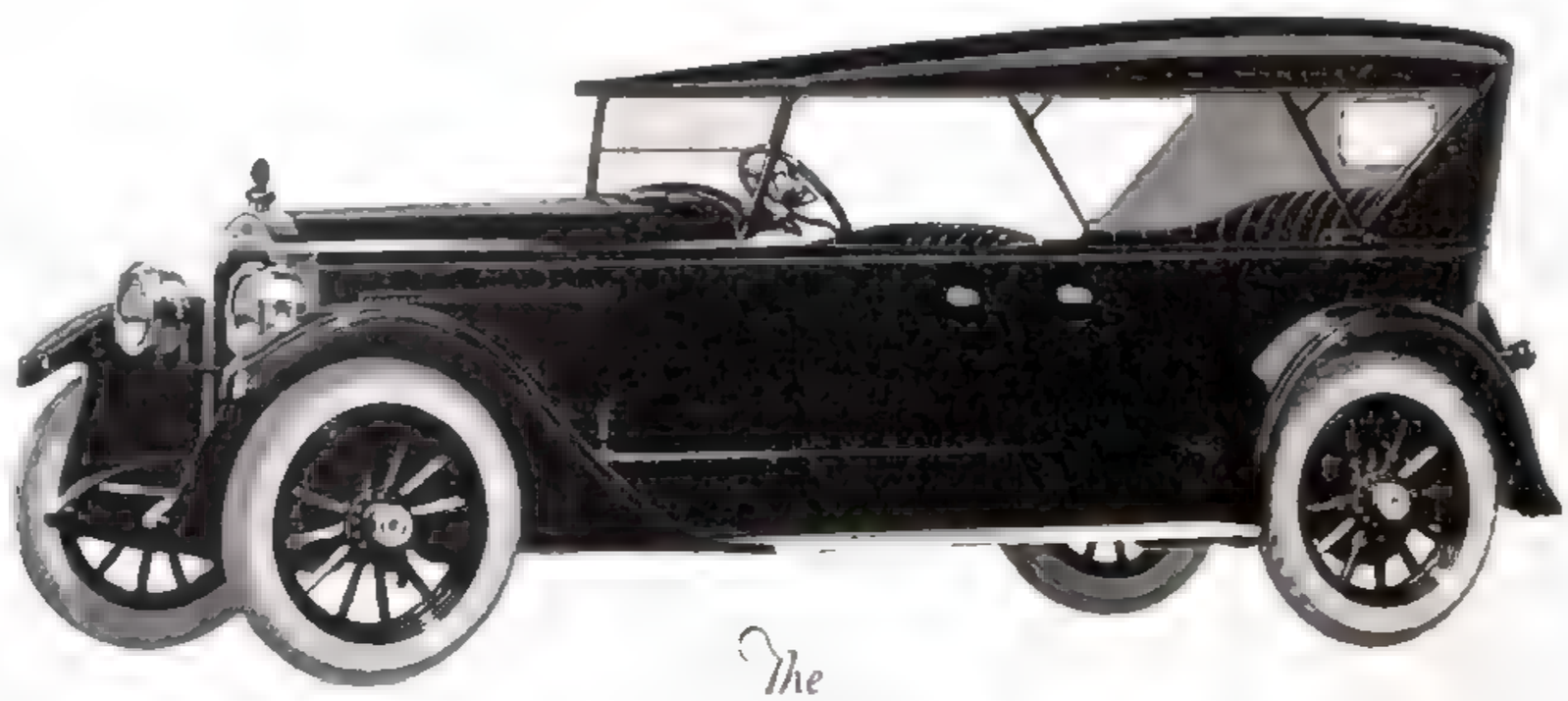
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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(Continued from Page 40)

the rest of us were silenced, but Lord Bryce proceeded to give us the following tale:

An English sportsman visiting Yellowstone Park once sought out the American keeper, or water bailiff, and questioned him about the fishing. After hearing about the remarkable dimensions of the Yellowstone fish he asked what was the largest fish ever caught there. "I can't tell you the exact size and weight," was the reply, "but I can give you an idea. The lake at Yellowstone Park is forty miles round, and its average depth is forty feet. And, sir, when we took out that fish the lake sank three inches."

The captain of the Celtic admitted defeat.

Many incidents and stories which might serve to illustrate the characteristics of this great Scottish Ulsterman crowd on my mind. In July, 1914, so long as the issues of war and peace hung in the balance, he lifted up his voice for neutrality. But the German invasion of Belgium aroused all the fighting instincts of his race, and Germany's alliance with Turkey added fuel to the flame. He never lost his old anchorages, however. He joined in the protest raised by Independent Liberals against the Paris Resolutions with their open violation of free-trade principles, and he joined the two ex-chancellors, Halsbury and Loreburn, in a successful House-of-Lords protest against certain amendments—proposed by Lord Haldane and carried in the House of Commons—to the Defence of the Realm Act, which, had they become law, would practically have extinguished civil liberty and the freedom of a press already muzzled.

A year or two before the war I went down with Lord Bryce to unveil a tablet to Bagehot in the little town of Langport, where the author of Lombard Street was born and brought up to the business of a country banker. Towards evening in a country lane I came upon Lord and Lady Bryce botanizing. As we walked along he would from time to time dart off the road into a ditch to dig out some fern or plant, which he transferred to his bag. I think botany appealed to this modern Aristotle not only as a by-product of walking and mountaineering but also because it gave play to his wonderful powers of minute and accurate observation, which were only less remarkable than the prodigious strength of his memory to the very end of his life.

My associations with Lord Morley date from 1898, when he undertook the Life of Gladstone, the most Herculean of his labors. In the two following years I was employed many weeks at Hawarden Castle in clearing the ground. There were many thousands of letters and papers to examine and sift and arrange. But the best hours of the day were in the evening, when our work was over and my chief would converse of history and politics, of journalism and letters, of philosophy and religion, of things visible and invisible. Once or twice a friend shared my good fortune; but generally Mr. and Mrs. Morley, myself and a favorite fox terrier completed the company. During our stay in the Red House the Boer War came, and Morley led the minority's protest at a great meeting in Manchester. We were nearly stoned by the same mob which a few years later turned all its Jingo members out of their seats.

After the war Morley joined Campbell-Bannerman's administration, but though he was reconciled to the Liberal Imperialists he was never reconciled to their policies. His resignation on a fatal day in August, 1914, marked his definite condemnation of an ambiguous and unskillful diplomacy, which had entangled the British people in Armageddon.

There is something in the atmosphere of his books and conversation that seems to lift controversy "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth," making us feel that politics is a religion, and public service the noblest of all duties, as public spirit is the cardinal virtue.

Morley's philosophy is in the direct line of descent from Bentham, through John Stuart Mill; and his political opinions may be traced partly to his friendships with Mill, John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain and Gladstone. He was one of the authors of the Radical Program, but always opposed socialism, although if he had to choose, as he once said, he would prefer it to militarism. From the time he took office in the cabinet in 1886 down to his retirement, Irish and Indian reforms absorbed most of his administrative energy. It is only a few months since he returned to the House of Lords in order to support the treaty of peace with Ireland.

The two last and youngest of the group are the Marquess of Lansdowne and Earl Loreburn. Their friendship dates from the days when they were undergraduates together at Balliol. Bob Reid, as Lord Loreburn was always called, was a famous cricketer and one of the best scholars of his day in Oxford. He can still read anything in Greek or Latin with feet on the fender. His favorite historians are Tacitus and Carlyle. Since his retirement from judicial work he has made many exquisite translations into English verse from favorite passages of Homer, Æschylus, Vergil, Horace, Dante and Victor Hugo. In politics he has always been a Radical of the Cobdenite school, never a mere party man. His friend and fellow Scot, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, made him Lord Chancellor. He took the title of Loreburn from his county of Dumfries, and won the respect of all, even the most inveterate Tories, in the House of Lords. In the cabinets of "C.-B." and Asquith, Loreburn labored zealously for peace and good will among nations until ill health and overwork forced him to retire from office in 1912.

The tragedy of the war has saddened and depressed him, but without destroying his conviction that it was avoidable—a conviction which emerges in the pages of his book, How the War Came. While he was writing it I saw him constantly; and I doubt if a powerful mind, trained in the law and habituated to the impartial atmosphere of our Supreme Court, has ever devoted more time and thought to the unraveling of a problem so intricate as that of prewar diplomacy and to the meting out of responsibility for one of the greatest crimes in history.

From the time when the war broke out to the armistice Loreburn thought of little else than how it might be brought most speedily to an honorable conclusion. Nothing exasperated him more than ministerial speeches about war to the bitter end and the last man and the last farthing or the knock-out blow. A conversation with Colonel House or a speech of President Wilson would for a time relieve his gloom; and when the Marquess of Lansdowne's mind began to move in the same direction Loreburn gave his old friend unqualified support. I have already mentioned his timely and successful efforts early in the war on behalf of civil liberties, and for the protection of freedom of opinion and criticism. Some day perhaps I may find time to write more fully about this and about the Lansdowne movement.

To Lord Lansdowne's character and career I cannot pretend to do justice. He is perhaps the last of the Whigs, neither a reformer nor a reactionary; more conservative in the best sense than perhaps any modern Conservative statesman except the late Marquess of Salisbury. He was a member of Mr. Gladstone's first administration; but though his brother, Lord Fitzmaurice, accepted Home Rule in 1886, Lord Lansdowne remained a stubborn Unionist. The charge of being a peace-at-any-price man, leveled against him by the yellow press when his famous letter, refused by The Times, appeared in The Daily Telegraph—November, 1917—was of course absurdly false. His temperament is fiery and anything but pacific. I will engage that he would have been happier in the trenches than most of his newspaper critics. On his mother's side Lansdowne is descended from a French general, and I doubt if he ever opposed a war; though to his eternal credit be it said that as Foreign Secretary his diplomacy was directed to the removal of European enmities. Had he remained in office after 1905 there is good ground to believe that his entente with France would have been followed by an entente with Germany, and thus the way would have been smoothed for a general reduction of armaments at the Second Hague Conference.

Unlike his successor, Sir Edward Grey, and like his famous ancestor, Shelburne, the first marquess, Lord Lansdowne is a perfect French scholar. French is to him a second mother tongue. To knowledge of Europe he adds administrative experience of empire as Governor of Canada and Viceroy of India. A love of scholarship and letters, a correct taste in art, a love of Nature and outdoor sport, adorn and diversify a character of singular distinction. His strongest political opponents have never doubted the high sense of public duty that has marked every step of his public career.

Lord Lansdowne is the finest living representative of our aristocracy. He and Lord Eversley and Sir George Trevelyan are the surviving members of Mr. Gladstone's first administration, probably the best government this country has ever enjoyed.

THE TRAPPING OF JUDGE PINKHAM

(Continued from Page 25)

renewed power in every muscle while the shouting lad sang on:

"Oh, dey cast ole Dan'l in de lion's den,
All night long.
But Dan'l was tough as a tough ole hen,
All night long.
So dey sniffed an' dey sniffed an' dey turnt him out agin,
All night long,
But who's goin' to dee-liver po' me?"

"Willy!" Clabe interrupted the musical blackbird. "Oh, Willy, have you seen Crab?"

"Shucks, Mr. Clabe," the boy grinned with teeth like a row of tombstones. "Crab ain't comin' nigh dis ginhouse. De boss mought set him to work."

"Ah!" Pinkham detected the slip. From the mouth of babes and sucklings! Little Willy had released the cat. There was a system of enforced labor. Colored citizens were compelled to work. The boss did coerce them. And there under the gin shed he now saw the man who must be responsible for this, the only white man in sight, weighing a bale of cotton and setting down figures in a book.

"Hello, Buck!" Clabe waved his hand, and Hazzard turned.

So that was the redoubtable Buck Hazzard, not over thirty-five, in a flannel shirt, and leggings that gave grace to his well-shaped limbs.

Hazzard stuffed the book into a hip pocket—ordinary receptacle for Colts and quarts—as he came to greet his guests. Somehow Pinkham had imagined a beetle-browed swaggering creature, and tried not to stare at the pleasant-faced youngster who grasped his hand.

"Glad to meet you, Judge Pinkham. Here, Kinky"—calling a boy—"run tell Miss Minnie to set a couple of extra places for supper. Put Judge Pinkham's suitcase in his room. Never been in Louisiana before, judge?"

Hazzard talked with such easy frankness that nobody would have suspected him of being a slave driver. Like several glib-tongued Southerners he used surprisingly good English; but unlike all the others, he seemed to be actually at work; so Claiborne suggested, "Buck, those negroes are waiting for you. I'll take charge of our friend until the gin shuts down. He came here from Cincinnati to see Crab."

"From Cincinnati? To see Crab? What for? Oh, I beg your pardon, judge." Then the planter turned and questioned a group of tenants. "Boys, do any of you know where Crab is?"

"Yas, suh, boss," a substantial-looking brown man spoke up; "I seed him 'bout a hour ago. An' you know Crab ain't moved in no hour."

"Thank you, Bowles. Bring him here at once. This gentleman wants to see him."

"Could I not go myself?" Pinkham grasped at a chance of meeting Stiggins apart from the autocrat. "My business is professional, and ——"

"No trouble to send for him, judge. But—certainly, if you prefer. Oh, Bowles, Bowles! Wait. Take your flivver and drive the judge to Crab's. But get him home in time for supper."

Through many conferences at West Gorham, Pinkham's committee had debated every method of reaching the peons, by legal proceedings, stratagem or warfare. Over and over they dissected the Stiggins letters and found no loophole visible from a distance. Then they left all details to the judge, and the elated Pinkham had made good. Within ten minutes after arrival he had divorced himself from contaminating white influences, to drive with a colored man and see the prisoner.

"Dat's my house, suh." Bowles stopped his car and nodded proudly at a four-room cabin with neat garage behind it. "Ain't dem nice pigs? Plenty meat for my family, 'sides all dem chickens. Dere's my crop 'cross de road. Dis year I'm tendin' forty acres for Mr. Hazzard, but nex' spring he'll help me buy some lan' for myself."

"And do I understand correctly that this is your own car?"

"Sholy, suh. Paid cash for it. Heap o' dese niggers bought 'stravigint autymobiles, but little tin lizzie suits me."

Lizzie stood purring as the judge gazed upon various gangs of pickers—men, women and children filling their sacks, while babies tumbled at the turnrows. Everybody seemed to be having a pretty good time, which jarred on the judge's preconceptions. He saw those things that he didn't expect, and expected those things that he didn't see.

So as lizzie started on again he inquired casually, "Bowles, where's your stockade?"

"Our stock pen, you mean, suh? For de mules?"

"No. The place where people are—where they sleep at night."

"Co'se, jedge, dey sleeps in deir houses. Lissen, suh. Hear dat music?" Again he slowed up for his guest to catch the jangle from a cabin near the road.

"Bowles, that cannot possibly be a piano? In there?"

"'Tain't nothin' else." The negro enjoyed his Northern guest's astonishment. "Ole man Tony bought two pianners."

"Two? For that little house?"

"It do make a kinder close fit, but Tony's got twin gals, an', say, he never had de heart to give one o' dem chillun a pianner, widout givin' t'other one a pianner."

Two pianos in a peon's cabin cluttered the judge's mind as the car rolled on, and presently Bowles indicated a desolate shack near the woods. There was no fence, and the surrounding land had grown up in cockleburs.

"Crab's," he nodded without comment.

"Where's his crop?" asked Judge Pinkham.

"Huh! Crab 'low he don't need to strain his back pickin' nobody's cotton. He got rich kinfolks up Norf. An', moreover, Crab brags dat de Unity States is fixin' to pay him a boney."

"That hovel is not fit for a dog to live in."

"Sho ain't. But Crab claims dat bad luck overtook him dis year, and he los' thirty-nine barrels o' honey."

"Thirty-nine barrels?"

"Yas, suh. Crab say he los' more'n dat, 'cause he never had no bees to gether it."

Some intangible something in the brown man's tone—a veiled sarcasm, a covert sneer—drew upon him one of Pinkham's most searching glances, for he now suspected Bowles of being hostile, possibly a tool of the whites, to show him only what was nonincriminating. As a matter of fact he had seen nothing, not even a house, after passing Crab's. The plantation road grew fainter and fainter, until lizzie left it entirely to go bumping across the ridges of an abandoned field as if to dash headlong into a forest.

"Bowles, where are you taking me?" his passenger demanded.

"Right here, suh." Their little car stopped like a mustang reined upon its haunches; the brown man got out, held open his door, and pointed. "Yon's Crab."

At this spot Bayou Despair doubles back, and now surprised Judge Pinkham by appearing again at his feet. Through gaps in the brushwood he saw its sloping banks and greenish water.

"Bowles," he said, "there's nobody here."

"Look under dat pecan tree. At dis end o' de fishin' pole."

The first sign of human presence that Pinkham observed was a cork rippling lazily on the water, with a line dangling above it. Following the line upward to the tip of a pole, his eye slanted down again,

(Continued on Page 44)

OLDFIELD

The Most Trustworthy Tires Built

A Victory Every Car Owner Shares

The public, impressed by the unbroken record of victories for Oldfield Tires in all the greatest races of the past three years, is demanding the same trustworthy service in tires for their own use.

The great popularity of Oldfield shows itself strikingly both in the size and number of orders from Oldfield dealers in all territories.

As a result Oldfield has overtaken the majority of the other tire companies in volume of sales. To meet public demand dealers have been ordering by the carload. June shipments, for instance, doubled those of May, and July was three times as great.

Oldfield construction resulting from Barney Oldfield's unparalleled experience and practical knowledge of tire needs, has provided strength and endurance for longer mileage—not only on the speedway but in ordinary use.

Added to this have been unusual facilities for production that have not only made possible the maintenance of a high-quality standard, but have permitted the sale of Oldfield Tires at record low prices.

This is Barney Oldfield's greatest victory. Share in it by getting the extra value his name on tires assures you.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO. AKRON, OHIO

Jim Henry's Column

Comfort Without a Blush

Considering that the masters of the tonsorial art have been dusting talcum on the façades of their customers for years as a culmination to the perfect shave, I'm not surprised at the number of men who have more or less seriously contracted the talcum habit themselves.

And after all, isn't it the logical thing to do? Doesn't talcum really complete the shave?

Take Mennen Talcum for Men. The first thing it does is to totally dry the skin. If there are any little scratches or cuts, it covers them and hastens their healing. It's antiseptic. But the big thing is its comfort—the silk-like film it leaves—the cool, soothing feel of it—and the protection it gives, particularly against a mean collar.

But, with ordinary talcum, I notice that most men rub it off right after putting it on. They seem ashamed of it—don't want to advertise their addiction to a comfortable habit. I imagine if you asked some of them if they used talcum, they'd blush as though you'd discovered some strange laxity in their morals.

The great advantage of Mennen Talcum for Men is that you can use it without a blush. It's neutral in tone. Lay it on pretty thick and just wipe off the excess. The remaining film is the color of your skin. *It doesn't show!* Then it's very mildly perfumed so that an inquiring public won't smell out your secret.

After your bath Mennen's for Men is great. Douse it on all over and get genuinely dry. Out-towels the most vigorous use of any towel. Leaves your skin covered with a light, silky film that gives you a new sense of freedom in your clothes.

Your druggist has Mennen Talcum for Men in the regular "He" can.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 42)

tracing the pole and expecting to locate the fisherman. But the fisherman wasn't there. Nobody seemed to be there, nothing except a lonesome cane stuck firmly in the mud. Near its butt end, at the edge of the shadows, Pinkham now detected a very slight movement; it might have been the head of a mud turtle, perhaps of a snake. He peered closer. The gently stirring object was neither snake nor turtle, but a toe, a human big toe, upraised and wiggling as an admonition to mosquitoes. The toe's owner lay flat on his back, with mouth wide open and a face that did not lighten the darkness; and, except for the wiggly toe, quite dead.

"What's happened to him?" Pinkham asked Bowles at his elbow.

"Huh. Nothin' ails Crab. He's jes on-busy. Get up from dere, Crab." Bowles roused the sleeper with a stout brogan. "Here's a gemman 'zires to see you."

Half of Crab got up, the upper half, propped on his arms after the architecture of an easel.

He seemed dazed by the apparition of a shiny hat, and batted both eyes like a bullfrog blinking at a fire.

"Is your name T. L. Stiggins?" the shiny hat bent over and a stranger asked.

This scared Crab wide-awake, very wide; he scrambled to his feet and increased the margin of distance between them. No colored person with Crab's record could help feeling skittish when a legal-looking white man suddenly showed up on Bayou Despair and demanded his name.

"Cunnel"—before departure he risked one experimental query—"cunnel, what does you aim to do wid T. L. Stiggins?"

Skinny Crab in no coat at all eyed the portly Pinkham in his swing tail, while the lawyer made sure that Bowles had gone back to lizzie before he whispered, "Your cousin, Rufus Stiggins, of West Gorham, Ohio, showed me your letters."

"Cousin Rufe? In Ohio? Sholy, cunnel, sholy."

"Then you are the man I came down here to assist."

"Come to 'sist me? Yas, suh." Crab leaned forward, eager now to convince. "Dat's me, cunnel. I'm de very same T. L. Stiggins what writ my Cousin Rufe. Did you fetch de money?"

"Yes. I have brought ample funds."

"Den for Gawd's sake, cunnel, don't let nobody 'spicion you. Step dis way, please, suh." Crab led his assister to a log where Bowles couldn't see them. "Set down, suh. You fotch de money?"

"At the proper time," Pinkham said. "First I desire to clear up one point—why have you remained here when you seem free to go?"

"Lawd Gawd, cunnel!" The negro's eyes rolled behind him as if he dreaded that the gossiping leaves might overhear. "You ain't cotch on to dese folks. Dey watches me ev'y minit. I can't set foot in de big road widout somebody pokes a shotgun from behint de nighes' tree, an' de overseer say, 'Nigger, git back!' Co'se I ain't got no money to ride de railroad—an' dere's my sick wife." With a gesture of resignation Crab had stated the whole of his helpless case.

"But I supposed you to be locked up in the stockade?"

"Yas, suh." Crab batted both eyes mighty swift. "Dat part's all right. I was jes workin' roun' to tell you 'bout de stockade what I forementioned to Cousin Rufe. Sholy, suh, sholy. Gimme de money an' dat stockade won't never see me no mo'."

"Where is it located? I have observed no stockade."

"Nacherly, suh. White folks won't let you glimpse nothin' like dat; an' no nigger, wid sense, ain't goin' to tell. De stockade's over yonderway; on de nex' plantation. Dey fotch me here to git so as I could do some mo' work. Overseer nigh broke my back. I ain't cotch nary wink o' sleep in fo' nights. Dat's how come me dozed off."

Warily Crab felt his way along, a few words at a time, watching their effect until his assister pulled out a pocketbook so stuffed with fifty-dollar bills that Crab's teeth chattered and his big toe spaded up the mud, while the white man began to talk financial.

"What amount of money will you require?"

"Dunno, suh, egzackly. Two or three o' dem."

"Two or three? Say a hundred and fifty dollars? Let me see."

Judge Pinkham squinted both eyes to see real good, and Crab likewise saw—saw him fool away a lot of time by smoothing a fifty on his knee, when Crab didn't mind the wrinkles, not a bit.

"Let me see. Railroad fare. Tallulah to West Gorham, thirty-one dollars and eight cents."

"Yas, suh. Jes say thirty-one, suh," and Crab reached

"Sleeper, about six; makes thirty-seven."

"Suttinly, suh. I kin git by wid thirty-seben."

"Food and incidentals?" Cold sweat trickled in a gully down Crab's back when a second fifty came out of the book, same as a cigarette paper. "Food and incidentals, say, five more, making forty-two. Eighty-five dollars should cover the transportation for yourself and wife."

"Jes what I said, suh. Jes what I said. Eighty-fi' dollars, wid some odd cents."

"Very good. You can pack your clothing, and ——"

"Don't have to pack nothin'. I ain't got nary rag 'cept dese. An' Tildy's plum naked."

"Ah. Then we must purchase an outfit. My client desires that you present a respectable appearance upon arrival at West Gorham, where he will provide work."

"Work? Yas, suh, suttinly. Dat's what I'm seekin' for, any kind o' work, jes so it's honest."

"We have a steady job for you, at the brickyard."

"Steady? Yas, suh. When does I git off?"

"Five o'clock."

"Suits me. Lemme have de money, quick. Lawd, Lawd, cunnel, ev'y time I studies 'bout dat brickyard I says to myself 'Come 'long, feet, le's go!'"

The pondering stranger still held a hand upon his knee, like a paper weight, and kept fumbling with the fifties while Crab shifted from one foot to the other and licked his dry lips. Excitement strangled him in the gullet. His tingling fingers extended fanwise like a scoop.

Then a whistle blew, and Bowles called out as he cranked his car, "Six o'clock, jedge. Boss say not to git you late for supper."

"All right," Pinkham answered; "I'm coming at once."

"For Gawd's sake, cunnel, don't pay 'tention to no sech nigger!" Crab squatted and begged as the judge got up. "Jes slip me dat little piece o' money, an' ——"

"No. I have considered this matter," Pinkham decided. "It is altogether safer that you travel with me."

"But, cunnel! Cunnel! Hol' on, boss! Jes a minit!"

"I can remain no longer. They will suspect something. Now listen, and remember every word: Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock I leave here in the motorboat with Mr. Claiborne. Wait for us at some convenient point along the bayou where we can pick up yourself and wife. At Tallulah I will buy your outfit, and provide money. No, do not follow me now. I tell you not to follow me!"

"But, boss! Cunnel!"

Crab staggered limp against a tree. His arms dropped. His mouth fell open. The line dangled from his fishing pole, and his float kept rippling lazily on the waters of Bayou Despair.

Tallulah has little to talk about, and talks much about that.

At four in the afternoon a bulging-eyed boy tumbled through the door of the Eating House and yelled, "Pappy! Oh, pappy! Crab's rich kinfolks done sont fer 'im!"

"No, dey ain't." His breathless mammy came waddling in behind. "Dat's de guvment lawyer what's payin' Crab de million dollars."

Rumors clashed upon rumors when negroes witnessed a swing-tailed stranger escorting Crab and Tildy from Judge Fortner's automobile into the Red Star Emporium. Whether from his rich cousin in Ohio or from his Uncle Sam in Washington, Crab was getting a barrel of money, and the black population swarmed to view the wonder.

At the Gents' Department of the Red Star, oily-haired Izzy Loeb displayed exclusive haberdashery for Crab's approval, while Leon Sokolosky at the opposite counter encouraged Tildy to choose her trousseau. Tildy didn't need encouragement; she needed things, and grabbed them as they came. The eyes of a hundred negroes at the door switched from right to left, and from left to right, following the stately step of Judge Sylvester Pinkham as his coat tails swung back and forth between his protégés. If Crab expressed a wish, 'I 'zires dese stripety shirts,' the white man straightway bought him six, then passed over to where Tildy had selected her slippers, of baby blue, with spidery heels.

"Do you regard these slippers as—as harmonious?" he ventured.

"I always is craved blue ones." Tildy stood pat, and got her satin footgear, the paymaster-general adding shoes of solid leather to wear on the train.

"Now"—Sokolosky rubbed his itching palms—"now I'll show the lady our line of New York underwear." At which her bachelor chaperon withdrew, and crossed back to Crab.

For several covetous minutes Crab had been eying the dummy that was arrayed in a diagonal Prince Albert. His black face grinned at the dough face, and dummy grinned back until Izzy stripped him to a wire skeleton and fitted the coat on Crab.

It wasn't a fit but a convulsion that gave Judge Pinkham his crick in the neck when he glimpsed Crab strutting before the mirror, and disdaining to glance downward at a pair of naked shanks.

"My! My!" the Ohio lawyer gasped and pulled up his trousers. "That coat does not appear quite right on you."

"Jes like yourn," Crab contended, then got kissed off to a gray sack suit and proclaimed, "I loves to ride de railroad in gray clo'es."

If Crab had pressed his first hunch he might have acquired the long coat, or whatever else he could snatch on a short order, for the judge was getting nervous. Pinkham had no means of knowing what length of time it would require for Buck Hazzard to reach Tallulah, where he'd rush at once upon discovering that his peons had been abducted. And what must happen when Hazzard roused a mob of whites against the blacks that now jammed Izzy's doorway? Other blacks formed behind, whispering together and nodding significantly.

Three white men pushed themselves within, reconnoitered Crab and Tildy, sized up the Northerner and departed. Possibly they were spies sent in by Hazzard, who meant to precipitate a race war before their 7:35 express could bear them safely out of Louisiana.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Pinkham spurred the willing merchants. "Give them what they need. Pack all extra clothing in suitcases. Here, Stiggins, take this ten dollars, and ten for your wife. That's to buy food."

"Thankee, suh. Sardines an' simon-fish sho will taste good."

"Change your clothes in the store. Be quick. And do not go out until I secure our railroad tickets."

"Sholy, suh. You aims for us to wait right here? Yas, suh."

Crab and Tildy nodded as they went to the dressing room with an armful of new raiment, while Pinkham girded his loins and advanced upon the mob.

For one tense moment he fronted the unyielding blacks, then their leader ordered, "Stan' back, niggers. Let de cunnel pass."

Pinkham's passage of the black sea was accomplished at precisely 5:58, railroad time. At 6:31 his flapping coat tails wafted him back again to the emporium, astonished and curious to know why the mob had dispersed.

Only a few stragglers now hung about the streets. Izzy Loeb leaned against one side of his doorway, and Leon Sokolosky against the other. Behind them the store stood empty, void of any human being.

"Where's that colored man and wife?" the judge inquired.

"They do not come back," Izzy answered with a shrug of ignorance.

"Not come back? I instructed them not to go."

The Sokolosky shrug was a jowly-jawed duplicate of Loeb's. A passing negro shook his head at the stranger's question and mumbled, "Dunno, boss. I ain't seed Crab, neither Tildy."

"They couldn't possibly have gone far." Pinkham glanced in at the next door, and the next, and many others. They were not in the barber shop nor the Eating House; and nobody at the soda-water stand remembered having seen them. Most amazing! Neither whites nor blacks would give him information. Now he remembered

(Continued on Page 46)

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The famous Fifth Avenue Buses, the most widely-known bus system in the world have found the Knight type motor the most efficient for their unusually severe service.

Transportation Luxury

Motor Experts Universally Endorse This Car Whose Powerful Motor Improves With Use

What Col. Geo. A. Green of the Fifth Avenue Coach Co., thinks of the Knight type motor

Col. Green who operates the famous Fifth Avenue system of buses stated that their adoption of the Knight type of motor had proved conclusively that

1. It is not necessary to make adjustments constantly to permit of satisfactory and uniform behavior
2. Throughout its useful life its performance tends to improve
3. Practically no adjustments can be made since there is nothing to adjust
4. Throughout useful life there is little if any increase in noise due to wear
5. Cost of repairs is small since there are very few operations requiring skill
6. Cylinders never require reboring

The popularity of the Willys-Knight Sedan is a natural reflection of the enthusiasm which motor experts always express.

The first thing that impresses you, other than the smooth, even flow of power, is the quietness with which the car operates.

Many new motors operate quietly, it is true, but the outstanding feature of the Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Motor is that this quietness improves with age—and the motor gains in power! It actually makes use of the carbon that works havoc in the usual type of motor

The chassis and the luxurious Sedan body are built to match the motor's perfection.

The new multiple disc clutch, insuring positive smooth action, the silent flexible cushion drive and the ease with which the car steers make this Sedan the ideal closed car for the woman driver.

No detail has been slighted. It is richly upholstered in blue broadcloth, with headlining and heavy front and rear carpet to match. Blue silk shades shield the windows. There is an etched dome light.

There is a richness and dignity to the Willys-Knight Sedan that captivates you the moment you see it.

And you will find its growing popularity confirms your good judgment when you decide to order a Willys-Knight Sedan.

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WILLYS-KNIGHT

Even his wife wouldn't tell him

OF COURSE, she loved him—loved him dearly and looked to his future just as ambitiously as he did. There was nothing she wouldn't have done for him.

But they were both sensitive young peopleand thissubject seemed to be one she could not bring herself to discuss.

The position he held, with a firm of excellent standing, had promised much. Yet he did not seem to progress as he should have—as they had hoped. Other men constantly stepped ahead of him into the better positions. He seemed to be giving satisfaction, yet he was standing still.

The thing that held him back was in itself, perhaps, a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

A big, little thing that even his wife never mustered courage enough to mention!

* * *

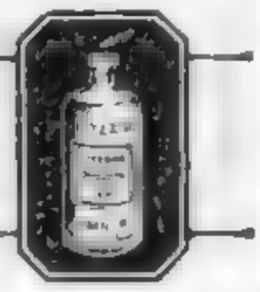
Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it holds them back. And the pathos of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't want to mention it to him.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. But usually—and fortunately—it will yield to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine, recognized for half a century as the safest antiseptic, possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is just right. You *know* it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells lots of Listerine. It has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*



For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

(Continued from Page 44)

again the admonition of his wise old client: "If they can't get you one way they'll get you another." They had got him, smothered him in a conspiracy of silence.

"Judge Fortner! Judge Fortner!" The agitated gentleman from Ohio clamored at Fortner's doorway, suspending his pants with one hand and gesticulating with the other. "Oh, judge! They've got my colored people. Kidnaped them."

"Kidnaped! Impossible!" Fortner reached for his hat. "You just caught a wet eel by the tail. We'll find them."

Hitching up their breeches simultaneously they combed the streets, but found no trace of Pinkham's missing wards. Fortner cross-examined every negro he met until the gun-shy blacks dodged him on sight. He organized a man hunt and sent his white friends whizzing about in their automobiles. They stirred Tallulah like scrambled eggs, stirred up everything except Crab or Tildy.

Seven-twenty-five. In ten minutes the eastbound would leave. What could he tell his client? That these Southerners had got him, and he didn't even know how?

"Look! Look." Pinkham suddenly clutched the district-attorney's arm and pointed. "What's that?"

Here came the mob—the real thing—several horsemen, and a rabble on foot, escorting a mud-spattered auto. From its rear seat Pinkham saw the threatening muzzle of a shotgun. Breathless he eyed the sinister little procession which trailed along in its dust cloud, then headed in towards a convenient telegraph post at the railway station. It sickened the Ohioan to consider what Louisiana poles were built for.

"Yon they go! Yon they go!" a boy's young voice shrilled out, and expectant Tallulah converged towards the post, everything that could run by foot or hoof or wheels.

The horrified Northerner would have hung back, but Fortner led him on to the railroad, where men packed the platform, shoving one another and peering in at the window. Among them Pinkham noticed Bowles, and wondered why the brown man should be laughing. Wedged in as he was on the ground below he could see only a jam of jostling legs, when an arm reached down from above, and Buck Hazzard raised him bodily to the platform, saying, "Here, judge! Lemme give you a lift."

The autocrat expressed no malice as he forced Judge Pinkham, like a snowplow, through the mob, flung open a door and announced, "There they are."

There they were—Crab, in the new gray suit, his rolled-up breeches exposing a pair of naked feet; and barefoot Tildy wearing her silk dress, with the hearse-horse plumes bobbling from her hat. On the floor lay three dogs tied by ropes; and it seemed queer that Stiggins should be carrying the shotgun which Pinkham had previously observed, the only man who appeared to have come armed.

"Stiggins," the astounded lawyer gasped, "how did you get into all this trouble?"

"Dese shoes hurts," Crab grumbled; "us had to pull 'em off."

"Why did you leave that store?"

Instead of answering, Crab asked, "Cunnel, what you reckin dese white folks is fixin' to do to me?"

That's exactly what Pinkham dreaded, and he turned to Buck Hazzard, standing in the doorway, smiling at his mastery. Immediately behind the planter was Fortner's inscrutable face, a sworn officer of the law who showed no disposition to interfere. Somebody ought to speak up, and Pinkham opened hotly:

"Mr. Hazzard, I protest ——"

The Ohio lawyer flattered himself that he had come prepared on every point from habeas corpus to hanging; yet he went dumb when Buck Hazzard threw up both hands and burst out laughing.

"Stop, judge! Stop! Don't denounce me. I'm the fellow that saved your negroes."

"Saved my negroes?"

"Sure. I heard about this last night, and when Crab left home this morning without his dogs I knew he intended to come back. So Bowles and I picked him up on the road. Here's fifty dollars for their tickets—one way."

Freedom's champion stood agape when Hazzard thrust the money into his hand, and added, "These two negroes have deviled the soul out of me for years. They won't make a crop; Crab won't fire the gin or cut wood or drive a wagon. When I chase them off the place they sneak back. And Judge Fortner advises me that the Constitutional Convention has just passed some kind of a fool law against shooting niggers in cotton-picking time."

"But – but ——" Pinkham filed another protest. "This money? I have already purchased their tickets?"

"Invest it for them. Buy gingersnaps. And, listen, Crab; I've wired the police of every town not to let you off this train. Come along now."

At the whistle and roar of the approaching express a human tide of black and white and yellow surged towards it. Fortner caught Judge Pinkham by the arm, while Hazzard picked up Tildy's suitcase.

"Mr. Buck," she begged, "please, suh, lemme squeeze on dese shoes."

"Can't wait. You'll have plenty time between Tallulah and Cincinnati. Quick, Bowles; put Crab's dogs in the baggage car."

At the sleeping-car steps Fortner patted the departing stranger on his shoulder and reminded him, "Don't forget, judge, I have your solemn promise to come back and join our camp hunt on the fourteenth."

"Forget? Wouldn't miss it for a farm."

"But now"—Fortner's gray eyes twinkled as he whispered—"now I'm glad to see you get away until this public indignation blows over."

"Indignation?"

"Yes. There's been a lot of talk about your transporting colored citizens against their will. Some of our lawyers claim that it's peonage."

Nobody heard Pinkham's defense, for the mob was cheering Crab as he yelled from his window, "So long, niggers. Y'all stay here an' work, whilst we's drinkin' free ice water, an' ridin' de railroad up Norf."

THE SHINING COLUMN

(Continued from Page 38)

Presently Jeremy came over to me and smiled down the way you smile at a child, and the crinkly lines had all come back around his eyes.

"I think New York will be as good as any place to start, Janie dear. I don't recognize anything from your description, exactly; but there is just a chance ——"

We went away that very evening. Biddy came with me, and Jeremy arranged everything beautifully. I was quite excited, though when we were settled on the train. Jeremy insisted on explaining that we might have to search years for Louise, and we might never find her—I must make up my mind to that. If we did not strike her trail in New York we could go home to Farley and rest up and decide where it would be best to look next.

"No, Jeremy," I said firmly, "I have made up my mind that I am not going back to Farley until we—we have found Louise. Of course I don't mean that you must stay with me all the time. If you will explain things as we go along I am sure I can manage after this once. That is," I added hastily, "if we don't find Louise right off."

"Well, we shan't, Janie dear," said Jeremy very positively, and he walked off to smoke, his shoulders all hunched up.

I sat watching the country go by, thinking. Oh, if we didn't, how dreadful it would be! Of course we had to find Louise immediately, to give her more time to enjoy Farley and all her money. I thought about my dream, and somehow I knew we should. I looked up after a minute to find that Jeremy had come back and was sitting opposite me, looking determined and grim.

"Look here, Janie," he said, "what makes you so positive you are going to find Louise?"

"I don't know," I said. "I—I just am, that's all."

His eyes grew very gentle and sort of pitying.

"Look here," he said again, "you can't expect to succeed, honey bird, when we have been conducting a systematic search for the past eight years and had no luck. I'll confess I felt hopeful at first when you told me about your dream, because you—you seemed so sure, somehow. But I've been thinking it over. It isn't sensible, that's all. You just want it so much that you believe you will be successful right off. I don't know how Louise disappeared so completely, but people do, you know."

I knew exactly how he felt. He was trying to be judicial and sensible. But inside he believed with me that we were going to find Louise, and just because he knew that I knew he got up with an expression of disgust and went back to the smoker, and I did not see him until dinnertime.

Gran never would permit me to wear a veil. She said a veil was not the thing for a young girl, though lots of the girls at school wore them. And I'd always adored veils—you know, the way you do things you can't have—and so I'd brought one with me, and before we got off the train the next morning I fixed it over my hat close to my face, trig under my nose, lying flat against the little curls around my ears. And I put on earrings, jet because of Gran, but lovely old ones that made my face look long and sort of—of sophisticated. At least that is how I hoped they made me look. I knew they were becoming, anyhow, for old Biddy said, "For the love of Mary, Miss Janie, how handsome you does look!"

Then she hugged me tight, just as if she were going to lose me. But I reminded her that we had only come to find Louise, and she brightened up and was all smiles when we went back to Jeremy.

He stared at me so strangely that a flush stole into my cheeks—at least that is the way Jeremy would have written it in one of his books, but it did not feel half so becoming as that sounds. I just got red as a beet, and sort of choked.

"For goodness' sake," I said crossly, "if there is anything the matter I wish you'd say so!"

He laughed.

"I beg your pardon, Jane, there isn't. You look as trim as a—a bride." His tone dropped wearily; suddenly he looked very tired

I shall never forget that first step up into New York—at the Grand Central! It seemed half dark down on the tracks when the train stopped, and Jeremy strode along beside me without a word, and then suddenly there we were in that splendid great hall, with the blue ceiling sprinkled with stars, and the shining marble floor and everyone in a hurry. It made me breathless just to look.

"Oh, Jeremy!" I said.

He looked down—his eyes showed he hadn't forgotten his own first time. Why, New York had been only another word for clothes to me—like Paris—and now it was people! Suddenly my heart dropped like lead. Where, among all these hustling hordes, was my darling Louise?

Biddy always seems such a simple old thing, but years ago she traveled a lot with Gran, so Jeremy just put her in a taxi for the hotel; and Biddy, as important as could be, nodded and smiled and called out to me to give Miss Louise her respectful love, and I nearly choked with the tears I was trying to keep back.

"Oh, Jeremy!" I said again.

But he did not know I was sorrowful about Louise; he thought it was just New York. He stood beside me, and his face was very stern and almost hard.

"What is it?" I asked him, and he turned to me with a smile that wiped away the sternness but gripped me about the throat, somehow. I'd much rather have had him look stern than smiling-sad.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that I had been half over the world before you could walk, Janie, and this gives you a thrill, while it is a commonplace to me. Yet ——"

He broke off and did not finish that. Suddenly he seemed to be miles away from me as he stood at my side.

He told me that his friend Henry Bulkeley had offices way down town near the Battery, with a view from his windows much like the one I'd described after my dream. He thought we might go there and give the view the once-over before we did anything else.

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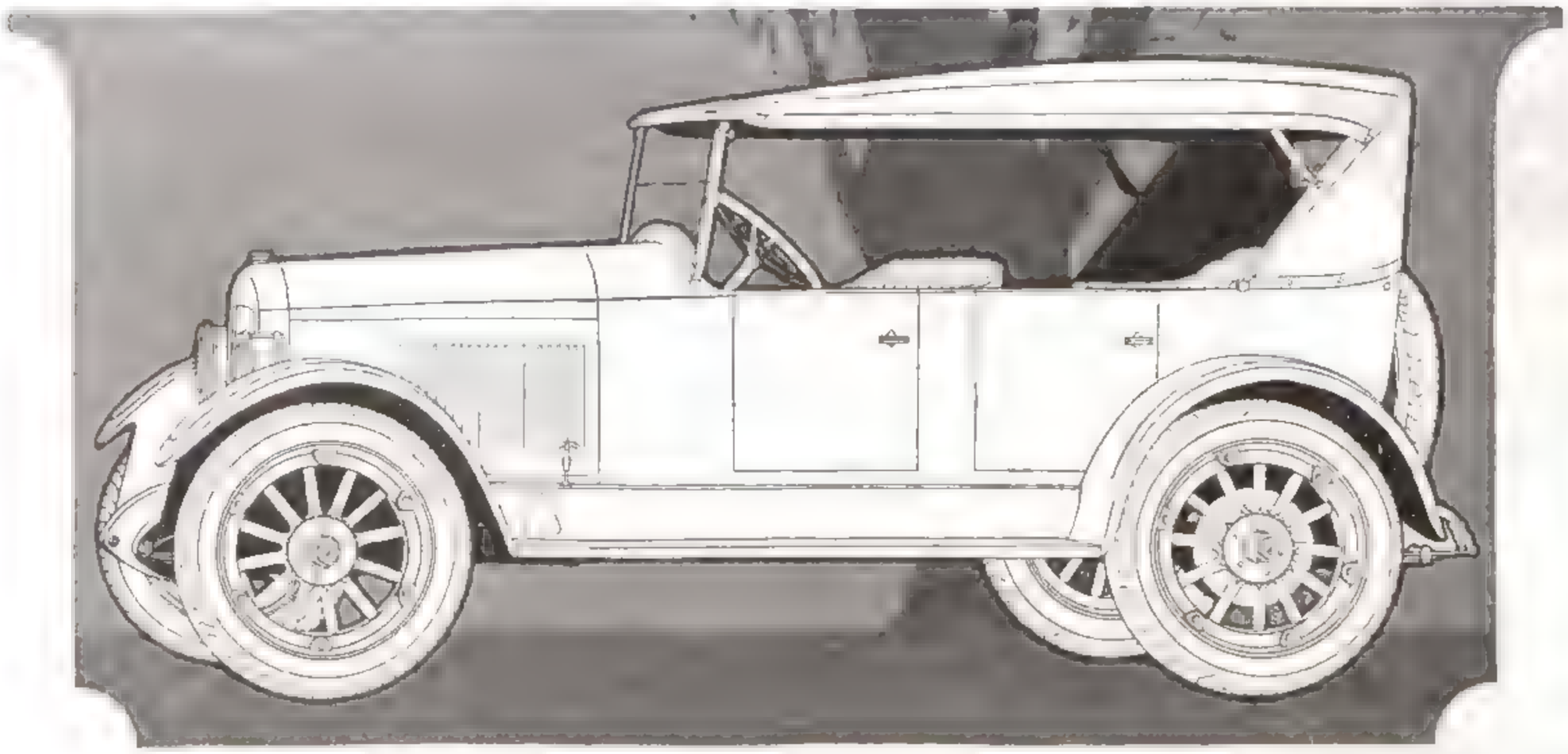
It Is Not a "Light" Six



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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

(Continued from Page 46)

We went downtown in the Subway because it was quicker, and when we got out at Wall Street and walked up into an office building I certainly had another thrill. It was all so strange, so different from what I had imagined. A dream for instance, is so quiet and reality so noisy. I could not cheer up, even when I met Henry Bulkeley's gentle gaze that seemed so deprecating and apologetic, though Jeremy says he is one of the keenest criminal attorneys in New York. But every now and then there was a gleam in his eye, as if he thought of something different—and he had the nicest laugh.

Jeremy suggested that I might like to go into the small inner office and have a good look at the Battery. It was a little room opening off Henry's big, luxurious office. While I stood there alone, looking out at the Battery, with the gray water beyond flecked with white, the ships away out, the low building of the Aquarium with Bowling Green before it, I had no sense of Louise's nearness; and there was nothing like the queer thing I had half seen, half known to be there, the way one will—that shining column.

A low murmur of voices came to me from the next room. Jeremy had been talking, and then, cutting clearly like a knife, came the quiet, ironical, keen voice of Henry Bulkeley:

"But that little Jane is a beauty, Jeremy! Where are your eyes, old chap?"

Jane? I stood up, aghast! Jane—that was my name! Why, I was plain, I was nearly homely! Gran had always told me that. I gasped in amazement, yet I longed to hear more.

"Jane has never been considered a beauty."

There it came, in Jeremy's quiet, vibrant tones. I should have known his voice the world over, I think—gone to it instantly for something in its quality. Yet what a disappointing reply! How I wished he had been able to agree with Henry Bulkeley!

Henry was speaking again:

"I don't care what she has been considered. Bless you, I only know what my eyes see! Why, Jeremy, when she came into the office you could have knocked me down with a feather! You'd never said a word about Jane! And there she came, slender as a harebell, with her brown eyes melting the heart of you, and her smile like a spring morning, and that lovely, wistful, childish air ——"

Jeremy laughed right out. Of course he had a right to laugh, but I felt awfully hurt. It isn't every day that a girl who has always been told she's homely hears such a eulogy. And there came that brutal laugh of Jeremy's, and then his speech:

"Gosh! If Janie heard you she'd think you were making fun of her!"

"Making fun? I never was more serious in my life. Jeremy, if there isn't anyone else I am going to try my luck with that little charmer."

"No," said Jeremy in his most aloof tones, "there isn't anyone else, Henry, I'm sure. But ——"

"You think I'm too old?" said Henry anxiously. "Of course I know—but dash it, Jeremy, what's thirty-eight, man? I'd know how to take care of her better."

"Yes, old fellow," said Jeremy, "and—and I wish you ——"

I suppose he was going to say "luck." But I stuck my fingers in my ears. I suddenly felt as if I wanted to scream. If Jeremy said another word I should call out or something. I stood there by the window, big tears filling my eyes, and compelled myself steadily to think of Louise. Oh, dear, if only we could find her and go home—home to Farley!

I never wanted to see Henry Bulkeley again.

Presently Jeremy came into the little room and closed the door. His face was pale, I thought, and he did not look at me much. I wished he would, to find out if he thought me pretty too.

"Jeremy, can you get me out without having to meet Mr. Bulkeley again?"

"But, my dear child ——"

"Jeremy, I heard what he said. I don't want him to—to ——"

Jeremy came close to me. His eyes lighted up eagerly. He seemed as if he were about to say something; something different from anything he had ever said Then his firm lips shut down on the words and I felt strangely disappointed.

"Oh, I'm sorry you heard, Janie," he said gently. "We thought the door was shut, of course. My dear, you won't have to see Henry now; he has a client in the other room, and then he is due at court. But he thinks he can help us in our search for Louise, and we don't want to leave any stone unturned, do we? Henry's an awfully good chap, honey bird, and any woman who won his regard would be fortunate ——"

Oh, New York was a horrid place! Everything was going wrong. Jeremy had never spoken to me like that before in his life. Then I felt as if I must know something, and I stood up and spoke quickly:

"Jeremy, do you think me pretty? As—as pretty as Louise?"

I felt desperate; I can't describe it. Jeremy just stared, and then, incredibly, he shook his head, and his eyes grew so strange. I sat down suddenly in a chair I was glad to find close beside me.

"Well, that's all right then," I said in a funny sort of voice. "I—I didn't think you did."

And for a minute we neither of us said anything. The clock started to tick, tick, tick, and the dull roar of New York came up to us insistently, though I hadn't noticed either of the sounds before.

"Janie," Jeremy said presently in a practical sort of voice, "have you seen the shining column yet—you know, the thing you dreamed about?"

"No," I said drearily, wiping the tears away from my eyes fast so that Jeremy shouldn't see; "no, I don't believe there is any column. But the view—this is just the view I saw, only it wasn't exactly from this angle, you know; and—and we're here in New York; all we have to do is to find Louise."

"Yes," said Jeremy grimly, "that's all."

Suddenly the world felt like an ice house, but I wouldn't let Jeremy know. I took up my hat, fixed my veil in the mirror over the mantel and turned to find that Jeremy was staring at me, still in that almost dazed way. I suppose he was trying to see what Henry Bulkeley saw in me, and I wouldn't permit him to know it hurt.

"Come along," I said airily, "we're going out to lunch. If you haven't any appetite, I have. Why, I'm as hungry as a bear!"

So we left the little office and Jeremy pressed the buzzer for the elevator, and a dazzling car slipped down from the floors above, just as easily as if it had been a golden chariot coming for Elijah from heaven—only I wonder what Elijah would have thought of an elevator—and we slipped down to the ground.

It was just as easy as that, and a little shiver of delight went down my spine. Of course I'd been in elevators before, but not like this. They were just cars; they moved up and down; they didn't slip.

"Jeremy," I said when we were eating, "how high is that building of Henry Bulkeley's?"

Henry was that sort of man, you simply couldn't call him Mr. Bulkeley and keep it up.

"Oh, I don't know; twenty stories or more, perhaps. It is one of the largest in the city."

"And—and offices all the way up?"

"Yes; you seem to like the skyscrapers, Janie."

He laughed, and something that had been trying to get into my mind vanished. I'd almost remembered, and now it had gone again! I could have cried.

When we had finished eating Jeremy put me in a taxi and sent me back to the hotel to rest. He said Henry Bulkeley was going to take us to the theater that night, and we'd dine together first at the Ritz. When I wanted to protest he stopped the words with this:

"Jazz, Janie; that's a good start towards Louise—when we haven't any clew."

But I had; only I couldn't remember it.

We were awfully gay at dinner. Henry had chosen the show—all colors and songs. He said it was the latest sort of jazz. They teased me about that.

"When Louise was married, Janie," Jeremy said, "the word 'jazz' hadn't been invented."

"No; but jazz had, without the word," I told him, and they laughed and laughed.

I loved being in New York and at the theater, and I felt so distinguished, wearing black; but all the time my mind was on Louise. Ten hours gone and we were no nearer her yet. Suddenly I saw her again as I had seen her in the dream.

On the stage the star was singing—a song about camping on the roof because she couldn't find a place to live. The people seemed awfully amused. She had to sing one verse over again:

Try the tip-tip-topmost floor,
Where there isn't any roof
And there's not a proper door;
Try the tip-tip-topmost floor.

I hadn't been really listening. She was pretty and she danced delightfully, but she just meant New York to me. The lights were down; there was a dark curtain at the back of the stage. The star faded out suddenly, and there against that background I seemed to see my darling Louise speaking—just like that dream, only now I heard her, quite distinctly, as her lips moved:

"The top floor, Janie!"

That was what she said; I had my clew.

I couldn't tell anyone, not even Jeremy. They thought I was tired because I grew so quiet, and when I was back in my own room at the hotel I thought it all out.

No; there hadn't been any mistake; it wasn't all hallucination. I was positive Louise had said those very words. I trembled a little, I was so shaken; she seemed so near. I thought it all out step by step; it was almost like having a map—the way I saw it. That view from Henry's office window—the same view, it seemed—and then now this clear direction:

"The top floor!"

I couldn't sleep. I went over to the window. The city was slumbering with one eye open. Somewhere in the lights and the interrupted silence—silence, not quiet as we have at Farley—Louise was sleeping too.

It was very early when I made Biddy get up and order my breakfast. I couldn't eat, but I had to pretend. I put on my hat and my pretty veil and called a taxi. Biddy thought I was going with Jeremy, but I couldn't help that.

It was not yet eight o'clock. The streets far downtown were almost deserted, and only half the elevators were running in the building where Henry Bulkeley had his office. When I got into the car I asked the man how high they went, and he said to the twenty-second floor. I thought—when I found there wasn't anyone in the offices yet—that I'd go up there and wait for Louise. When she came I'd be there.

So I shot upward in the shining chariot, and then I caught my breath, for as we passed one floor we flashed into a shaft of sunlight, and looking up I saw the shining of something bright and metallic, as it had been in my dream. Yesterday the car had been full and the sun did not shine from that direction. For an instant I did not realize what it was; and then, looking out of the sides of the cage in which I stood, I saw that the walls of the shaft up which we were moving were of copper, or something that looked like that.

There it was—the shining column!

I gave up thinking; I couldn't do it any more. I shut my eyes and prayed, just a sort of soundless wish for Louise. And I knew that I was coming to her; knew it just as if I had heard someone say so! It was like a voice from within, confident, firm. I didn't care about anything more. My heart shot up with the swinging elevator until we reached the top floor.

"Twenty-two!" said the elevator man, looking round at me.

"Is this the top of the building?"

"The cars don't go any farther, lady," the man said; "but it ain't the top. There's another floor, or a bit of one—it don't run all over; the roof slopes. But if you want to get there just walk up the stairs down that way." He pointed a grimy finger.

I found the stairs easily. There were only a few doors up there, and windows at each end. From one of these I saw almost the view of my dream. I stood for an instant looking down, tears in my eyes. I knew I was near Louise.

The thought left me calm. It was like coming out into a sea of peace. I'd doubted so, and even now I didn't see the way. Suddenly I thought of Jeremy with a yearning pain, wishing he had been able to think me pretty. Then I put the thought aside, ashamed. Louise was the beauty. If I found her it did not matter how I looked. Jeremy had never been able to see any girl except Louise. Even though I knew she was married, I couldn't seem to separate her from Jeremy.

I wiped the tears away. I didn't know how to find her, but I knew I should. I wondered who had offices up here where Louise worked. Perhaps I'd hear her little

(Continued on Page 50)

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ANNOUNCE

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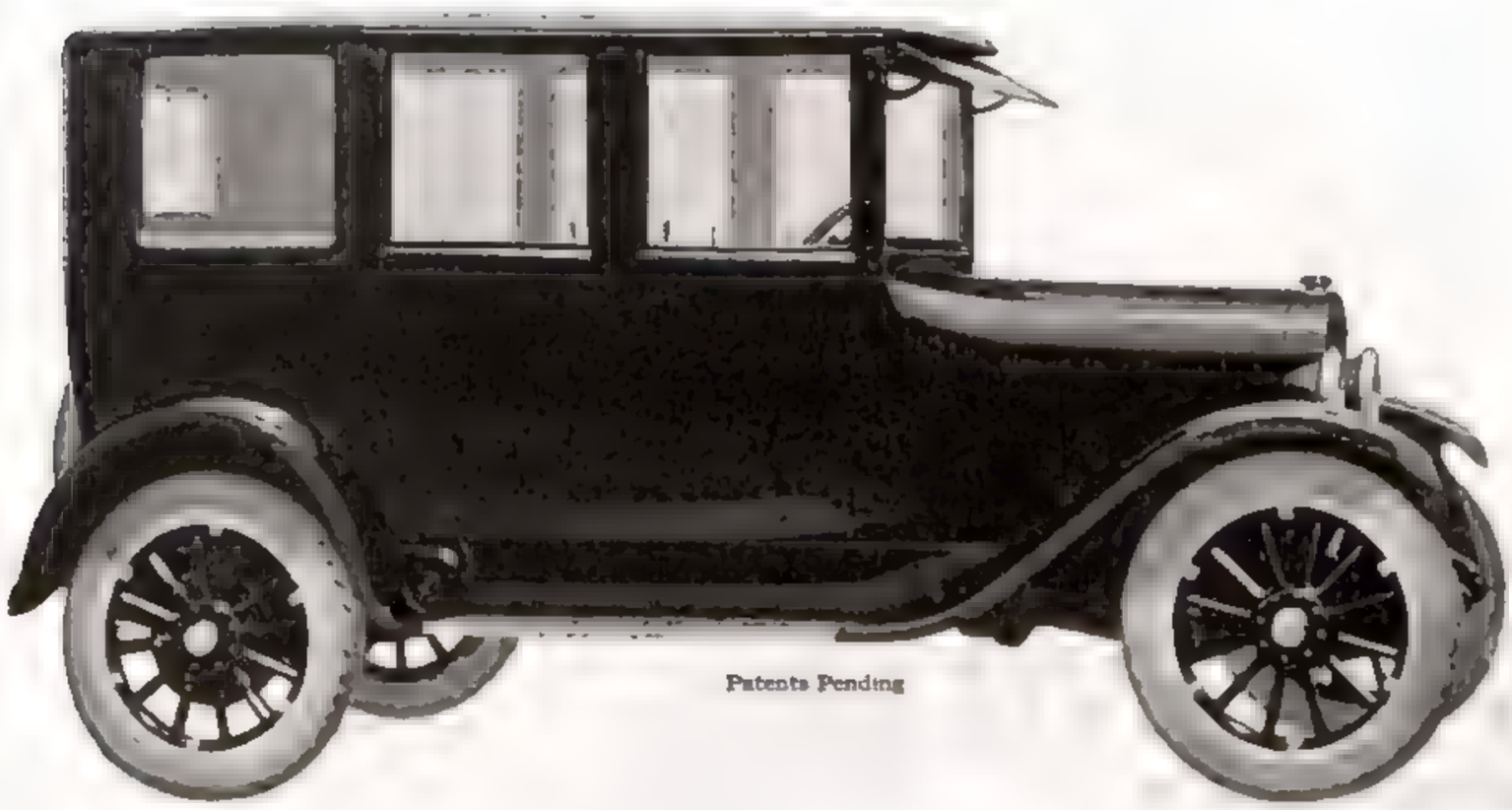

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feet coming up those stairs before I saw her, even. Should I know her after ten years?

All questioning ceased suddenly. A door at my right opened; someone was standing, holding the door knob and talking back into the room. I could hear a voice, gay and sweet. I trembled as I stood.

"I won't be long, dearest, of course; but I must just speak to the engineer ——"

The rest of the sentence was drowned, for the speaker had gone from the doorway back into the room. I could hear a murmur of voices, then a laugh. That laugh, that lovely laugh of my sister Louise's; I should have known it across the world if it had come floating out to me like that.

I didn't move—I couldn't. I just stood there, and in another minute there were quick footsteps, the door swung wide and my darling stood facing me.

"I beg your pardon, do you want anything?"

I was standing close to the door, of course, and she thought I had been going to knock, I suppose. She looked at me in surprise, her hand still on the handle of the door to close it.

"Were you looking for the janitor?" she said.

I shall never forget her at that minute. She had on a little hat of black straw, poor and cheap, but with a sort of triumphantly stylish air that Louise would have given to anything she put on; and her coat was artfully contrived to make her seem a little less slender than she was. She was very thin, but her beauty had grown. She wasn't merely beautiful; she was lovely. Her eyes haunted you, they were so gentle and understanding. There wasn't a trace of real sadness anywhere, and yet there were lines of anxiety about her eyes, others about her mouth. I saw these and for a minute I couldn't speak.

Then I said, "Is the janitor in there?"

She shut the door behind her firmly before she answered me.

"I am the janitor," she said. "My husband has been ill, so I have taken his place. What office are you in, please, and what is the trouble?"

I did not understand her; didn't know what she was talking about. All that had penetrated my brain was that one sentence:

"I am the janitor!"

Then the mist cleared away. I looked at her and smiled.

"Louise!"

She took a half step forward, perplexed; she began to speak, doubtfully, though I did not notice the words; and then suddenly that wordless communication that is always going on between mortals whether they know it or not spoke for me. I saw that she knew. The color flooded her face, tears filled her eyes.

"Janie! Small sister!"

She gasped the words with hardly a sound. I threw myself on her breast. She was the only mother I remembered, and I had found her again. For a minute we wept together; then she straightened my hat, drew my veil into place and turned me towards the light.

"I want to see you, honey bird; let me have a good look." Tears filled her eyes again as she looked at me. Then she put her arms around me again and hugged me.

"Do you remember, Janie, our snifty hugs? And how unhappy we were sometimes, or I was? How is Gran—poor, stern old Gran?"

Her comprehension made it easier to tell her that Gran was dead; that I was waiting for her at Farley; that there was money for all she wanted. For a few minutes we talked fast, questioning, explaining, touching just the fringe of the why with which our hearts were full.

We still stood outside the door where I had found her. My sister's lovely face had changed again, become radiant, glowing, the face of that dream.

"Janie, Jack fell from a building he was testing when we were in Singapore. His back was hurt; he cannot sit up, even. But he's the best, the finest ——"

There was a little throbbing note of something beneath the words, like the vibrant undertone of a violin string.

"Oh"—she turned to me lightly, remembering something else—"I almost forgot! Jack doesn't know that I've ever done any actual work around the building; he thinks I just superintend. That would bother him, of course. I am not supposed to, but when help is short ——" She shrugged her shoulders and a little bubbling stream of laughter followed. "Janie, you should see the set of old clothes I wear! I'll show you sometime. Jack doesn't even know I have them. Oh, and we called ourselves Smith, because Leland isn't a usual name, and—Jack's not a very humble person, though it took him a long time to become independent enough for a janitor." Again the laughter came welling up from some untouched spring of sweetness.

"We've had a home and—and lots of fun together, Janie."

Her tone was wistful; she hoped I'd understand. Perhaps I did a little, while she spoke about it.

"I'll tell you how I got the job," she said, "and then we'll go in and see Jack. It was this way: We'd used all our money and I dared not leave Jack to go out to work. I went to the owners of the building myself, and it happened they'd had lots of trouble with unreliable people, so they gave me a trial. We've been here seven years."

She couldn't help showing her pride at that as she opened the door.

The room into which she led me was the sort of room that means home wherever you find it. Books and papers, a big chair near the bed, and the window I remembered from my dream, looking out upon the water.

Jack Leland wasn't a bit the story-book invalid. He laughed a great deal, and his eyes flashed tendernesses at his wife that wouldn't go into words. They really didn't seem to be sorry for themselves at all.

Louise made me sit down and tell them about the dream, and I did. Then suddenly I remembered Jeremy. He might have telephoned my room; he'd be disturbed. I must let him know about Louise at once. My sister searched for the hotel number in the telephone book.

While I waited I heard a noise outside; there was a loud knocking at the door. Before Louise could answer it Jeremy's voice came clearly to my ears:

"Janie! Janie!" Yet no one else seemed to hear him.

When the door was opened I nearly fell back in surprise. The elevator man was in front, but we scarcely saw him. Jeremy stood behind him, his thin face anxious and drawn, his eyes bluer than I had ever seen them. Henry Bulkeley was there, too, calm and suave, but with a keen expression that made me forget my first impression of him. Neither of them saw anyone but me.

"Thank God!" said Henry Bulkeley, and mopped his forehead.

Jeremy didn't say anything; he just looked at me and touched my hand softly, so softly that it was almost a caress.

"It really is you, Janie," he said, and drew a long breath.

Louise turned to the elevator man.

"Did you think I'd kidnaped my sister?" she asked him.

I saw amazement leap into Jeremy's eyes as he stared at her, and I drew back a step where no one would notice and put my hand over my heart. In another instant I knew I should see that old expression in Jeremy's eyes, and I felt I could not bear it—not now. It wasn't as if it would do him any good, you see. He couldn't have Louise. Oh, I didn't want him to be unhappy!

Henry Bulkeley has a mind that works like lightning.

"Well, old man," he said to Jeremy, "you're some bloodhound. He trailed you here without hesitation, Miss Janie; sort of felt where you were, I guess. Extraordinary!"

He shut the door of Louise's little apartment behind us neatly. It was a tight squeeze, but we managed it.

Jeremy didn't speak. He went over and shook Jack Leland's hand. Jack remembered him perfectly.

Above the babel of voices I heard him exclaim, "How'd you do it, Jeremy? You haven't changed a bit!"

"Yes, I'm older," Jeremy said.

"You don't look it."

"Jeremy thinks he and I are old men," said Henry Bulkeley, joining in; "but we aren't, are we, Miss Janie?"

"I don't think Jeremy old," I said, and wondered why they all laughed so.

But, you see, Jeremy had always been my brother; I didn't want to change. And Louise loved me, but her life was filled with Jack. She didn't exactly need me.

Henry Bulkeley came over and stood beside me, looking down too.

(Continued on Page 53)

The "Priceless Ingredient" is your Safeguard

IN many drug stores certain shelves are exclusively devoted to Squibb Products. You may have noticed this and wondered why the druggist does it.

He has an excellent reason—a reason that concerns your welfare as deeply as it does his own interests—the druggist knows that in his stock there are no finer articles than those made by Squibb. He knows that each Squibb product contains the Priceless Ingredient which is the Honor and Integrity of its maker.

So he puts in his store a Squibb Section—a department that contains only the finest household and toilet products, arranged for your selection.

You may intend to make only such a small purchase as a can of bicarbonate of soda. In the Squibb Section you will find this product, refined to a degree of purity such as you have never known. You need to use it only once to realize its superiority. The Priceless Ingredient insures your satisfaction.

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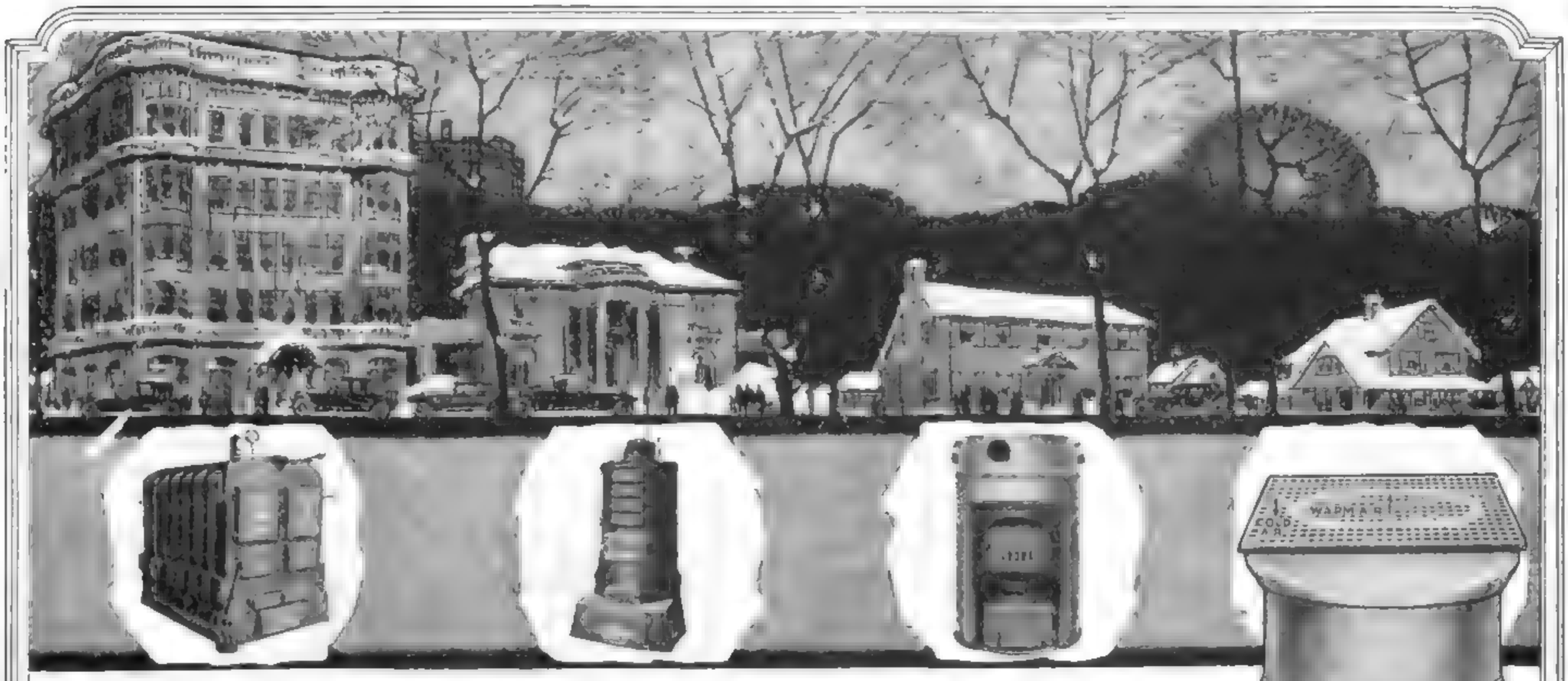

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UTICA, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 50)

"Miss Janie," he said gently, "are you always so wonderful? Jeremy was telling me about your dream, and then you find—this! I—you frighten me, so beautiful and so courageous, capable of dreaming and following the dream. All through the ages, child, that has been the mark of greatness."

His eyes were very gentle and kind, and full of something I had never seen in any man's eyes when they looked at me. I could not help smiling back at him, though what he said was so absurd. And then, the way one will sometimes, I said the stupidest thing:

"Jeremy doesn't think me pretty!"

Henry Bulkeley looked at me searchingly. I knew, suddenly, what made him a great lawyer; he could see underneath, what you really felt, not what you pretended. He said in a quiet voice, as if it were not of much interest, even, whether I answered or not, "And Jeremy counts, doesn't he?"

Inside I gave a sob that no one heard, and to Henry Bulkeley's question I answered amazingly what I had not known myself until that instant:

"He counts more than anyone in the whole world!"

Henry patted my shoulder. The look that was strange had gone from his eyes; he had a kind smile as he bent over me.

"Well, Jeremy is a good anchor for any woman, and I'll tell you something—he doesn't think you pretty, of course, you are more than that; he knows you are beautiful!"

I didn't know that with that sentence he'd done a big thing—given up the thought of something he wanted, made the way easy for someone else. He moved away, back into the babel of sound. I seemed alone in a world that was golden. My heart sang.

"Beautiful!" I said the word over to myself in a whisper. I felt all sweet and sparkling inside, the way you feel on a spring day at Farley. Life was set to the melody of that one phrase:

"He knows you are beautiful!"

"Louise"—it was Jeremy speaking—"you've told us everything else; you know her dream nearly as well as Janie does; but one thing you left out—about the shining column ——"

"The shining column?" Louise repeated, looking at me. "Why, Janie ——"

To tell them all that the shining column had been the shaft of the elevator—I could just hear them laugh.

"Janie's shining column ——"

I could hear them begin to tease me. Why, they'd be doing it when I was old—things like that last so long in a family! And I couldn't explain that it hadn't looked that way in my dream—it was changed, the way things are when you are dreaming. It shone beautiful and golden then, when Louise disappeared.

Henry's voice boomed energetically through the little pause:

"If you folks are really going off to Farley tonight you'd better get a move on. Miss Janie, suppose you and Jeremy go down to my office and do all the necessary telephoning. There are the reservations, you know. Better not leave it too late."

"But——" began Jeremy uneasily.

"There aren't any buts for you, old man," said Henry Bulkeley. "Miss Janie told me that you count more than anyone else in the whole world. I don't think she'd be satisfied with any arrangements unless you made them. Off you go, now!"

He nearly pushed us through the door.

My face was crimson under my veil. I dared not look at Jeremy. He stood aside ceremoniously for me to pass down the little flight of stairs. I sailed on, my head in the air. Everything had gone dull again, somehow. I did not know how to stand it. Suddenly I decided I would not—there wasn't any need. I stood still on the bottom step, looking up at him.

"Jeremy, what is the matter?"

"Is anything the matter, Janie?"

"Yes, yes, yes! You've never been like this before. Jeremy, do you think me beautiful?"

"Great Scott, yes!"

"Then why didn't you tell me? I asked you."

"No; if I thought you pretty—you are not—just pretty."

The world began to whirl around me; it was all lovely and warm. I put a hand on his arm to steady myself.

"Jeremy, don't let anything come between us. I—I can't go along without you, Jeremy, not even now I have Louise. You can't have Louise; keep your little sister Janie."

Jeremy sat down suddenly on the step, caught me to him by my wrists. His blue eyes blazed into mine—a strange look

"You are not my little sister! If it is a sister you offer, I don't want her! Oh, child, what am I saying? I am so old for you! I tried to keep away ——"

I looked up. Even New York was a happy place—glowing, lovely. Suddenly I remembered something—a little thing in a way, but it would show Jeremy that I could tell him things I couldn't mention to other people, not even to Louise.

"Jeremy, you know the shining column—you asked about it? Well, it was the elevator shaft—copper, you know, or something like that. I couldn't tell anyone but you; they'd laugh. But I can always explain everything to you—everything. You—you are like myself, only so much more than that too."

I couldn't say any more; I stopped on a little choking sob.

Jeremy had that strange look again. He took a notebook from his pocket.

"Janie, do you want to know what the shining column meant to me?"

He didn't wait for me to answer; opened the book with fingers that trembled a little, pointed to a sentence or two in his firm, untidy hand. But though he held it out to me I could not read.

"Tell me."

Now he spoke swiftly in that dear, ardent way I loved so:

"Yesterday, on the train, when you came out in that little hat and veil, so grown-up and lovely, suddenly seeming so—so far away from me, the words flashed into my mind. 'She's my shining column,' I said to myself, 'and I'm too old; I mustn't let her know.' That's how you seemed to me, suddenly strange and aloof, slender and shining and—and far off. Do you understand, I wonder?"

His face was so sad that I wanted to cry. He looked like a little boy who has lost his mother. Old? How could he be old, with that boyish expression and his absurd idea of keeping out of my way, giving me up to younger men? I knew exactly what had gone through his head.

I sat down beside him on the step—it felt nearer. I untied my veil, took off my darling little hat. It rolled away from me and fell on the floor.

"There!" I said. "There's a bit of your shining column gone. Jeremy, I don't like your idea at all, but of course I understand it." I waited a minute. "I thought you were in love with Louise," I said.

"Louise?" he laughed. "Honey bird, Louise has been married for ten years—and I never was in love with her; it has always been you, though I didn't always know it. Why, you have been the heroine of every book I ever wrote, and I thought of myself as the hero, and—and married you off to him."

"Well!" I said, surprised, thinking back to each one of them. "And always I thought it was Louise!"

I stayed still beside him, thinking it out. It was very comforting to be there alone with Jeremy. I felt as if I had been married to him for years and years, and as if he knew what I was thinking he put out his fine big hand and covered my smaller ones over. We didn't say anything; it wasn't necessary for a minute.

"You little shining thing!"

"That's all right," I said after a minute when I could speak, because he took my breath away; "that's all right. It's close, not far away. I—oh, Jeremy, promise me you'll never put me away up there again! I don't want to be a beautiful phrase—or an idea in your mind; I want to be you, a part of you."

I heard him draw a long breath; it was like the wind that comes before the dawn—a promise of sunlight. So, hovering between tears and laughter, I touched a lighter note:

"Why don't you write a story about it, Jeremy—get that shining column out of your system?"

"I don't know all about it yet," Jeremy said. "I should need help, you know." He kissed me through my veil as I fixed it over my hat.

"Well," I said seriously, trying not to let him see my eyes sparkle with happiness, "that's reasonable. What's a—a sweetheart for?"

So—together—we wrote this, our shining column.

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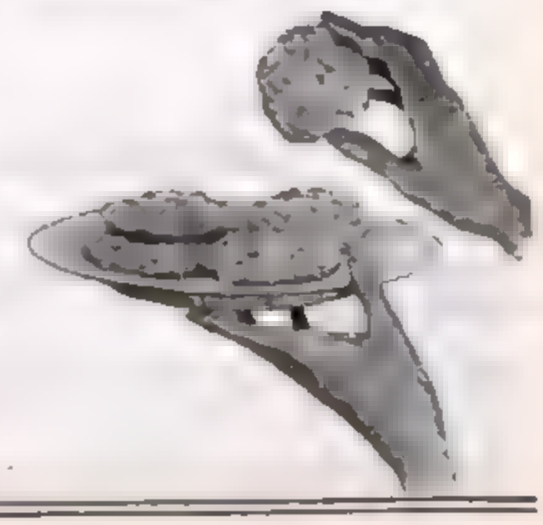

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THE TENTH LAW

(Continued from Page 19)

money to harvest that crop—but after all, why not? Kinston made a business of lending money, at his own terms, to men who could secure him against loss. In a private capacity he served the whole district as a bank would have served it; he was hard, to be sure, as nobody knew better than Dan Mackenzie, whose office compelled him now and then to seize and sell some farmer's chattels or homestead to satisfy Saul Kinston's judgments; but that was, the sheriff knew, no more than business as most men saw it.

Kinston held his head high; a stern, unmerciful man, but honest, religious in all outward observance, respected as much as he was feared.

Sallie was just fretting, as women would, under a strain. Mackenzie's thought moved to Rufe Kinston, the scapegrace of his breed, to whom old Saul never spoke when they met on the street. And his frown deepened. Rufe's still must be a big one; he was spending a heap of money down in Randall. Old Saul must hate that, if he knew it. he was dead set against liquor, always grumbling at the plentiful supply of blockade in the district. The sheriff's mind flickered back to what Wallace Brent had told him, in his innocence, that afternoon. And quite suddenly he seemed to see what drew all these scattered meditations together, linked them in a single significant chain of facts. His scowl bit deeply into his forehead. When he reached the jail he found Sim Cole entertaining a group of loungers on the steps, and he drew the deputy to one side.

"Sim, you got any notion where Rufe Kinston's got his still?"

Cole eyed him uneasily. "Didn't know he had one, sheriff."

"Well, you hear me sayin' so now. Sim, you got one week to find that still."

Cole stood his ground. "Supposin' I don't?"

"Then"—Mackenzie's voice was very gentle—"then I'll take and find it myself, Sim. And I'll collect the reward myself, when I do. Better find it 'fore the week's out, Sim. I would if I was you."

He saw Cole's face change covertly, but the deputy spoke in a whining plaintive key:

"You talk as if a feller c'd go and find a still any time he took a notion, sheriff. It ain't so easy as it looks. And if Rufe Kinston's running a still he's got it hid up pretty—you c'n count on that. Feller 't plays chess the way Rufe does ain't nobody's fool; no, sir!"

Mackenzie nodded. "Been playing chess with Rufe again, Sim? That's another reason why you better take an' find that there still this week. Folks ain't going to like it if you can go find a still any day you aim to, but can't never find the ones 't belongs to your friends."

Sim turned away sulkily without an answer. Mackenzie went to bed, hearing the grumble of the deputy's talk below the jail windows. Words came to him now and then. He heard Sim say something about him: "Getting simple, Mackenzie is. Figgers he's smarter'n Rufe Kinston."

And he heard, too, the chuckle with which the loungers greeted the speech. He wondered how long it would be before Rufe Kinston would hear it. Not very long, he thought, as he fell asleep.

II

THERE was a little group of idlers at the jail steps when Rufe Kinston rode up on the sorry old horse. It was Sunday again, and a silence lay over the straggling little courthouse town, a silence that seemed a part of the flat suffocating heat. Mackenzie, his back against the crumbling bricks, smoked slowly. He did not change his position as Rufe swung down, but he felt the lazing men about him stiffen, as if they had come to attention. Kinston let his horse stand unhitched at the pipe railing, and Mackenzie saw the beast lower its head, saw the heave of its flanks.

"Well, sheriff, looks like I was making it right easy for you, don't it?" Kinston chuckled. "Hear you aim to jail me for still running—you and Sim Cole." He glanced at the deputy. "Sim's been costing the county a heap of gas, trying to trail me in his flivver. Got any evidence yet, Sim?"

Cole showed his teeth. "Reckon I could prove you got a girl over in Cray County, Rufe."

Kinston clapped him on the shoulder. "That's pretty good, Sim, that is. Didn't guess you'd found out that much. Pity you can't jail a man for it, ain't it?"

He looked at the sheriff, who had not changed his position. "Sheriff, I want your advice. I come over to play a game of chess with Sim, here, but it struck me 't maybe it might be against the law—they's so many laws these times a man can't carry the whole of 'em in his head. Hate to get in jail, this weather."

The crowd sniggered, and a dot of red showed over each of Mackenzie's high cheek bones. He went back to a day when old men were not lightly spoken to by glib youth. In the old rough timber times it would have been a good man who ventured on this public ridicule, and the crowd wouldn't have laughed.

"Heard you figgered you could play, Rufe. Like to see you. Might learn some new tricks if I ain't too old."

Cole brought out the board and the cigar box. The group drew in about the steps to watch. Kinston, playing the whites, moved swiftly when his turns came, grinning at Cole's slow, cautious defense. It was a quick game. Cole wagged his head ruefully over the board as a pawn advance discovered check and mate from Kinston's bishop.

"Too good for me, Rufe. Never seen that bishop."

One of the idlers laughed and pointed "Might tackle Rufe's horse, Sim! Look at him—come over to watch the game too!"

The old beast had walked around the end of the pipe rail and come close to the steps, unnoticed by the group about the board. His dejected head was close to the trodden sand, and he breathed audibly, his nostrils widely distended. As they watched him he sniffed at a little heap of litter and delicately lipped something from it. Cole slapped his thigh.

"Reckon we could hang you on that evidence, Rufe? That's corn mash I tilted out'n a still I fetched in yest'd'y. How come you got a horse trained to eat mash, without you been still running like the sheriff says?"

"Looks mighty bad, sure enough." Kinston grinned. "And I bought that horse off Uncle Saul too! Reckon he knew he was a drinking horse or he wouldn't 've sold him!"

The sheriff spoke as the laugh subsided: "Sim, looked to me like you didn't play that game right. You'd ought to 've taken Rufe's knight ——"

Cole whirled quickly, his teeth showing. "Whyn't you tackle Rufe yourself, if you figger you c'n play him better'n me?"

Again Mackenzie felt the expectant unfriendly tension about him. They all hoped he'd do it; they all wanted to see Rufe Kinston make him look silly. He met Kinston's insolent eyes evenly.

"Give you a queen, sheriff, an' play you blindfold!"

Mackenzie shook his head. "Reckon you wouldn't be so lib'ral if they was anything bet, Rufe."

Kinston's face flamed.

"Bet? I'll play you for anything you say." His hand went to his pocket and drew out a thick roll of bills. "Name your bet, sheriff—I'll see it!"

Mackenzie shook his head regretfully. "Ain't much money in sheriffin', these days, Rufe. I ain't got a cent."

"That's what I figgered." Kinston laughed. "I knowed you was jest talking with your mouth, Mackenzie."

The sheriff sat very still. Kinston's use of his name was meant and understood as a deliberate insult. But he spoke gently.

"If I had anything to bet I'd bet it, Rufe. Trouble is I ain't got a thing ——"

His eyes moved to the old horse, still nosing at the litter. Rufe Kinston chuckled happily.

"You got a likely colt, ain't you? I'll play you for him against old Joe there."

The sheriff sighed. "That'd be givin' you odds, Rufe. My colt's worth a sight more'n your old crowbait."

Kinston's brows drew together. "I'll play you money against your colt then. What do you want for him?"

Mackenzie considered. "Tell you what, Rufe, we'll play for the horses, like you said, only we'll make it thisa way: If I win I get your horse for nothing. If you win we swap even. I reckon that ought to be about right." (Continued on Page 57)

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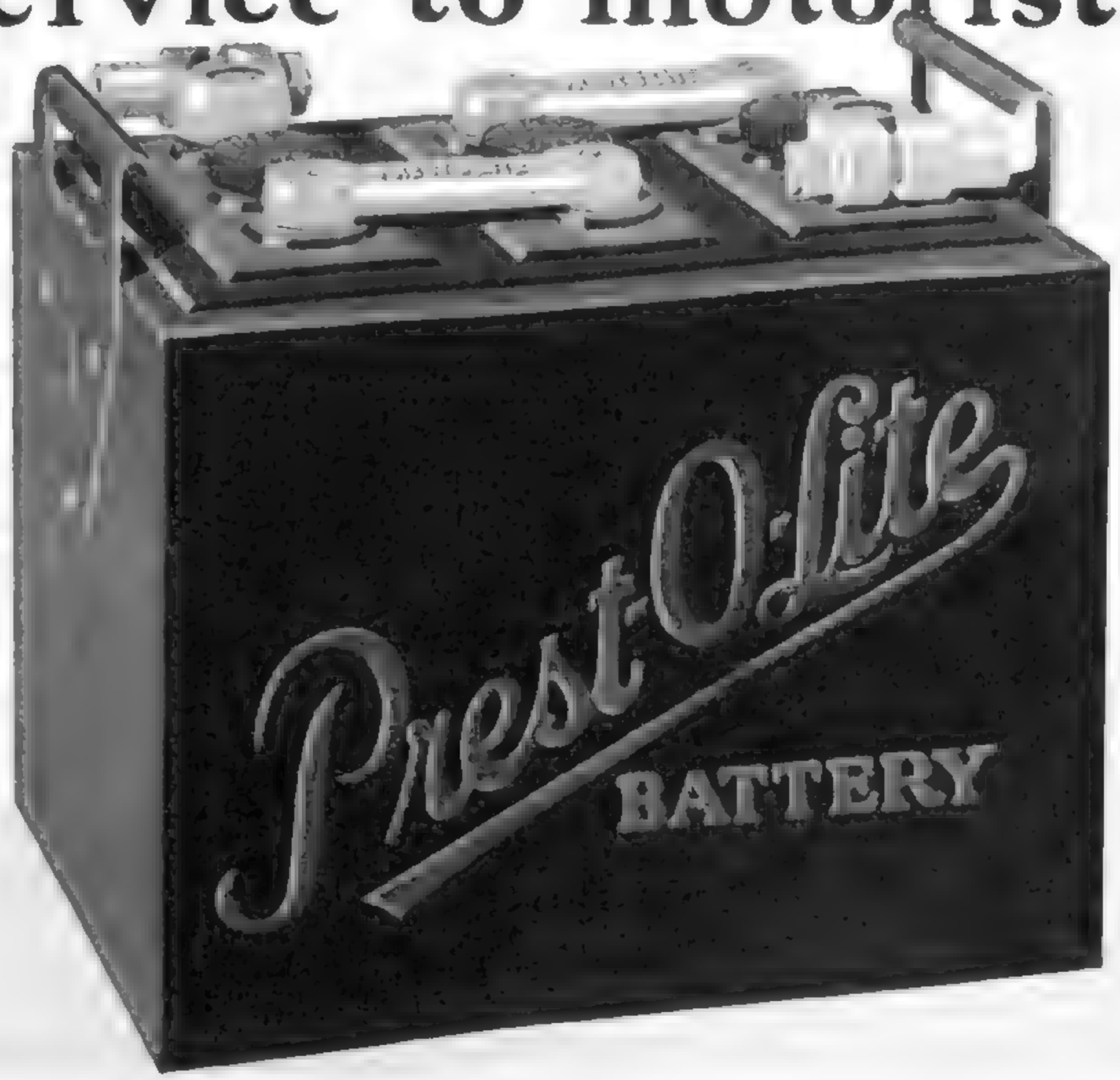

(Continued from Page 54)

Kinston hesitated only an instant. Then he laughed and sprang toward the board.

"I'll see you, sheriff. An' I'll give the white if you want it."

"Reckon we better draw for it, Rufe. An' you said something about a queen just now, an' playing me blindfold."

Kinston looked blank. Mackenzie could see that the crowd's easy sympathies hung in the balance. If Kinston crawled down they would be with the sheriff.

"I was jest funnin' when I said that, sheriff, but if you hold me to it ——"

"Didn't aim to, Rufe. No credit licking a man thataway. We better play even."

He drew the blacks and marshaled them deliberately, his fingers clumsy with the pieces. Kinston chose the same attack he had played against Cole, sacrificing his king's bishop's pawn on his second move and his king's knight on his fifth. Against a skilled player, Mackenzie guessed, the device would be fatal, but he saw himself swiftly outmaneuvered, with a rook and queen and bishop all bearing down on his bishop's pawn. He rubbed his chin as Kinston announced mate.

"Looks like you got me, Rufe. We trade horses."

He got to his feet and walked around the jail toward the stable behind the hotel, where he kept his colt. He stroked the beast's nose before he led him out. Back at the jail Kinston transferred saddle and bridle, grinning. The crowd was with him again and he made the most of a favoring audience.

"Reckon you must 've took a fancy to old Joe, sheriff, when you seen him eatin' that mash. Sim Cole c'n feed him f'r nothin' if he just fetches in the mash every time he finds a still. Looks like you took an' done me, sure enough. Only, of course, I ain't hunting stills for a living, like you an' Sim."

He set the colt at a headlong run down the sun-drenched road, the dust lifting in explosive puffs behind him. The crowd drifted away toward the hotel. Cole stayed behind, scowling.

"Sheriff, you done a bad day's work, lettin' Rufe win that colt off you. Made you look plumb silly—an'——"

"Looks thataway, don't it, Sim?" Mackenzie lifted the battered forefoot of the old horse and studied it deliberately. "Reckon I got to rest him up before I can get him shod, the way these feet looks, Sim. Rufe Kinston don't use a horse right."

"The whole county'll laugh at us, sheriff."

"Think so?" Mackenzie lowered the foot and straightened. He turned a mild inquiring glance at his deputy. "Think Rufe got the best of me, Sim?"

Cole made an impatient angry noise in his throat. "Think? Didn't he mate you before you got started?"

Mackenzie opened his eyes. "Oh, you mean chess? Yes, I reckon he licked me, sure enough. That's his game, Sim."

"Well?" Cole scowled. "What did you think I meant?"

"I was thinking about horse trading, Sim. I ain't no great hand to play chess, nor to tinker up cars, but I was trading horses when Rufe Kinston's daddy was cutting teeth."

Cole laughed. "That's good, sheriff! Rufe, he licked you at his game, and then he took an' licked you worse at yours! Made us look plumb foolish."

Mackenzie nodded placidly. "Sim, any time you go trading f'r a horse you watch out for the feller that looks plumb foolish. You stomp with a feller 't knows it all."

Cole breathed impatiently again. "I don't know what you're driving at, sheriff, but I know it's a bad thing for folks to get the notion that they got a plumb foolish sheriff!"

Mackenzie's hand tightened on the halter rope, but he did not answer at once, and when he broke the silence his voice was gentle.

"You reckon that's how folks look at it, Sim?"

Cole laughed resentfully. "Don't have to reckon; I know."

Again there was a pause.

"Ain't found that still of Rufe's, Sim. I give you a week, and it's up."

"Give me a year, I couldn't find it. If Rufe's got a still it's over in Cray. I wasted a week trailing him. Rides over thataway most every night—easy to follow his tracks 's fur 's the plank bridge, but he don't leave tracks on the paved road, other side."

The sheriff nodded. "Figgered 't maybe Rufe's got that still hid in the swamp, Sim. Right handy place for it—so close to the new road and the county line."

"That's what I figgered. But he'd leave a trail where he turned off the road—reg'lar thicket on both sides for most a half mile, and you c'n wear your eyes plumb out before you'll find a busted branch. I been over every inch of that swamp road, and up and down both sides of the swamp too. If Rufe's got a still hid in there he gets to it in a airship, sheriff."

"Kinda funny he most always rides a horse, then, ain't it? Rufe's got a big car, ain't he? Why you reckon he should take a sore-footed horse on that hard road, Sim, if he's goin' three-four miles over in Cray?"

"Plenty roads in Cray where a car can't go," said Cole. "That don't signify." He dropped his voice a tone or two. "Sheriff, you got me plumb beat the way you act about Rufe Kinston. Always figgered you wasn't no great hand to chase stills—you ain't brought in one since they passed the law. You jest got a down on Rufe?"

"Looks thataway, don't it, Sim? Never looked to me like it was wrong to work up a mite of corn into white liquor, sure enough. Figger 't they's too many laws these times, Sim. We got nigh a million. Got along Bible times with only ten."

Cole chuckled. "Nice easy job sheriffin' if they wasn't only ten laws. Bible don't say nothin' against still runnin', does it, sheriff?"

"Nary word."

"Then how about Rufe Kinston? If you figger it's all right to work up corn into white mule, what you got against Rufe?"

The sheriff spoke amiably: "Reckon the Kinstons been breaking a law 't's a sight older'n prohibition, Sim."

He led the lame horse to the stable behind the hotel.

When he came around the building at suppertime he heard laughter on the porch and Sim Cole's voice:

"No wonder they's a sight of stills in the county, when folks knows 't the sheriff ain't aimin' to enforce no law 't's been passed since the ten commandments!"

III

SAUL KINSTON stared in angry amazement at the sheriff and his deputy. He had been a huge man in the prime of his powers, and even now, at eighty, there was strength in the big gaunt frame of him, the set of his grim jaws, the great hands that closed slowly on his thighs.

"I been hearin' you'd gone plumb crazy, Mackenzie, an' I believe it! Callin' on a man past eighty to ride in a posse, when they's a county full of boys ——"

"Saul, you been complaining because I ain't kep' down the blockade liquor; I'm calling on you because the biggest still in the county's on your land. Aimed to let you see it 'fore I took and smashed it. Thought, the way you been talking, 't you'd maybe like to ride on with me and Sim. If you tell me no, that's the end of it."

"On my land?" The old man came to his feet, seeming taller for the stoop that swung his wide shoulders forward. "Where, Mackenzie? You got any proof?"

"Ride with us and see, Saul. It ain't no great ways, and the evening's right cool."

Their eyes met and locked for a moment. Saul Kinston turned suddenly and shouted. A young negro came around the corner of the house and shuffled away at the old man's order. Presently he brought back a saddled horse. Kinston paused with his hand on the pommel.

"Go fetch me my gun, Cahoon."

"You won't need it, Saul." Mackenzie spoke quickly. "Won't be no fightin'."

"Fetch it, Cahoon." The old man laughed harshly. "I don't ride on no posse without I tote a gun, sheriff or no sheriff!"

He inspected the heavy old revolver the negro brought him and slipped it into his waistband. He drew up abreast of Mackenzie as they rode away from the house, reining in his horse to the slow limping pace of the sheriff's mount.

"That the horse you traded Rufe for, Mackenzie?"

He chuckled as the sheriff nodded. "No wonder they say you're getting simple!"

"Looks like Rufe got the best of me, sure enough," said Mackenzie placidly. "Ain't so young as we was, Saul. Takes a mighty spry man to keep up with the boys these days."

Kinston snorted. "Like to see any man trade me a horse like that if I was two hunderd!"

Mackenzie made no answer. The road twisted over the barren ridges, dipped into

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shallow bottoms where the evening cool had settled gratefully, and led up the slope where Wallace Brent had planted his peach orchard. Mackenzie waved a hand at the thrifty laden trees.

"Looks like Wallace wasn't such a fool as folks figgered, Saul. Hear he's bound to get enough out'n this one crop to pay off all he owes and leave a right pretty profit."

Kinston turned in his saddle. "Who told you Wallace Brent owed money, Mackenzie?"

The sheriff shrugged. "Reckon I jest guessed. Knowed he was plumb broke this spring, and when I heard he had cash to pay his pickers ——"

"H'mph!" The old man snorted. "Didn't tell you he got that money off me? Figgered he wouldn't."

Mackenzie met his glance with a look of mild astonishment.

"You let him have it, Saul? Come round, did you, after all you said about that peach notion of Wallace's? Changed your mind?"

Kinston scowled. "Not me. I wouldn't give a dime for that there orchard right as she stands. This ain't a fruit country."

"Sight of peaches on them trees though."

"Sight of difference between a peach on a tree and money in the bank," Kinston snarled. "Wallace Brent can't handle nigras; he won't ever get them peaches picked and shipped."

"Right neighborly of you to loan him the money, feeling thataway, Saul."

Mackenzie wagged his head gravely. Kinston spread his big hands.

"Reckon I jest couldn't tell Wallace no—begged so hard. Won't break me to lose a mite of money. Wallace Brent's been my neighbor all his life."

"Does you credit." Mackenzie nodded again. "Maybe you ain't going to lose by it neither. If Wallace can get his crop to market he can make out to pay, I reckon. And maybe he'll do it, Saul. Shouldn't wonder."

"Can't handle nigras—never could," Kinston snarled. "Heard they was giving him trouble already."

"Been getting liquor, sure enough. Make a sight of trouble in picking time if they kep' on getting it. That's how come I'm hunting this still. Figgered Wallace's nigras was getting their liquor thataway." He chuckled. "That gives you another reason for he'ping us, Saul. Be a pity if you was to lose the money you loaned Wallace because they was a still on your land."

They reached the fork where the road branched out across the swamp. Mackenzie drew rein.

"I'm going ahead, Sim. You an' Saul stay back—gimme ten-fifteen yards lead."

"You know where it's at, sheriff?" Cole's insolence was less audible now. His face, Mackenzie saw, was soberly curious, almost respectful.

"Not yet, Sim, but I'm aiming to find it. You stay back till I get a mite ahead."

"How, sheriff? You got a notion?"

Mackenzie shook his head. "You stay back, Sim. Horses is funny sometimes. Reckon this horse ain't used to traveling in comp'ny."

He nudged the beast with his knee and it plodded obediently over the wet road, its hoofs sucking in the mud. He drew ahead. The others saw him reach the bridge, and followed him. Midway across the low, resounding structure they saw him turn his horse at right angles, saw the beast step gingerly down into the stream, heard the splash of its feet as it vanished between the overarching banks of growth.

Their own horses needed urging over the edge of the bridge, although the water was only a few inches below the timbers and the bottom was clean sand. The sound of splashes seemed to encourage the dubious beasts; they stepped down daintily and plodded up the shallow hurrying current. The sheriff was waiting for them where the bank lifted a little above the surrounding marsh, the old horse standing between two holly trees.

"Looks like they was a path here," he said softly. "Right cute way to hide a trail, ain't it, Sim? No wonder we couldn't track him! The branch'd cover his hoof prints in a minute."

He glanced at Kinston. "Reckon you better ride in ahead, Saul. Rufe ain't so apt to act foolish with a gun if you sing out it's you."

"Rufe? You mean it's Rufe Kinston you're after?"

"Reckon so, Saul. Anyhow, you're riding ahead, like I said. I ain't funning you—that's orders."

They eyed each other for a moment, and then Saul Kinston pulled his horse into the patch and Mackenzie followed him, Sim Cole, unwontedly silent, bringing up the rear. It was already dusk under the heavy growth, but the light sufficed to show the worn trail between the massed tangles of shrub and tree and thorn and creeper, leading back into the swamp along the low outcrop of firm ground. For perhaps a quarter mile they followed it single file, then light showed ahead; there was the smell of smoke and of fermenting mash. Kinston stopped.

"Ride ahead, Saul. And sing out—I would. Rufe might shoot first."

Kinston lifted his voice in a high shrill hail:

"Oh, Rufe—Rufe!"

"Ride ahead, Saul."

Mackenzie spoke in a whisper, and his toe nudged Kinston's horse. The old man moved forward as a call came back through the trees:

"Who's there?"

"Me—Saul Kinston. Don't shoot, Rufe."

"Uncle Saul?" They could hear Rufe's chuckle. "Mighty cute to find your way in here. Wanted to make sure I'd have plenty ready for Brent's pickin' gang, did you, sir? Well, I reckon I can show you ——"

He stopped and stood staring as Mackenzie and Cole appeared, an old wicked-looking revolver in the sheriff's steady hand.

"Evening, Rufe." Mackenzie spoke mildly. "Right pretty still you got, ain't it? Reckon you better leave me take that gun so it don't go off. That's right." He stooped and straightened again, with Rufe's rifle in his hand. "Sim, they's an ax by the woodpile. See can you work on that worm a mite—too big to try an' tote it back to Tyre, I reckon, but maybe we can wear it down some right here."

Cole slid obediently from his saddle and set about his task without a word. The sheriff sat still, his face placid in the failing light. It was Rufe Kinston who spoke first. Disaster had not dashed his cheerful insolence.

"Didn't know they'd passed a new commandment, sheriff. Heard you didn't aim to enforce nothin' else, but it looks like I was wrong."

"Never was no great hand to go putting folks in jail for working up a mite of white liquor, sure enough, Rufe."

Mackenzie spoke placidly as he slid to the ground. The old horse moved away from him at once. He glanced at old Saul Kinston.

"Ain't no commandment against blockade, is they, Saul? But seems like I rec'lected one 't says a man shouldn't covet his neighbor's house. Kind of hard on Wallace Brent if his picking gangs got plenty of liquor, Rufe. Reckon you didn't know 't your Uncle Saul loaned him a sight of money on that crop, did you?"

Saul Kinston found speech with an effort that seemed to shake his big bent body:

"Don't you go trying to drag me into this, Mackenzie! It ain't my fault if this boy's been blockading on my land."

"I ain't, Saul." The sheriff watched the old horse nuzzling at something strewn on the bank of the branch, while Sim Cole's ax played on the big copper still under the shed. "I ain't aiming to be hard on nobody. You ain't been running this still, Saul, and if you maybe forgot about that tenth commandment it ain't my place to blame you. Plumb smashed it myself last week."

Cole came toward them, his arm laden with still parts. Mackenzie grinned. Trust Sim not to forget the evidence against which the county paid its rewards! He lifted his voice a little.

"Sim, he figgered you made me look foolish last Sunday, Rufe, licking me at chess and all, like you done. Sim, when you get sheriffing for yourself, maybe you'll find it's handy to look foolish sometimes. Makes folks kinda willing to trade with you, Sim."

"Maybe you know what you're gettin' at, Mackenzie." Rufe Kinston's brows drew together. "You got me anyhow."

"Figgered you was doing me on that horse deal, didn't you, Rufe? Never reckoned 't maybe I was breaking that there tenth commandment all the time you and Sim was playin' chess?"

He chuckled again at the blank puzzlement in their faces.

"Had your still hid up right cute, Rufe. Sim, here, he allowed it must be 'way over in Cray somewheres. Couldn't make out to trail you. How you reckon we found it this evening, Rufe?"

Kinston shook his head. "You got me, sheriff."

"Had to bust that there commandment some to do it, Rufe, like I told you. See your horse eating mash there by the jail, and figgered maybe he'd show me the way to your still if I could trade you for him, Rufe. Horse 't eats mash is mighty apt to know the way to a still. All I had to do was leave the reins on his neck and he carried me plumb to this one, like I knowed he would when I was setting there on the jail steps and coveting him, Rufe, an' studying did I look foolish enough to trade you for him."

He glanced benevolently at Sim Cole. "Kinda handy to look foolish, Sim. Sight handier'n being it."

PUBLIC MEN IN DINNER COATS

(Continued from Page 17)

and holds attention. It is the newest cabinet officer, the Postmaster General, Doctor Work, president of the American Medical Association. A famous scientist and surgeon seems a strange choice to look after America's mail system. Yet he stands with the best in the cabinet for brains and patriotism and he shows a technical ability, they say, that has swung back our postal service to its ancient efficiency.

Early in the winter, one day at luncheon, I found myself seated by a rather silent man with a striking countenance. His was rather a delicately molded face, with blue eyes and a well-cut chin and mouth, which seemed very determined when they were in repose. He looked like a Scotchman. Perhaps he was a dreamer about some things, though when he turned to me he was all businesslike concentration. He was markedly modest in expressing his opinions, and he listened to others' talk with interest. Mostly he looked about quietly, taking things in.

"Do you like Washington?" I asked.

"I do, very much; especially now I'm getting to know people," he said; and we discussed some of the interesting types that had been here through the winter.

Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, for it was he who was so unassuming in his attitude, is one of the few very rich men in Washington. No one would suspect it though from any word of his or even from the way he lives. There is nothing very pretentious about his comfortable apartment, but everything is quietly well done there when he entertains; and whether he offers his friends food or music the hospitality given is of the best, and one feels the thought and taste of the master in it all. His home is a furnished apartment he took for the sake of convenience; and though this background is banal, there are set upon it some gems of art that make one catch one's breath with keen delight as one comes into the rooms. Well lighted, glowing in their graceful, ancient clothes, a half dozen English beauties hang in the dining room, and a delightful Dutch couple on the drawing-room walls smile in secure and placid dignity over our conversation. This man and his wife owe their immortality to Rembrandt. There are a number of other treasures scattered about; among them a soft moonlight scene with a cottage, by Cazin, hangs in one corner. Mr. Mellon knew Cazin, as I did, years ago in France. Then a little farther I discovered a delicious Corot, cool and misty; and there is a host of other things which attract and hold one's eye, offering great pleasure always in a very casual way.

"I'm glad you like them. I do too; and I brought them along because I thought I would enjoy having them about. It made us feel more at home."

Seeing a guest really interested, the host wandered about and told the history of some of his pictures; how he had seen one picture painted and had grown to love

(Continued on Page 61)

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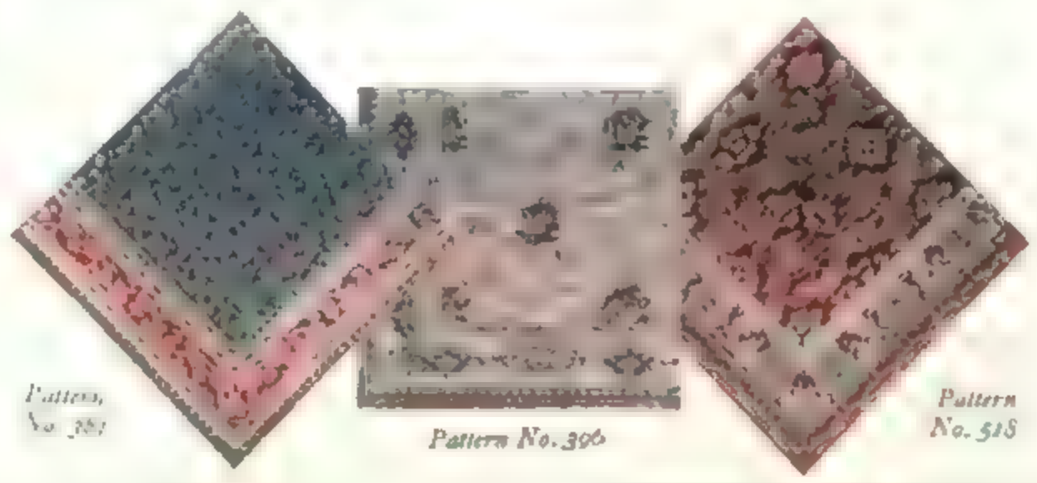

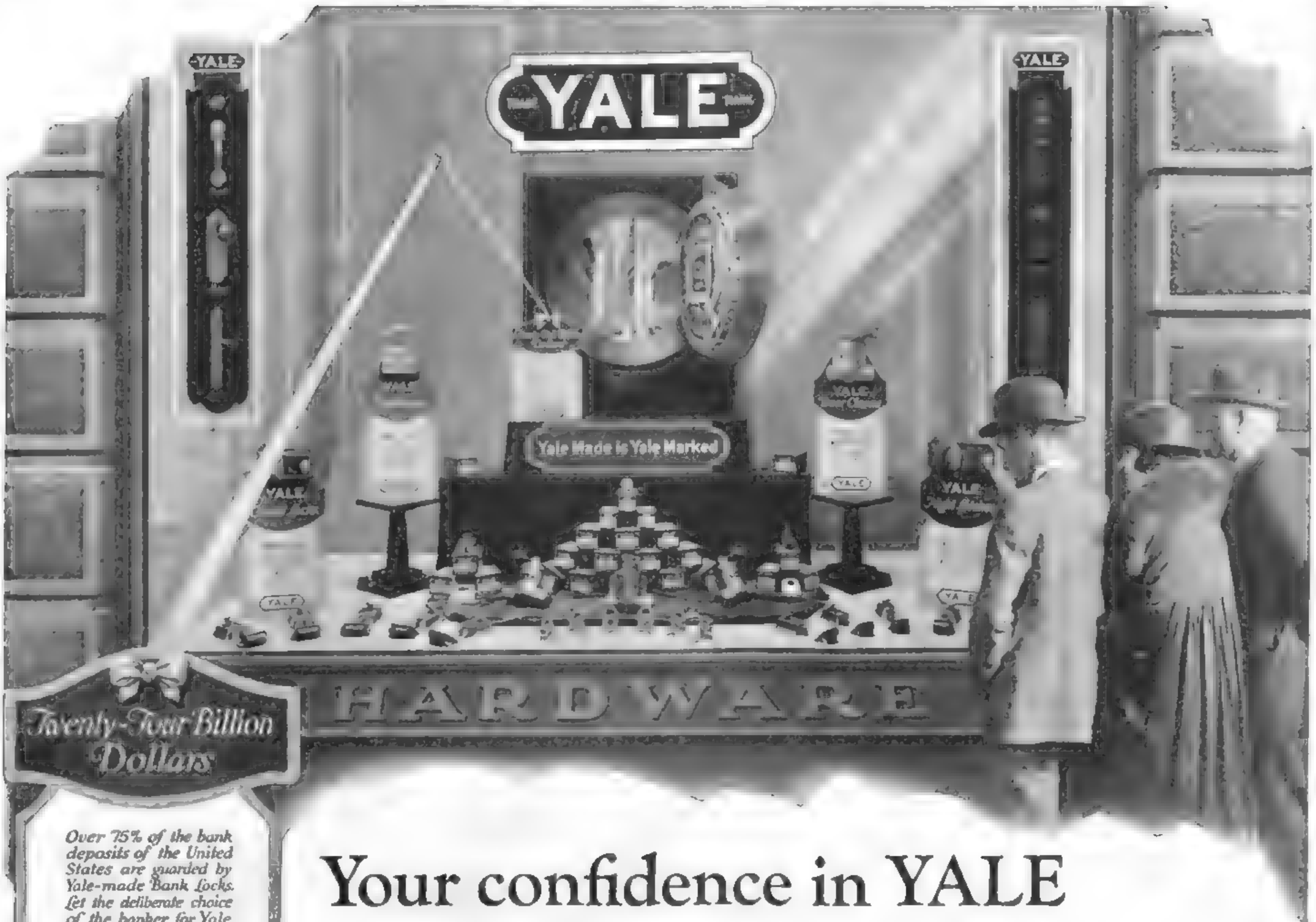

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(Continued from Page 58)

it so he wanted it for a souvenir. How another was curious, almost unique, being one of the two seascapes Gainsborough had ever painted. How another, being painted by one great English brush—Landseer, I think—had attracted the attention of a fellow artist equally well known. The brother artist had exclaimed the picture was too dead, and had painted into the landscape a gay black dog, jumping and barking. One can almost hear the animal, he is so alive, even now when the friendly hands that made him and his lovely background have been still these many years.

Mr. Mellon, talking and interested, drifts easily and comfortably through the whole field of art. He has traveled and studied and really loved these things. He speaks with admiration of his fellow collectors and with enthusiasm of what they do. He never mentions himself or his own possessions, and one knows nothing of the latter till one runs into them. Then he looks pleased if one appreciates their beauty. It is the same about his work. Obviously he wasn't attracted by the salary of a cabinet officer. My impression is, the rank and honor mean nothing to his mind, and of course he had more occupation and more power than he cared for. But here was a difficult job to do, reforms to make, and he was chosen as the man who could carry all this through. I fancy it meant a sacrifice in time, money and liberty to accept the position, but it offered a problem difficult to solve, and that made it interesting.

Very little gets out in the way of gossip from the Treasury Department these days, but there are one or two eloquent stories which have been told by friends and admirers of the man at the head—one tale as to how in the beginning many of his aids brought in their resignations to him. He asked why, and was told it was the custom for each cabinet official to bring his friends and followers into a department when he came. I was told he smiled, and looked them over then, and replied: "I didn't come here to bring my friends. I came to do a job. That is the important thing. You are trained to the work. Suppose you all stay and help me; anyhow till we know one another better and you feel sure you want to resign. The votes don't so much matter."

The Compliment of Loyalty

I have watched with interest the excitement among the public when some men were dismissed from the Treasury's staff. In spite of sensationalism of the press no word of explanation was given out by the silent man at the department's head; and in the problem of the bonus what clear and fearless statements to the public Congress drew from him. Lately, when in an effort to oust some of the Democrats who had been working well Congress again attacked Mr. Mellon, he made them such an answer in polite, calm words that silence reigned; and he kept all the men whom he had picked regardless of their political-party creeds.

That Mr. Harding commands the services of this group of big men, and that they respect and serve him well and loyally is a compliment of which he may well be proud.

One night I was at a large dinner, and a delightfully old-fashioned, cultivated Southerner, who is a member of Congress, chanced to be my neighbor.

"Do you see that man just opposite?" he asked me.

I answered, "Yes; he is one of your important colleagues."

Then he said: "Have you ever been able to find out what he thinks or the way he means to vote on the bonus?"

I admitted I had never discussed the bonus with our vis-à-vis.

"Well, madam, pray do so; and see if you can find out anything. He is a leader, and typical of many other members. They all talk one way in the coatroom and another in their seats."

I didn't know my companion very well. I had a much better knowledge of the owner of the dark, disagreeable face opposite us, and I had often talked with him. He was a brilliant individual, yet with a cynical way of expressing himself, and with a shifty eye. On the whole, I agreed with my partner in his dislike for this colleague.

Only a certain number of the congressmen go about to dinners in Washington, but they lend a note to society that is quite different from that given by the foreign diplomats, the administration officials or even the conservative senators one meets, and I have liked most of these. The representatives are, on the whole, an outside element—free lances, as it were, ready to express their opinions on all subjects. They are invigorating because they offer such a variety of types and talk of so many interests. Those who come from New England's industrial centers contrast in marked manner with those who talk of agriculture on the prairies or those who are interested in cattle or the oil lands down in Texas. There are delightful gentlemen from the South, who tell about cotton fluctuations; and the results of the war is still a theme these tarry over. One thinks they are talking of the late war, but they brush this supposition aside and one understands they are harking back to 1865, which is the root of their economic troubles and the point where their argument must therefore start, though they are without bitterness about it.

Some men, like Congressman Burton, have been so long in Washington that they lead society by right of experience as well as right of charm and culture, but others are merely adroit politicians, leaders up at the Capitol, who don't care about methods so long as work is done as they want it. Finally, some seem to consider themselves placed in Congress to create obstructions or merely to make a noise. Several, by universal consent, are considered untrustworthy. I imagine the Speaker has a difficult life of it, as well as a very full one; but he manages to take his duties cheerfully always, and after having done three men's work during the day, to appear calm and unruffled when he dines out.

The Personnel of Congress

One thing really has surprised me in the Washington life, and that is how few of the representatives are seemingly taken seriously as individual forces for good; and how generally the behavior of Congress is criticized. They seem to be a haggling, noisy crowd, in the public's opinion, and not to hold the respect of those who look on at their sittings or of the country at large, which they represent. Yet I could name twenty or thirty congressmen whom I know who are patriots and who undoubtedly stand for the best Americanism, fighting hard for good government. These are apt to look discouraged, but to struggle on, upheld by fine principles alone. I was talking of this with the wife of one of these men and she gave as her opinion that the average fine citizen out home couldn't afford to take a seat in Congress, because he had to provide for a family and build up a career or a business. She said that the salary of a representative was so absurdly small as to be no compensation for breaking up a man's profession. Strange contrariness of fate! Surely this is not as the founders of our democracy had meant representative government to work out. Who can find the remedy? If this is a "government of the people, by the people, for the people" it implies that we see sitting in Congress such brains and character as will bring about success, not failure of the system established.

At the Senate lately things seem almost as bad. One hears a lot about the troubles there, because so many women go and sit in the gallery to watch proceedings; and because the press spreads news of discussions on the Hill. Occasionally, too, a weary senator who is one's dinner partner is ready to tell of some fight he has just been in. During the voting on the conference treaties early in the winter feeling up in the Senate really seemed very bitter. Those senators who were championing the measure were astounded by the ill will and ignorance of their colleagues. There are, perhaps, half a dozen men who seem to be quite crazy, and these live on excitement and are looking for a fight, frantically opposing every constructive measure that comes up. They prove generally that they know nothing of the geography, the business or the political background on which the desirable treaty or bill is based, and they seem to breathe fire and brimstone, shouting for the joy of hearing their own voices, with the invariable result of having decisions made over their heads and being themselves held up to public ridicule; yet they keep right on. One is filled with admiration for the determination, the patience and the wisdom which lead to final success the constructive groups in the Upper House. Such fine types as Kellogg and Underwood are proper leaders of

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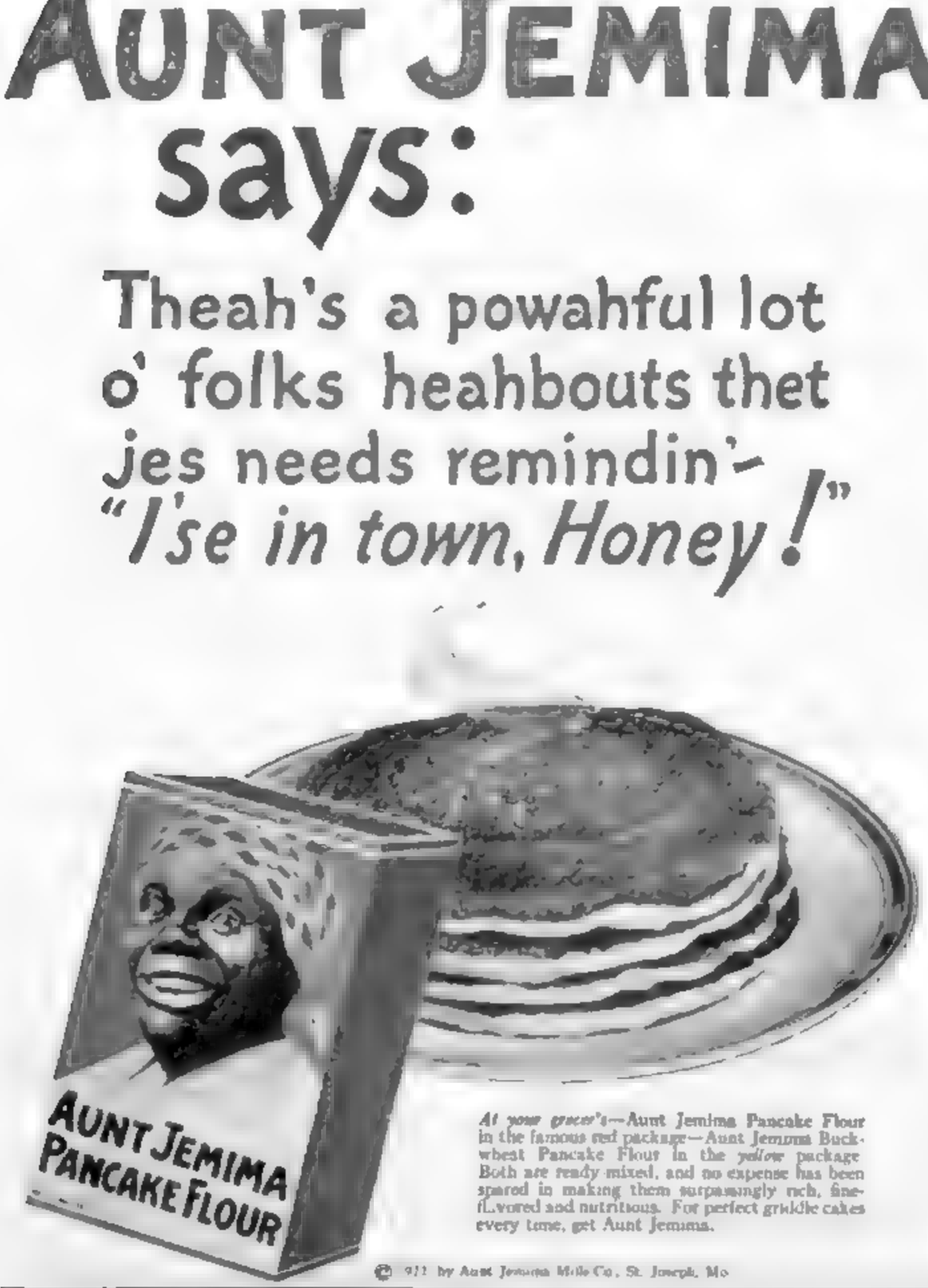

At your grocer's—Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the famous red package—Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Pancake Flour in the *yellow* package. Both are ready-mixed, and no expense has been spared in making them surpassingly rich, fine-flavored and nutritious. For perfect griddle cakes every time, get Aunt Jemima.

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American legislation, and there are a number of worthy patriots in both parties who are leading or following. Still there are enough wild elements, too, to give great trouble, and, alas, always too many weaklings. In days when work must be well done if this country's vitality is to be saved to help to reconstruct a suffering world, we need more high-minded, clear-sighted statesmen and less of cheap politics here, as elsewhere. America must set an example Sometimes, as I look on at the balking of the machinery with which government is carried on, I am surprised that any effective work can be done under actual conditions. Yet whenever a man knowing his business and willing to do it oils the wheels and puts his hand on the throttle, we see his department respond at once to his command, and run smoothly. Then confidence returns.

I catch myself wondering often how many individuals know or care anything about their political power and duty in their Government; how many know what they are threatened with. They are too apt to leave everything to be attended to by professionals whom they pay while they attend to their business, to their families and their sports. Consequently they are largely run by men who couldn't get better, easier jobs, who will generally compromise on any principle or sacrifice the public good to help groups or individuals who may keep them in power.

Most of our national troubles can be traced to casual methods and shirking of responsibility on the part of our best type of American. With the problems of the reconstruction this country is facing, with the adjustments of difficulties that come from a vast sudden and irregular growth of both population and riches, with the determined propaganda both insidious and open of those who stand to gain by destroying our national morality and strength, it looks at times as if we had terrible experiences threatening us in spite of our many advantages over other lands.

Shall we have the courage to turn and face our troubles, to fight together for the finer things we have always stood for? Or shall we see our ideals swamped by the dregs of other lands, who are being swept in on us in great waves and who are gaining influence?

I've been watching for four or five years now our national progress—first from away out on the side lines, then from the business metropolis of seething New York, lastly from the central point of the capital itself; I've been in touch with many strata and many phases of our conglomerate Americans, who are my own native people. It is very difficult to say what one individual of our nation has in common with the next. They are so varied in type, so proud of their variety and of their liberty to follow any trail through life that captivates individual imagination.

American Traits

Yet certain traits I find our Americans, of whatever descent they are, have in common. They are all in a hurry and busy, yet not often excited or ill-natured, as most other nationals would be in similar circumstances. They all are generous to a most amazing degree—generous with their money to every sad cause, and with their brains and time generous to any cause that has appealed to their particular fancy. They won't mix charity and business though, as a rule, for the average American man would rather support a poor family outright than give the head of it a job on a charity basis. If the latter can offer the equivalent of his wage in expert work, then he is welcome to it, but that becomes good business again and doesn't disorganize the office or the shop.

Another trait, peculiarly ours, is to like our life, our comfort and most of the things we use, standardized. I can't quite make out whether this is because we hope to bring as much as possible of the comfort and beauty of life within the reach of the small purse, which is its very real advantage; or if it is merely because it means material advantage to manufacturers, who thus make quantities of tawdry copies of really good things. Tempting the dollars away from the poorer citizens and corrupting public taste is bad, and I am not yet convinced that movies and the money spent on fashionable clothes and refreshment counters mean civilization.

Occasionally I've wondered if it is because another generation is growing up around us and we are growing old that my contemporaries are beginning to talk of the danger and the changes in the ways of youth. Admittedly the dance halls, the cabarets and the other distractions of this kind for the young are being greatly augmented; but I have been told all American youth is gone mad; and it wouldn't be fair not to say that during a long and very happy season in Washington's society my little girl had few invitations to which I could object. Nor did I find the pleasant young cavaliers and the attractive girls who congregated at our home or who picnicked, danced and dined about us very different from those I used to know in my own girlhood. When I protested that this was the case to some of those who were having their say at the expense of young America, I was told I was overlenient; or that because of her foreign ways and careful bringing up my little girl had drawn about her others who had had particularly good training. This may be, but I should like to ask if in earlier times there were no black sheep in society's circles that were watched with some anxiety by anxious mothers; and if there was no picking among the youthful set of those whom one chose as associates for one's children perhaps only because of similarity in tastes. Today I seem to discover a lot of girls doing kindly work for the less fortunate than they, and doing it cheerfully and well, better than of old we did it. There are a lot of youngsters, too, working as hard as ever young men did before. Usually these fine people don't advertise their virtues; but taking duty well done for granted, they leave us to discover their serious side at our leisure. They all stand ready to do their share when emergency or years bring them to the front to take our places. America's boys made good in the war days. America's girls did their full share of work then, too, and I should like to be shown the land where no waste humanity exists.

European Propaganda

When I landed in New York, coming from war-worn revolution-tossed Russia in early 1918, the shops here were overflowing with food and clothes, and the life was so soft with luxury I couldn't believe my eyes and ears at all. It seemed another world from the sad one I came from; and one felt the vast, vast riches in the very air, yet everyone was working here, and working hard. Maybe a few were doing this because others whom they respected or imitated led the way, and a few there were also, perhaps, who had been over there and realized the depth of Europe's trouble; but most were acting on an impulse of high idealism, and they worked and saved and gave most generously.

When the war was over America went on. Her hands outstretched, she played the good Samaritan, rebuilding French villages, feeding enemies' and Allies' babies, doing this and that odd job, at the appeal of those who came and told of the distress across the seas.

I think the Paris conference brought disillusion to many of the Americans who witnessed the selfishness, the cynical intrigues and the hatreds, followed by confusion and general lowering of standards there. The helplessness of governments abroad and the way they have delayed admitting faults and facing important issues have disillusioned Americans, and somehow most of the hundreds of propagandists who have come over to talk to us seem to have created misunderstanding rather than to have cleared up the situation in the minds of their audiences. The lecturers, visitors, officials and propagandists have all talked a great deal, and generally told different tales. Sometimes they come to say Europe is dying unless America goes to the rescue Sometimes they say Europe is on her feet and wants only to coöperate with the United States, so the world may live on in a spirit of good fellowship. Sometimes they say Europe does not need the United States at all, but is inviting Americans to come into the general movement for profitable world business, this being entirely for the good of the United States.

We are expected to be grateful then that, having grown sufficiently, we attract some attention and are to be admitted to the comity of nations!

There is a dreadful amount of noise and exaggeration and excitement, created somehow by all these conflicting appeals and stories, and after three years and more of

(Continued on Page 65)

Clean Cuffs at Lunch-time!

Luncheon engagements with cuffs as fresh as a new collar–and no one can tell they've been turned. That's one of the features* of Wilson Bro's shirts. Just regular cuffs with the unique advantage that they can be turned easily, smoothly, neatly. Both sides are alike. Wilson Bro's shirts are smarter than ever–and, of course, of good quality and fine workmanship

Wilson Bro's

* . . . the cuff isn't the only feature. The neckband, for example, will hold its shape without starching and will not develop a "saw tooth" edge. Finally, the signature, Wilson Bro's, whether on shirts, garters, belts, underwear, hosiery, cravats, gloves, handkerchiefs or other men's wear, is your guarantee of satisfaction.

*Patent applied for.

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

Real Help *with the week's Ironing*

A woman may well wonder where the average man gets some of his ideas about household affairs.

The one, for example, that women are *unprogressive*—that labor-saving devices for the home find little favor with the majority.

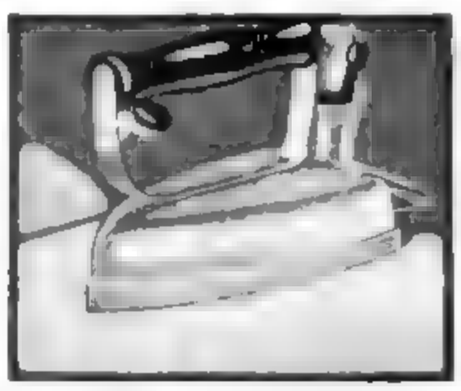
How, for instance, does he think it has come about that so many women are as untired after *ironing day* as on any other day of the week? While his mother was always "all fagged out" after a session at the ironing board.

Perhaps he realizes, too, that supper on ironing day isn't the sketchy affair it used to be.

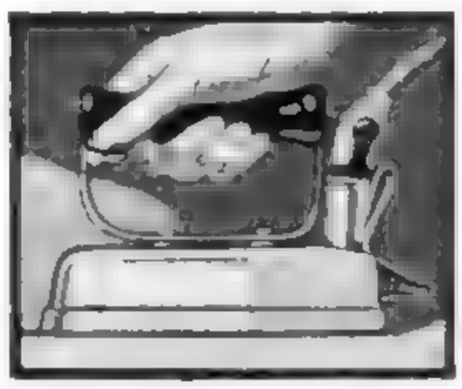
* * * *

There are 5,000,000 women who could tell him that with the *Hotpoint Electric Iron* they do their week's ironing more quickly and with less fatigue than their mothers ever dreamed possible.

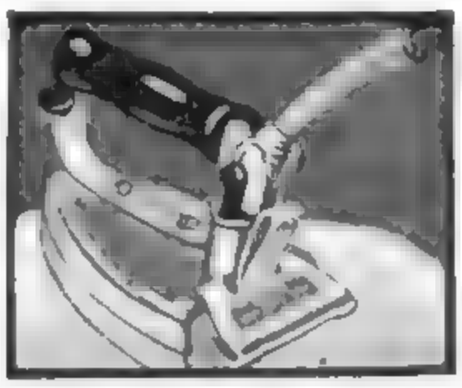
Any man who doubts woman's appreciation of whatever really makes her work pleasanter and easier should see one of these 5,000,000 as she goes about her ironing with this dependable Hotpoint Servant.



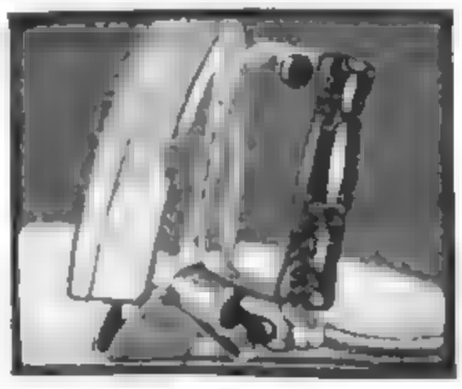
The *Iron* is hot and ready almost as soon as the current is switched on. The point is even hotter than the rest of the iron.



She irons without fatigue because with the strength-saving *Cantilever Handle* the force is applied in a straight line through the arm and wrist.



She is not bothered by a jerking, kinking cord. The *Hinged Plug Cord Protector* has done away with that. It prevents breaking of the cord, too.



Instead of lifting the iron to and from the old-fashioned ironing stand, she simply tilts it back on its heel. The *Attached Stand* saves many hundreds of pounds' lifting in a day.

There is a
HOTPOINT
Boudoir Set
Utility Ironing Set
Hedlite Heater
Heating Pad
Curling Iron
Immersion Heater
Toastover Toaster
Waffle Iron

Hotpoint
SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City
Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

There is a
HOTPOINT
Chafing Dish
Radiant Grill
Percolator
Teapot
Disc Stove
and the
Hotpoint-Hughes
Electric Ranges

(Continued from Page 62)

peace the majority of Americans have chaotic ideas on the European situation and the psychology of the different peoples over there. There is grave doubt as to whether we are hated or loved; whether we should join in leagues or stay out of entanglements.

It is very curious how the public here has reacted to the vast propaganda. I'm bound to say I don't blame it for not understanding the papers and lectures, each of which gives a different view or reports opposing facts.

Of course one wonders what should be done and how sovereign citizens of a nation are to do it. Or else one gets discouraged and washes one's hands of the whole mess across the seas.

There are German tales of riches, and German wants laid out before us; and there are British strength and the terrible troubles of our mother country spoken of; and there are French poverty and France's dangers being appealed for, and on the other hand French pride in their reconstruction and their thrift, and the French military strength presented to us as the greatest on this earth. It is the same about all the other countries. A chorus of cries goes up against us, that America has made no treaty of commerce with the Bolshevik government; yet England, who has had one for a whole year, admits she has nothing to show for it in moral or material gain; nor has she by it done Russia any good. A chorus of cries goes up against us because no representative of America sat at the Genoa conference; yet there was no doubt in the minds of the few who knew its program and its composition that such a conference could prove nothing but a cheap and tawdry kite.

Even with The Hague tied on it for a tail it must come down quite broken after a few wild plunges in the air.

The Men at the Helm

It is well we have strong men sitting at the helm in Washington to guide the destiny of these United States. The people did wisely when they voted for a President who preached and practiced normalcy, who had no smallness in his nature and who goes about the business of administration with calm nerves and a kindly smile. When one hears or reads the statements of his Secretary of State, whether at the conference in November, when through him the United States called for acts, and mere words were not enough; or whether in the midst of the wrangling at Genoa, when his message went across the wires and cleared away all misconception as to America's wise stand, or whether in his further letters on other topics—there is always the stamp of the courage, loyalty and dignity Americans like to feel are attributes of this nation.

Yet in spite of all we think we know and all that we find fault with, we keep deep in our hearts a love for Europe. It is stronger than our impatience and stronger than our blame, much stronger than our misunderstandings ever can be. It is something which has to do with our religion and our civilization and our strange mixed strains of blood. It lures us across the sea to study, work and play, and now and then we find among the foreign sayings some flashing phrase we thoroughly comprehend; or we see some misery which rouses all our pity. Or there comes a great brave effort over there which thrills us to the bottom of our souls; and then our natures answer. We rebuild then the library of Louvain or feed the babies of all Europe or we try to reconstruct the villages of France and help the many tragic Russian refugees—those waifs who have given their all to a great cause, the Allies' cause, and are driven today before the fateful storm. Unthanked and martyred they huddle together in the garrets and the cellars of the lands where they are exiled; and try to get work so they can live, or else they ask for work and there is none, and then they die. They, perhaps most of all Europe, have been understood by the United States. Is it because in the worst conditions their faith burns on and their spirit rises high above their hardships, high above all the rest of Europe, lighting the world to better things?

Progress in friendship among individuals moves by fits and by starts. With nations it is much the same, it seems—and there are phases of virtue and phases where national faults show up; but when men have fought and died together, while the women of their countries wept and prayed behind their firing lines, there is a strong bond woven, one that stands much of the wear and tear of every day. "To understand is to forgive," says an old French proverb. Then let us go on trying to understand one another, back and forth across the ocean. In that proper understanding among nations and their respect one for another lie the hope of reconstruction and the future of our race.

In recent months enough has happened to keep one's faith alive, provided one is brave. Experience must be teaching heads of states what things must not be done; that lies and intrigue, selfishness and folly bear no good fruits. Once this is realized, will not the representatives gather to look one another in the eyes and tell the truth about the liabilities and assets of each land? And from such conferences will be born again respect and trust, with effort towards the common good of Europe.

When the hour strikes for sincere coöperation among the foreign countries America no doubt will turn to them with hands outstretched. The conference for limitation of armaments was a proof of this. It led to real achievement, after which the call to normalcy at home continued, and the nation answered, in large measure putting its house in order.

Washington throughout the winter was an interesting study. It taught me more, to live there, than I had ever known before of my own country. I learned our great resources and many different interests at first hand. Besides, there were many experiences I had that thrilled me deeply.

At one time, one afternoon in April, I saw my schoolgirl daughter among a group of government officials and of old soldiers from both North and South. She unveiled the splendid statue of my grandfather that day; and against that imposing background she looked very young and fair. Her part was done with gentle grace, and then the child came to sit with me and listen to the speeches. The Vice President and others made addresses. Bishop Fallows, eighty-seven years old, was the chairman. There were many, many veterans there on the platform all about us, while down below stood West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen, the latest generation of them to wear the uniform. The speeches told of my grandfather's military history, and of his life, his greatness and his death; and the crowd listened with responsive emotion.

An Impressive Occasion

The commander of the G. A. R. and the commander of Confederate Veterans talked towards the last, and then they stood together for a moment, looking up to the mighty figure high above them. The old man in gray picked up a small silk flag and waved it. "He made this ours!" he cried out; and the two who in old days had fought so hard against each other now had their arms entwined, while the cadets and midshipmen, General Pershing and Admiral Koontz, the Vice President and all the rest of the audience applauded wildly. Great memories, these, for the child in pink organdie to cherish through her life.

I thought of my grandfather as I knew him, and of all that outsiders had said and done in his honor, of our people's love for him and what he stood for in our land; and it seemed as if the man up there, towering in bronze against the sky, would greatly approve this Washington of today, as it spread out before him. He would say we had done much and were going in the right direction. Also, he would doubtless call on us to do our best towards further progress and, knowing by his own experience that best is very good, he would have faith forever in us.

WALES VISIBLE

ADDING · LISTING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING MACHINES

There is a Wales Model for Every Business Need

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THE WALES BOOKKEEPER

With two visible counters of 999,999,999.99 capacity each (one cent short of one billion dollars).

THE ONLY STANDARD ADDING MACHINE WITH:

1. **Two** sets of Visible Total Wheels.
2. That lists items in **contrasting colors.**
3. That prints totals in **same color** as items.
4. That **mechanically subtracts** one total from the other, and **prints balance** or difference in color of larger total.

**Leading Business Organizations Specify WALES because of*

Accuracy - Speed - Durability

* CRANE COMPANY

World's largest manufacturers and distributors of plumbing and steam fitting equipment

In July, 1920, after a most exacting test, Crane Company began to purchase Wales Bookkeepers. They now operate 22 Wales Bookkeepers—the last one purchased in July, 1922.

Repeat orders are the surest proof of satisfaction

Among the many uses of Wales Bookkeeper may be mentioned:

Computation of Sales; cash and charge sales separately.
Trial Balance; total of both debits and credits.
Costs of Jobs by departments and grand total.
Sales Profits; cost and selling added separately.
Luxury Tax; amount of sale and tax added separately.
Daily Bank Balance and Ledger Proof; total of checks and deposits separately, or total of yesterday's and today's balance.

Some other well-known organizations equipped with Wales Bookkeepers are

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Hudson Coal Co., Scranton, Pa
Kingston Bank and Trust Co., Kingston, Pa.
Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Montgomery Ward & Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Co., Reading, Pa.
Wayne Junction Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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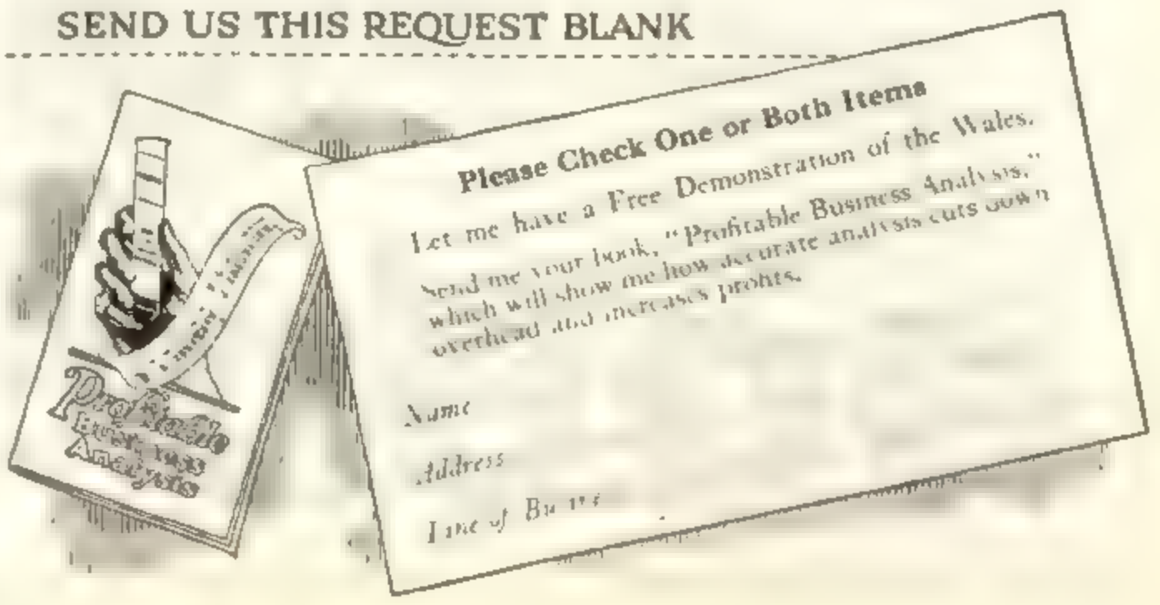
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Let me have a Free Demonstration of the Wales.
Send me your book, "Profitable Business Analysis," which will show me how accurate analysis cuts down overhead and increases profits.
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The Original Goodyear Cushion Tire

now equipped with

The All-Weather Tread

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

At the left is seen the famous All-Weather Tread and the Indented Sidewall of the new Goodyear Cushion Truck Tire. Right—a cross-section showing the Goodyear Patented Hollow-Center

SEVERAL years ago, Goodyear engineers invented and patented the Goodyear Hollow-Center Cushion Tire for motor trucks.

It was made with a soft base and attached to the wheel by side flanges.

This was the first hollow-center cushion truck tire of S. A. E. measurements.

Later this tire was improved by attaching to it a steel base, making it a "pressed-on" tire.

More than 30,000 of these earlier types have been used and have established a unique reputation for resilience and wear.

But these tires were smooth treads.

Now the ultimate development has been effected by combining the virtues of the Hollow-Center Cushion Tire with the advantages of the world-famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread. The result is the new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tire.

Look at its outstanding features:

1—It has triple cushioning—due to the patented Goodyear Hollow-Center, the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread, and the new Goodyear Indented Sidewall.

2—It has the tractive might of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

3—It has a special Goodyear pressed-on base.

4—It has the wearing strength of Goodyear stock and construction.

The new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tire is a true *cushion tire*, built to meet the special requirements of a particular type of hauling, and it is resilient to the last mile.

It is a logical development of the Goodyear Hollow-Center Cushion Tire, and it is a distinct and important advance on that splendid tire.

You will get from it an unparalleled measure of efficient and low cost performance, distinguished for buoyancy, traction and wear.

The new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tire is specified as all-'round equipment for light and medium duty trucks and for front wheels of heavier units. It is made in all standard sizes up to and including 7 inches.

For other types of motor truck duty, Goodyear makes other special tires—Goodyear smooth and All-Weather Tread Solids and Goodyear Cord Truck Tires. Sold and serviced by your Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealer.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 23

seconds the clear ringing strains of the bugles pealed the same message along a front of two hundred miles

There was a sudden tense hush, the troopers sitting rigidly in their saddles. As the last notes died away each soldier fired a single shot, and with a tremendous sullen roar the spectacular run of all time was off to a running start.

VIII

A SLENDER thoroughbred leaped forward with the shots, his rider crouched low along his neck. Carver had a brief glimpse of hundreds of saddle horses fanning ahead of the main bulk of the stampede. Then his view was cut off by the dense fog of black ashes churned aloft.

"Look!" he exclaimed.

In either direction, as far as the eye could reach, this murky cloud was sweeping forward. As it eddied and curled he could catch glimpses of the swaying gray tops of covered wagons and the glittering flash of newly painted runabouts. It seemed that a black cyclone belt a hundred yards in width had sucked up thousands of strange land craft and churned them across the prairies over an endless front.

Men shouted frenzied encouragement to their horses, their voices lifting above the rattle of laboring vehicles. Not infrequently there sounded a splintering crash as some outfit was piled up in a wreck, or the sudden smash and subsequent groaning screech which announced that two rival wagons had collided and locked hubs. A shrill cowboy yelp of exultation rose high above the uproar.

"Now we can break through," Carver stated, and they urged their horses into a lope and passed the wagons that lagged behind, darting past others as opportunity offered.

The girl saw humanity in the raw, the bars of convention lowered by excitement and each man's true nature standing forth undisguised. She was treated to kaleidoscopic flashes of human avarice and sublime generosity. A heavy wagon came to grief as its owner lashed his horses over the four-foot bank of a dry wash. The tongue was stabbed into the earth, buckled and snapped, piling the outfit up in a tangled heap in the bottom of the dry gulch. A man in a light rig cheered the accident as he made a safe crossing of the wash at a point some few feet away, where the banks were less precipitate, shrieking a derisive farewell to the unfortunates as he passed. A chap-clad rider set his horse back on its haunches and dismounted.

"Crawl him, stranger," he invited. "Give that pony his head and he'll take you where you're aiming for. I'll help the woman straighten out this tangle."

The man boarded the horse and darted off, leaving the cowboy to care for his wife and children and the struggling team.

Just beyond the wreck a man had leaped from a wagon to plant his flag while his wife held the horses. A single man had unloaded from a runabout with similar intent, and as the girl passed them the two were fighting savagely, endeavoring through the medium of physical combat to settle the question as to which one had first placed foot upon the ground.

They passed old Judd Armstrong, his bony horses surging on at an awkward gallop. The little old lady gripped a staff topped by a white scrap of cloth, with which she intended to flag the first scrap of ground they crossed where she could see no others out ahead. But always there was a swarm of scurrying shapes far out in the lead.

Just as Carver pulled out ahead of the last fringe of wheeled conveyances the girl heard again the shrill exultant cowboy yelp and saw the man riding just ahead of them. He was a big fellow with a week-old growth of beard, mounted on a rangy bay horse that wore a Texas brand. He had given the animal its head and was half turned in the saddle, looking back at the sea of lurching, swaying vehicles. His mouth was extended in a grin and he waved his gun aloft.

"Charge!" he bellowed. "Charge!"

He emptied his gun in the air and waved them on as if he were leading the line into some desperate affray. He bawled facetious commands to all within earshot. His noisy clamor reminded the girl of Noll, and she hated the big Texan from the instant her mind conceived this fancied resemblance. She herself read the pathos that was written in every movement of the mad scramble, the hungry rush of the homeless; and she told herself that the noisy horseman viewed it in the light of a screaming comedy.

A wave of ground cut off her view toward the east, but as the slight crest flattened to merge gradually with the surrounding prairie the objects on the far side reappeared, at first merely the heads and shoulders of those who traveled a parallel course, then their bodies, then the mounts that carried them. One form seemed to progress smoothly, but there was a queer crouch to the head and shoulders. As more of him rose into her level of vision she saw that he rode an antiquated bicycle with one huge wheel in front and a tiny one trailing in its wake. The man was hunched over the handlebars and was peddling desperately, a grotesque figure with coat tails streaming out behind, a water bottle slung across his back with the shaft of a small flag thrust through the strap.

"Oh, Don! Bart! Do look!" Molly implored.

She was laughing in sheer delight, yet she was conscious of a swift, hot resentment when the big Texan raised his voice in a joyous whoop as he sighted the strange apparition and gave chase. He veered his mount to the left, unbuckling his rope strap, and as the animal stretched into a full run behind the speeding cyclist he shook out a few coils of his rope and whirled his loop aloft. He did not make his throw, but contented himself with giving voice to a wild yelp with every jump of his horse. His victim turned to cast an apprehensive glance over his shoulder, and the front wheel collided with a dog mound and threw him. Even in the act of rising he thrust his flag into the ground and staked his claim, the big fellow cheering him as he passed.

Hundreds of riders were scattered out in the lead of the line of oncoming vehicles that was strung out as far as the girl could see toward the east and west. Whenever one horseman attained the lead in his own particular section of the field he flung from the saddle and planted his flag. Scattered at intervals through it all Molly could make out moving specks of color: bright reds and purples, brilliant orange and softer effects of lavender; and she knew these for the gaudy regalia of the cowboys. These were not dismounting, but riding steadily ahead, each with some particular destination in mind, saving their horses for the last wild spurt. Little by little the field thinned out. Some few of the cow hands had dashed suddenly ahead to stake their claims in some of the better valleys, but the majority of them were still holding on. They swept down into a wide brown valley untouched by the fire, and three times during the crossing of it Molly saw riders dismount far ahead—too far; and she knew that these were sooners who had been hiding in the unowned lands and who had now put in an appearance as the peak of the run came in sight.

The Texan had lost ground in his chase of the cyclist, but eventually Molly heard him off to the right and rear, his big voice raised in a song which she thought fitted him exactly:

"I'm a wild, wild rider
And an awful mean fighter;
I'm a rough tough callous son of a gun.
I murder some folks quick
And I kill off others slow;
That's the only way I ever take my fun.

"I'm a devil with my quirt,
A terror with my knife,
A fearsome fiend when out for pistol practice;
I wield a wicked spur,
Twirl a nasty ten-foot loop
And curry out my red mane with a cactus."

(Continued on Page 69

The handsome, velvety texture of Crompton *"All-Weather"* Corduroy brings out perfectly the fashionable, jaunty styles that delight every boy. It is the ideal clothing fabric for boys.

CROMPTON
"All-Weather"
CORDUROY

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At representative clothing stores you can obtain suits made of Crompton *"All-Weather"* Corduroy in just the style you desire and at a price that means the utmost in clothing value.

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Look for our label (shown above) which appears on garments made of genuine Crompton *"All-Weather"* Corduroys.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO. Inc.
47 East 31st Street, New York City

"In Less Than That Many Seconds You'll be Headed for Some Place Where Money Can't Follow You," Carver Returned Evenly

What Columbias do

- –ring bells
- –operate radio telephones
- –protect bank vaults
- –call the police
- –ring fire alarms
- –buzz buzzers
- –fire blasts
- –run toys
- –call Pullman car porters
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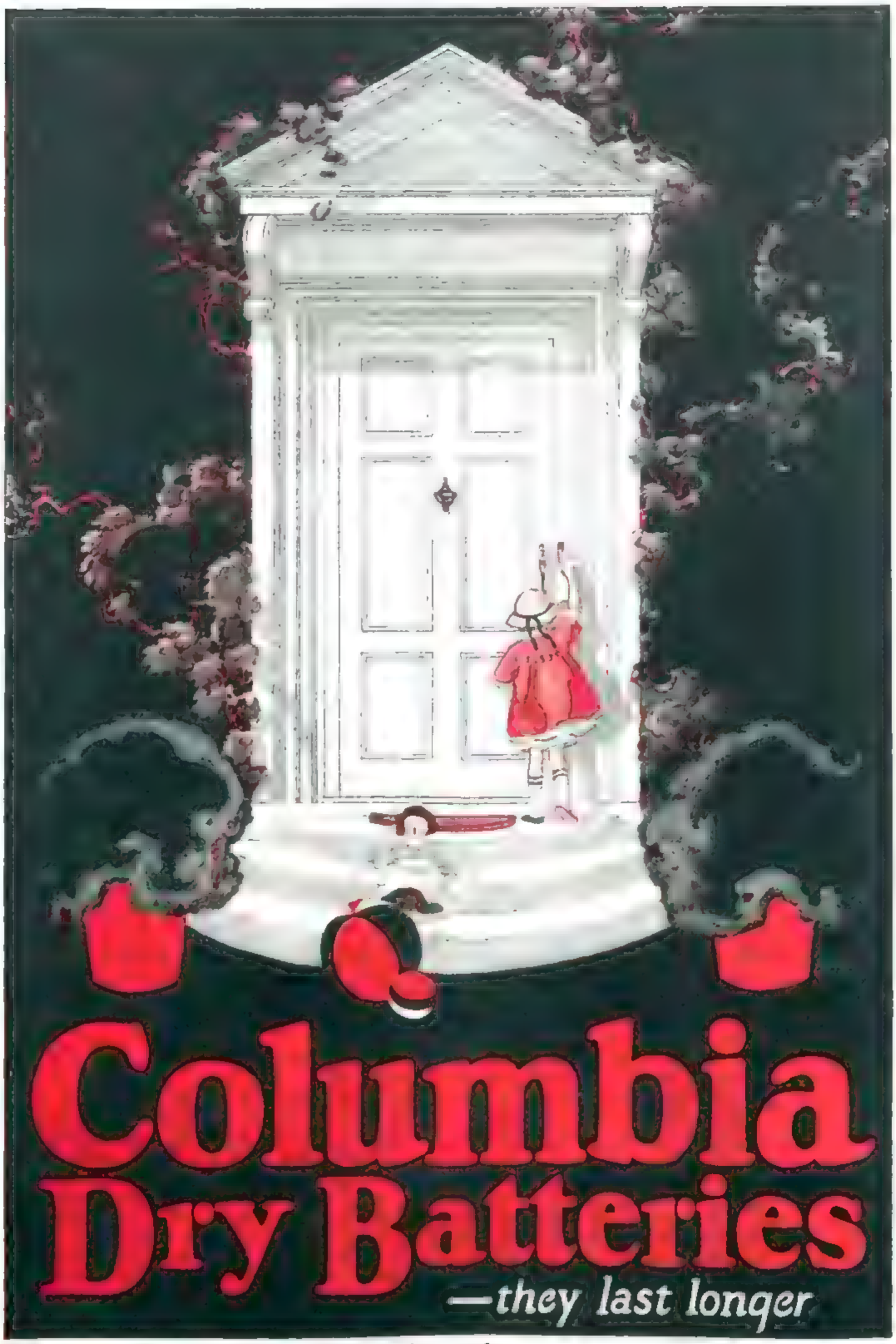
- –furnish ignition current for gas engines, tractors, and quick starting of Ford cars

Columbia Dry Batteries for every kind of service are sold at electrical, hardware, and auto accessory shops; garages; general stores. *Insist upon Columbia.*



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(Continued from Page 67)

When they had covered some ten miles Molly noted that the brilliant specks were forging steadily forward through the scattered ranks of their more somberly clad fellows and gradually attaining the very forefringe of the run. Another two miles and the bright dots were out in the lead and it was apparent that many were converging upon the line which Carver followed toward a distant dip in the landscape. Every cow hand was on a horse that had proved its speed and endurance in many a hard round-up circle. The clatter and crash of vehicles had died out behind. Carver glanced both ways along the line.

"The boys are drawing in toward the Cabin Creek bottoms," he called to Molly. "Best land in the Strip. There'll be many a friend of mine in the lot. Here's hoping they stake near the old home ranch."

He glanced along the scattered line again as they rode across a low wave of the prairie and the broad bottoms of Cabin Creek opened out below them, spared by the fire and carpeted with grass that was only now turning brown.

"Now!" he said. "Run for it!" And they let their horses out and raced down the gentle pitch.

Carver kept his eye on the low point of a ridge that thrust its nose into the edge of the valley three miles below. Just beyond that shoulder the Curl Fork of Cabin Creek joined in and the buildings of the Half Diamond H nestled under the hill. Below that point the bottoms widened out to twice the width of the part they now traversed. More than thirty riders were strung out across the level floor of the valley, careening down both sides of the creek.

Some dropped from the saddle and drove their flags, but a dozen or more on Carver's side of the creek held straight on. This last spurt was a contest among seasoned riders and tried horses. Carver urged his mount and the animal drew on his last reserve of speed. Molly felt the smooth play of powerful muscles sweeping her on toward the goal as her own horse, fresher from having carried less weight over the long miles, ran nose to nose with Carver's. Bart was twenty feet to their left and as far in the rear. As they thundered down upon a tiny spring creek flowing on the near side of the shoulder Carver waved a hand.

"Up there!" he shouted to Bart. "Flag it!"

Bart whirled up the course of the spring creek and the girl wheeled her horse to follow him, while Carver held the straight course for the low-jutting point. As Bart and Molly turned aside the big Texan dropped from his horse a hundred yards down the little stream and planted his flag.

A dozen riders were almost abreast of Carver as he rounded the point and flung from his saddle in the ranch yard of the Half Diamond H. He had staked the old home ranch.

He turned to watch the rest flash past and recognized a big paint horse as a circle mount of Bradshaw's string. The group that had clung so persistently instead of staking farther up the valley was composed of old friends, to a man. He picked them one by one as they fanned out through the widening bottoms and staked them from the creek to the valley slope for two solid miles below the Half Diamond H.

"Box T riders or former Half Diamond hands," he said. "Every man. I needn't have put on such a strenuous last spurt if I'd only looked back to see who made up the bunch that was crowding me so hard on the final lap. I see old Joe Hinman's hand in this."

He turned at a sound behind him. A man stood calmly by a lathered horse some thirty yards back among the sod outbuildings.

"You'll have to get off," the stranger announced. "This is my ground. I staked it first."

Carver stared for a brief space, unable quite to grasp the fact that another had rounded the point ahead of him. He certainly had not arrived since Carver reached the spot, so he must have been there first. Then Carver's comprehension cleared and he led his horse back toward the other.

"Looks like you had beat me here for a fact," he said.

"By three minutes," the stranger stated.

Carver glanced at the man's horse. The animal's shoulders and flanks were lathered white, as if from a long hard run, but its breathing was smooth and regular and its sides were steady. He glanced then at his own mount with its heaving flanks; listened to the animal's heavy labored breathing.

"Beat you by three minutes," the stranger reasserted.

Carver touched the lathered horse with one forefinger, carried the member to his mouth, then spat the soapsuds out.

"Yes, you beat me by three days," he said, "which is just a shade too broad a margin. Now you step up into the middle of that pony and start working up a real sweat on him while you're getting away from here."

The sooner faced him defiantly, a black scowl on his countenance, but he read the same purpose in Carver's eyes that Freel had discovered in them on the day the marshal had offered to make Molly Lassiter respectable.

"I'll sell out for five hundred," he offered.

"In less than that many seconds you'll be headed for some place where money can't follow you," Carver returned evenly. "You climb that horse and amble!"

The sooner swung to the saddle and rode off toward the eastern slope of the valley. It would have availed him little to head down country, for already the bottoms were filled with riders.

Those left behind in the last mad dash for the Half Diamond H were now pouring through in hundreds. The side hills that flanked the western edge of the valley were being staked and other riders streamed along their crests.

When Carver looked again he saw that the sooner had planted his flag half a mile up the little spring creek that trickled past the doors of the ranch house and on down to the parent stream, a mate for the one that flowed on the far side of the ridge where he had sent Bart Lassiter. The sooner's present holding would be just across the ridge from Bart. But Carver was not concerned over the future actions of the man. If he succeeded in holding a piece of ground which should have gone to some legitimate stampeder it was no affair of his, Carver reflected, and dismissed it from his mind. For thirty minutes the home seekers continued to pour through in gradually diminishing numbers. Most of the wheeled conveyances had dropped out, their owners either having won their goal at some point farther back or given up the race; but a few buckboards rattled past in the wake of the last straggling horsemen.

Then Carver turned to the work in hand. Those in his immediate vicinity who had made the run for the purpose of realizing a quick turn on their relinquishments were the ones he sought. The cow hands were the logical parties to interview.

Bradshaw was sprawled comfortably on the ground on the next quarter section below.

"Old Joe is responsible for this," Carver said as he rode down toward his friend. "He sorted out the Box T boys that were going to make a filing just to sell it, and such of the old Half Diamond H boys as he could locate. This way it helps us all. They find me a ready buyer and I find them ready sellers, roosting on the very ground I want. Then, too, Joe was thinking of old Nate. Younger lived here for twenty years. With me on the Half Diamond H, he can come down and find at least a part of it the same."

Bradshaw grinned as Carver neared him.

"What's your offer?" he demanded. "Speak in big figures now or I'll stay here and farm this piece myself. Joe tipped us off to swarm in and settle in a flock just below Nate's old home ranch. Well, what do you bid?"

"Two hundred and fifty," Carver stated.

"Too much—but I'll take it," said Bradshaw. "Give me a commission and I'll buy the others out for you anywheres from fifty to a hundred."

"Two hundred and fifty is my flat price to every man," said Carver. "That's a good fair figure for both sides. They'll have to take my notes for it, dated eighteen months ahead at 6 per cent. They can either wait and live off the interest meantime or discount them at the bank—provided they can locate a banker who's optimistic enough to make an investment in my paper."

"I'll ride along with you to see the others," Bradshaw volunteered.

"You all can go and make your filings in the next few days," Carver said. "Then I'll furnish each of you with scrip to lay on your quarter. You can deed it over to me when you get your patent."

Two hours later Carver rode across the low ridge in search of Molly Lassiter.

"Ever see a prettier nook than this?" he asked as he dismounted. "I told Bart I had just the place picked out for you and him."

A few trees, somewhat gnarled and stunted—but every such growth is noteworthy in a treeless country, and the blackjack belt did not extend so far north as this—sprouted in a little dent in the base of the ridge, a level floor of rich ground spread out before them. The little creek, fed by sidehill springs, purred merrily along the foot of the slope.

"It's wonderful here," she agreed. "I'd love it if only Bart would stay here and prove up instead of selling out."

"Maybe we can exert a little pressure and make Bart come to his milk," said Carver. "This is too good a place to sell out offhand. Wait till I scour a few layers of ashes off my face and we'll ride up to the ridge, so you can see my layout."

His face was still black from the ride across the burned areas, and he repaired to the little creek and splashed face and hands in the clear cold water. The big Texan had come part way up the creek to converse with Bart and his voice carried to Carver as he made boastful comments upon his own farsightedness.

"I don't know this country, but I staked as good a piece as there is in the whole twelve thousand miles. That's me! Know how? 'I'll follow the leather legs,' I decides; 'the peelers that has rode this stretch. They'll know where the best ground is. I'll trail along and be there, for there ain't no man can outride me when I'm up on this bay horse.'"

His voice followed them as Carver and Molly rode up the gentle slope of the ridge, and the girl hoped she would not have this man as a neighbor for long. His bluster made her feel that Noll was near at hand. There had been a clean break in their relations since Carver's recent turn in inexpensive beef, and Noll had asserted that Bart was no relative of his.

If only he could convince others of that, Molly reflected, she would be far better satisfied.

"See," Carver said, pointing as they topped the ridge. "I've bargained for eleven quarters besides my own. That gives me nineteen hundred acres in one block. I'll leave that first piece in front of the house in grass, just like it is now. Then when old Nate comes down to visit round with me it will seem almost like the same old place he's lived in for the past twenty years or more."

"I'm glad, Don," she said. "But how can you be sure they'll deed the land over to you after they get their patents? There's no possible way to pin a man down to turn over his homestead to another."

"Not a way in the world," he conceded. "They could keep their place or sell it, once the patent's issued, and I couldn't lift a hand. I'd counted on losing maybe a quarter or two that very way. But not now; not with those Box T and Half Diamond H boys on the other end of it. Wouldn't one of 'em throw me if he was offered ten times the price."

She hoped that he had gauged them rightly, but her experience had taught her to doubt this class of drifting, homeless men. She had met a number of such during the last few years of drifting with Bart, mainly the associates of the two elder half brothers, and she had come to believe that trustworthiness was an infrequent trait among their kind.

Bart mounted the ridge and joined them.

"What's offered for my farm?" he greeted.

"I'm not buying on the far side of the ridge," said Carver. "Only down below."

"Then I'll present it to you," Bart returned cheerfully. "By the way, you're owing me three hundred or thereabouts on our little flyer in steers. If you could let me have a piece of it I'll trickle into Caldwell in the morning. I've got pressing business there in town."

"I've invested that money for you," Carver said. "I've reserved scrip to cover your hundred and sixty acres. I'll turn it over to you when you make your filing. They'll issue a patent and then you and Molly will have some place to come back to whenever you get weary of moving round. You'll be owing me a little extra on the cost of the scrip, but you can pay it off whenever it comes handy in the future."

Bart sighed gustily.

Watch This Column

Buffalo Bill Lives Again!

OLD timers who have seen him in the flesh will thrill at sight of him on the screen. And every American boy who has read of his dare-devil exploits on the plains and among the Indians will have something to talk about for a long time to come.

Stirring events coincident with the life of this hero of the American border such as the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, General Lee's surrender to Grant, etc., are represented in Universal's great historical chapter play entitled "In the Days of Buffalo Bill." All these celebrated men appear, likewise John Wilkes Booth, and the scene of his immortal crime at Washington.

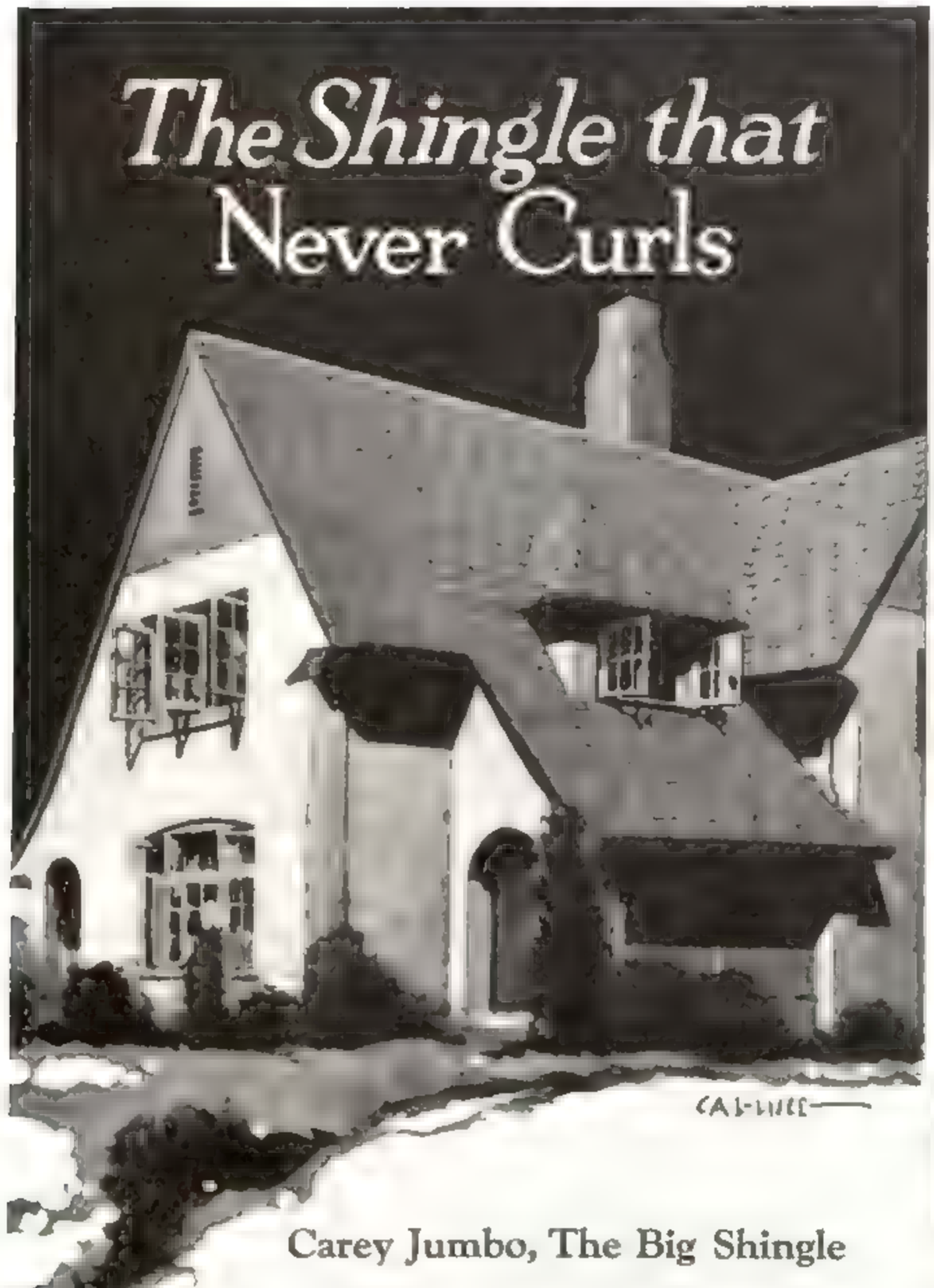
I have already seen ten chapters of this masterpiece, and I have marveled at the skill with which the picture has been directed by Edward Laemmle, whose success has been meteoric—so remarkable in fact that I have sent him to Europe to produce George Barr McCutcheon's novel, "Castle Craneycrow," under the screen title of "The Prisoner," with Harry Myers in the lead.

EDWARD LAEMMLE

You see what Universal is doing, don't you—adding to its prestige with remarkable pictures. And I say, as I have often said before—you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSAL PICTURES. Ask your favorite theatre to book "In the Days of Buffalo Bill." CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City



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"I always did lean towards owning a farm that I didn't have to live on," he stated, "and you've showed me the way. You always did treat me all right, Don, and I thank you. As long as I already owe you money, I'd as leave owe you more. I'll remember it better that way. Lend me twenty. I suspect the boys will be looking at their hole cards somewhat in your bunk house this evening, and I'm always curious to see which one of the fifty-two cards each man has got in the hole."

Carver laughed and handed him the money.

"We'll turn the house over to Molly tonight," he said. "I've got a tent cached in the bunk house that you can pitch over there on your place tomorrow."

The girl rested her hand on Carver's arm as Bart left them.

"That was a wonderful thing to do for Bart," she said. "Oh, Don! Don't you suppose he'll stay there and keep it?"

"Sure, honey!" Carver assured her. "You can't clamp down on a range colt too sudden and put him on the picket. We'll keep an eye on him and gradually decrease his range. Don't you fret about Bart."

He was peering off across the country, and she followed the direction of his gaze. A wagon had just crawled into view on the ridge on the far side of Bart's filing and near the upper edge of it. The last rays of the setting sun caught the tattered canvas top. Even at a distance of three-quarters of a mile both Carver and the girl recognized the outfit as old Judd Armstrong's, the horses moving slowly, their heads drooping dejectedly.

"You wait here, Molly," Carver said. "I'll ride over and help them pick a good place to camp. Then we'll stir up a bite for the boys to eat."

He intercepted the outfit as it pulled into the bottoms. The little old lady still clasped the staff of her flag.

"Staked your piece yet, uncle?" Carver greeted.

"Not yet," said old Judd. "We'll likely locate one tomorrow. These horses is about played out and we'll have to make camp here, I reckon."

The woman nodded serene agreement. Ever since she could remember they had been making camp.

"Maybe they can make one more drag of it over this next rise," Carver said. "It's not much of a pull. There's a nice little creek over across, and a ripping good piece of ground that hasn't been staked. They all run clear on across it and never noticed. It's the next piece up the creek from mine."

He uncoiled his rope and made it fast to the wagon tongue, took a short snub on his saddle horn and pulled in ahead of Judd's weary team. The horse buckled sturdily to his task and they made the crossing.

"You make camp right here on this creek," Carver instructed. "This is your claim. I'll see you tomorrow, aunty."

"Thank you, son," she said. "You've done us a big favor. This is better ground than any we've crossed through. I was beginning to be just a mite worried for fear we mightn't find a piece. It was real nice of you to tell us."

Carver turned his horse up toward where the sooner reclined on the creek bank.

"I instructed you to high-tail it out of the country," he announced. "So you put forth from here sudden."

"Do you imagine you're in charge of this whole territory?" the man demanded.

"I was once," said Carver. "Foreman of the old Half Diamond H. In lack of any better authority I've elected myself temporary head of the district so I can choose my own neighbors. I don't pick you."

He handed the man a ten-dollar bill.

"I'm sorry to see your efforts wasted, but maybe you can drown your grief in that," he said. "There's not a chance in the world for you to make your claim stick—and I'll see that you come to a bad end if you try to file. You can use your own judgment about when you flit from these parts."

He turned back toward Molly, but the girl had gone down her own side of the ridge as a second wagon rolled into the bottoms and halted on the upper end of the Texan's filing. The outfit of the ample soul and her solemn spouse had been wrecked in the early stages of the run and the repairs had required too great a time to permit of their overtaking the other stampeders. As Molly joined them she heard the voice of the Texan lifted in his war song as he returned from a boastful visit with some near-by homesteader:

"I'm a wild, wild rider
And an awful mean fighter ——"

The song ceased abruptly as he spied the wagon on his claim and headed his mount for the spot. He leaned from his saddle and inspected the ample lady, who still smiled through the grotesque mask of black ashes that had settled on her face, then let his eyes rove over the children in the depths of the wagon.

"This your claim?" the solemn man inquired. "We just want to wash up a bit and camp here for the night."

Molly waited for the abrupt refusal. The Texan gazed helplessly from one to another of the group.

"Mean to say you didn't get a piece of your own with all this stretch to choose from?" he demanded.

The man shook his head.

"Have this one," the Texan invited. "I've been wondering what the hell I'd do with it."

The woman still smiled, but a tear had squeezed through and trickled down, leaving a trail in the grime of ashes on her face. She leaned over the infant in her arms to hide the evidence of weakness, speaking a word to the child. The Texan shifted uneasily in the saddle and Molly saw him in a new guise; not as a big ruffian, but as an overgrown kindly boy, helpless to extricate himself from this trying situation. A happy thought struck him.

"I'd cry, too, if I thought I had to live here," he said. "I'd trade this whole country for a square rod in Texas," and he headed his horse back down the creek.

Hours later Molly Lassiter reclined on Carver's camp bed, which he had spread for her on the floor of the Half Diamond H ranch house.

The Cherokee run was over. At noon there had been a vast tract of virgin territory, twelve thousand square miles of untenanted lands—and within four hours of that first bugle call it had been settled, staked to the last square inch. The wildest stampede that the world had ever seen was a matter of history.

A variety of sounds floated through the open window. The long, many-roomed bunk house in rear of the frame building was crowded to overflowing. All the cow hands for miles around had followed the old custom of dropping in at the nearest ranch when caught out on the range at night, certain of finding a welcome and a feed. They had feasted unreservedly upon Carver's food cache which he had planted at the ranch weeks before.

Molly heard two voices raised in the chant of the tumbleweeds as two belated riders approached. Always these men sang when they rode at night, having acquired the habit on many a weary circuit of the herd, singing to quiet their charges on the bed ground. The big Texan's voice carried to her from the bunk house.

"Now when I play poker with strangers I first state the rules," he announced. "The way stud poker is dealt is to hand out the top card first and the next one next, and so on down to the bottom card, which comes off last and is not to be removed prior to its turn."

"It's nice to have someone who actually knows how the rules run," another voice answered. "If any little squabble crops up we won't have to debate the question, but just ask you and find out for sure."

"I'll settle all arguments," the Texan volunteered. "You'll note that I've stuck my knife here in the table, and I'll certainly remonstrate with the first party that introduces any irregularities."

The two newcomers rode into the yard, unsaddled and turned their horses into the corral. One of them answered the questions regarding his claim as he appeared in the door of the bunk house.

"I quit it," he announced. "A wagon came dragging along an hour ago with a wild woman aboard. Leastways she was talking wild—and frequent. They'd locked hubs and piled up on the start. I presented them my place. I hadn't no use for it. All my life it's been all I could do to scratch a living off the face of the whole outdoors, so there wasn't a chance for me to scrape a income off one little quarter section anyway."

"I had the piece next to his," the second cowboy stated. "But the other set of locked hubs come dangling along The

(Continued on Page 72)

What you can do with your Burroughs in the morning before the store gets busy will save you a lot of money

Just a few minutes with your Burroughs every morning, or at other times when the store is not busy, will keep you always up to date on vital facts about your business.

You can quickly get accurate figures of the previous day's operations such as sales and purchases. You can get a picture of the condition of outstanding accounts. You can know to the penny how much it has cost you to do business and how much profit you have made. In short, you can have at all times the information that forms the solid foundation of successful retailing—and without which no business is secure.

Can you put that slack time of the day to better use?

"Saves $2 to $3 a Day"

"Every morning, before the busy hours, I use the machine to give me accurate figures on our operations for the day before," says Charles Wolff, Pittsburgh, Vice President of the Retail Grocers Association of Allegheny County. "I get totals of sales, expenses, purchases, outstanding accounts and many other things which show how the business is progressing. These records are very valuable, as they show the causes of loss or gain.

"Any retailer could increase his business by studying it in this way with a Burroughs. Our machine has been worth its cost again and again. In fact, I can say that we have saved from two to three dollars a day by using it."

"It Would Pay Any Retailer to Buy a Burroughs"

writes the Costlow Clothing Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

"Ours saves so much time, prevents errors in totaling cash and charge sales, speeds up inventory and general figure work so much we wouldn't run a store without it. It has paid for itself several times."

"Has More than Paid for Itself"

"For a long time we didn't think we needed an adding machine," says Mr R. A. Fort, grocer, of Des Moines, Iowa. "But when we put in a Burroughs we were surprised to find how much we used it. Already it has more than paid for itself.

"On the counter it totals cash items and satisfies customers that we are charging the correct amount. In the office, it checks charge sales and helps us keep an eye on what we owe and what others owe us. We handle a dozen other figure jobs on the same Burroughs in the day's work."

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Let us show you how retailers in your line are making this Burroughs pay a profit in a dozen different ways.

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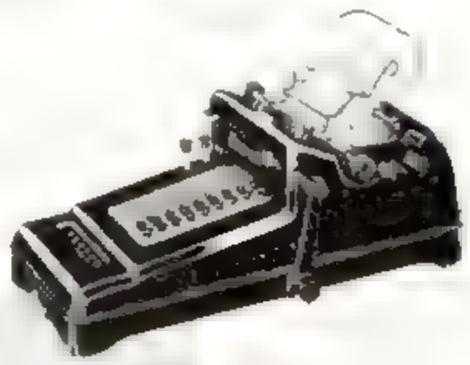

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If you keep your building warm with coal, you can't be looking forward to October with any enthusiasm. You haven't forgotten the cost of janitor service, the treasure house of black diamonds you had to make of your cellar, the stock spoiled (if you run a store) through soot or dry air, and perhaps the neat bill you got for a frozen pipe.

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Those who have awakened to the advantages of heating with *gas* have a different anticipation. They will pay for their fuel *after* they have used it. It will be delivered in a pipe. There will be no ashes, no smoke, no soot, and no odor. They will have heat always on tap, without paying anybody to watch the heating plant. The atmosphere, instead of having all the life cooked out of it, will have just the right degree of humidity. In short, heat will take its place with electric light and running water.

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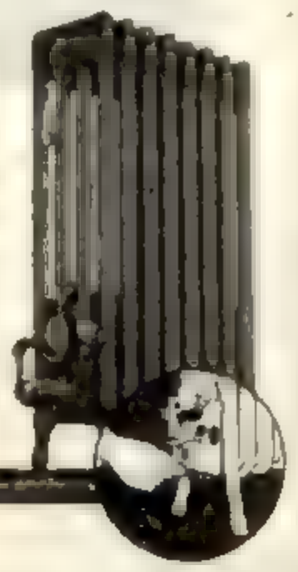
Whatever the kind of building you operate, there is a CLOW GASTEAM System (steam heat, generated by gas) designed for it. And wherever you live, there is a CLOW representative at hand.



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(Continued from Page 70)

woman ahead would screech back that the tangle was all her fault from keeping too close, and wouldn't the other party be sure to stake the next piece to theirs so's they could neighbor back and forth. Just to quiet her down I handed mine to the parties she was so hell-bent to neighbor with. I was afraid she'd have a headache in the morning if she kept at it; and besides I couldn't lay out there and listen to that gabble."

Molly burrowed her face deep in the pillow. During the day she had seen much that was gold beneath that rusty exterior of the tumbleweeds and much that was dross beneath the golden surface of many of the pumpkins. These men who rallied to Carver, drifters all, were a different breed of drifters from those she had met as friends of her two half brothers. And now the tumbleweeds had been cast out of their domain.

"Hand me them cards," said the big Texan. "Now we'll have an honest deal. I'd trust myself further than any other man I ever met."

IX

CARVER looked from the window of the Half Diamond H. All down the valley were twinkling lights which denoted the presence of the homes of early rising settlers. Off to the east and west there were lights resting at higher levels, these from cabins on sidehill claims on the rising flanks of the valley. As the morning glow flooded across the country the lights paled and the habitations themselves appeared, first as darker blots emerging gradually from the surrounding obscurity, then in distinct outline as the shadows lifted. Some were tiny frame cabins, the most of them unpainted. The greater number were sod huts; some few merely dugouts. Poor habitations these, no doubt, yet they were homes, and as circumstances permitted they would be replaced by more pretentious ones.

The virgin stretches of the Cherokee lands had been transformed into a solid agricultural community overnight. The run was not quite two months past, yet even the style of expression, the customs of speech and the topic of general conversation had experienced an alteration as decided as the physical changes in the countryside. No more the heated arguments over the relative merits of two cow horses, but instead a less spirited discussion concerning the desirability of Berkshires over Duroc-Jerseys. The never-ending controversy as to the superiority of the center-fire saddle as against the three-quarters rig had been supplanted by an interchange of advice as to the seeding of crops and the proper care of hogs. Where but a few weeks back the bronc fighters had met to exchange bits of range gossip, housewives now visited back and forth to exchange recipes for making jell.

Conditions had favored late plowing, a fortunate circumstance in view of the late date of the opening, and a part of the settlers had made every effort to seed a certain acreage to winter wheat. Carver had not wasted a day in his endeavor to get a portion of his holdings broken out and in shape to produce the following season. Circumstances had favored him. Cash was a rare commodity among the majority of the homesteaders, and in lieu of it they frequently effected an exchange of work. The spirit of coöperation was large. Homesteads must be fenced and materials were expensive. Many could not afford such a drain upon their finances until such time as they could harvest a crop.

Carver had supplied needy neighbors with posts and wire from the great store he had salvaged from the line fences of the old Half Diamond H, requiring of each man in return that he should start at once upon the task of plowing, harrowing and drilling in winter wheat on a certain specified acreage of Carver's holdings. Most of the settlers had implements of a sort. All had plows, some few possessed drills; and what one man lacked he borrowed from his neighbor, the favor to be later returned in like service or in labor when occasion should offer; and so all were enabled to perform the tasks which Carver required of them in return for their fencing. He now had eight hundred acres seeded to winter wheat, planted somewhat later than was customary, but with an even chance of making a crop.

The transformation of the unowned lands had been sweeping and complete. One now rode between fences along section lines that would soon become graded highways. Towns were springing up with mushroom suddenness and country schoolhouses were in the course of construction at many points. A picture of rural activity stretched away on all sides, yet through it all a vague whisper of unrest persisted, as if the spirit of the old days refused to be cast off so entirely.

The cow hands who had ridden the Strip continued to ride it. Always there had been a surplus of riders during the winter months, and these jobless ones had grub-lined from one ranch to the next, certain of finding a welcome and a meal at any spot where circumstance or fancy led them. They continued to act upon this supposition, sanctioned by long years of custom, and the settlers looked with disfavor upon these rovers who dropped in at their cabins and expected to be fed as a matter of course, deeming them parasites upon the community, drones who were unwilling to work and produce; for the cow hands scornfully refused to milk or follow a plow in return for their board. From the first they had swarmed in upon Carver, overjoyed at finding one man of their own sort among all this clutter of aliens—one man who understood.

Carver had fed all comers, knowing that while they would neither milk nor plow, they would willingly turn their hands to any task which had been part of their regular duties with a cow outfit in the old range days. They had stretched every foot of his fences. When there was freighting to be done there were always willing volunteers. Some he had sent north to Hinman's range to bring back the fifty head of horses he had purchased before the opening. The boys had gentled these green colts and taught them the feel of harness. Always there were a dozen grub-liners stopping at the bunk house overnight. Every evening Carver recited the tasks of the following day and the men apportioned these chores among themselves through the medium of freeze-out poker. Carver had never cooked a meal or washed a dish since the day of the run. He now thrust his head from the back door.

"Ho!" he called. "Roll out!"

There were sounds of instant activity from the bunk house. Carver tapped on a door in the ranch house.

"Coming, son," Nate Younger answered. "Be with you right off."

The original owner of the Half Diamond H had come down to view it under the new conditions. He had found his old room fitted up in much the same fashion as when he had occupied it in the past. A hundred acres of grass land, untouched by the plow, spread out before the house.

"Don't find things so much changed right in the immediate foreground, do you, Nate?" Carver asked.

"Not much," said Nate. "Looks pretty much the same. It is real white of you to reserve the old man's room for him."

He listened to the drone of voices from the bunk house.

"Must be considerable of a drain on your finances to feed all the grub-liners these days," he said.

"Somewhat," Carver admitted. "But I someway can't gather courage to shut them off. Half of them are still conversing about when work opens up in the spring, same as they've always talked in winters. They don't realize yet that spring work won't ever open up for their sort again."

After breakfasting, Carver rode up the trail that threaded the low saddle in the ridge back of the house and dropped down to the Lassiters' claim on the far side of it. Bart, fired by the example of those around him, had worked steadily since the day of the run. Cow hands stopping at Carver's place had helped Bart fence his claim. With two of Carver's teams he had broken out a forty-acre piece and seeded it to winter wheat. Through the medium of the nightly poker game in the bunk house of the Half Diamond H he had accumulated enough cash to purchase the materials for the construction of a three-room frame house to supplement the sod hut in which he and Molly had been living since the run. But now Bart's enthusiasm had waned and Carver found him seated on a pile of new lumber, gazing moodily off across the country.

"I'm needing relaxation bad," Bart greeted. "Why, I wouldn't be able to find my way around Caldwell, it's been that long since I've been in town! Isn't it about time you're getting that hundred head of yearlings off Hinman's range and bringing them down here?"

"In a few days now," Carver admitted. "I'll be starting up after them before long."

"Why don't you send me?" Bart suggested.

"With you in charge they might increase too fast on the homeward way," said Carver.

"I'll guarantee not to arrive with one extra head over the specified number," Bart offered. "I'll go up and get them, just as a sort of favor in return for many a kind deed you've done for me."

"Not you," Carver declined. "Anyway, you've got all your lumber on the ground now, and you want to stay on the job until you've built the house. I'll send over a few volunteers from the bunk-house squad to help you throw it up."

"That lumber is too green to work up just yet," Bart objected. "I'll rest up in town till the sap quits flowing through those boards and they season up till a man can run a saw through 'em. The birds were singing in those very trees last week."

It was evident that Bart was bent upon having his vacation under any possible excuse.

"All right, go ahead and relax," said Carver. "Only don't be gone too long."

"I'll be drifting over to Casa and see how the county-seat ruckus is coming on," Bart decided. "I'll report on the latest developments when I come back."

A thriving town had come into being on the site of the box car which had once borne the name of Casa and which had been sacked and burned. A bank and a frame hotel, two general-merchandise establishments, a hardware-and-implement concern, grocery stores, restaurants, saloons, two livery barns, a drug store, barber shop and pool hall, all glaringly new and mostly unpainted, made up the business district of Casa, which now numbered a population of four hundred souls. Various businesses were conducted in board-floored tents until such time as the proprietors could secure more permanent quarters.

Casa, by virtue of both population and location, had considered herself the logical choice for county seat. The government appointee charged with such locations had listened and agreed, provided only that a personal bonus of one thousand dollars be tendered him along with the other arguments. Graft was open and flagrant in the early days of the Strip, and communities as well as individuals paid the price for official favors. The citizens' council, a volunteer body of Casa business men, had flatly refused and the locator had thereupon designated Oval Springs, a little camp some miles to the south, as the legal center of county government. This move was destined to precipitate one of the bitter and enduring county-seat wars for which the West is famed. Casa was not alone in her troubles.

Climbing Mount Resplendent, Above Robson Glacier

(Continued on Page 74)

Sunlight contains rays that burn and harden the lens of the eye.

The glass that won immortal gratitude

TEN years ago if a painter grew dizzy and fell off his scaffold, no one, not even a physician, would have suspected that he was struck down by certain peculiar rays in the light from the sun.

Sunlight contains kindly rays and others that burn and harden the lens of the eye. The Royal Society of London, knowing that these harmful rays are a cause of cataract, turned for help to a man 77 years old.

The aged scientist, Sir William Crookes, understood fully the "poison in light." A third of a century before his radiant vacuum tubes, glowing with unearthly fires, had opened the door to the very secret of matter—the electric nature of the atom. Answering the appeal of the Royal Society, Crookes invented a glass which absorbs ultra violet rays. It was his last great service to the world.

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The earlier work of Sir William Crookes inspired George W. Wells. He founded laboratories and left behind him scientists organized and working together as the Wellsworth Research Staff—searching for means to better vision.

Those who specialize in eyesight will tell you that defects of sight make people unhappy; that they retard the energy and clearness of the mind. Since this is so, then every invention that aids eyesight, even a little improvement in the thread of a screw which keeps an eyeglass frame rigid, is worth the effort and expense to produce it.

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and give him practically the same education ... he would have were he in attendance at the best private day school. ... School ...

(Continued from Page 72)

for this was but one of three such controversies at various points in the Strip.

The railroad had backed Casa in the feud from the first. At the time of designation Oval Springs could boast neither a side track nor a station, and the railroad had steadfastly refused to halt its trains. The citizens of Oval Springs had hastened to erect a large frame building to serve as a courthouse, a second to serve as county jail, this last edifice complete except for a few exterior touches and a coat of paint. The steel-framed cells were already installed and the jail was open for business. The trains still rolled through, and eventually Oval Springs took matters into its own hands and elected to make that point the terminal from both ways by tearing up two hundred yards of track. A stock train had been piled in a gulch, a passenger train derailed. This last had constituted a case of obstructing the delivery of the United States mail, and Carl Mattison, appointed deputy marshal in the post from which Freel had resigned, had been sent in with a posse to straighten out the tangle.

Alf Wellman, who had staked his claim adjoining the present town site of Oval Springs, had been appointed sheriff until such time as an election could be held. It was freely stated in Casa that the sheriff and his deputies declined to interfere with the lawless element that sought to destroy railroad property and so force the railroad company to halt its trains. The feud was destined to be bitter and sustained, and it was slated that another fifteen years would pass before Casa should come into her own as the permanent seat of county affairs.

Two days after Bart's departure he rode up to the Half Diamond H at daylight.

"Just dropped by for breakfast and to report on the general situation," he informed. "I changed my mind after leaving the other day and dropped down to view the new county seat. Quite an alteration in those parts since the night you and me camped there during round-up without a house anywheres in sight. There's trouble brewing down there in quantities."

"Then how did you happen to leave?" Carver inquired.

"Last night some unknown parties staged a midnight battle with the marshal's posse that's guarding the relaid tracks, during which it's reported that one of the posse was killed and two others damaged. Under cover of this ruckus some others succeeded in blowing up the bridge just south of town and traffic is once more suspended."

"And which side were you on?" Carver asked.

"I couldn't hardly determine," Bart confessed. "I was maybe just a trifle lit."

"Being one of our leading lights in that respect," said Carver, "I expect maybe you were."

"As near as I can make out I was on the side of the law," Bart stated. "Leastways I was in the powder squad that wrecked the bridge and the sheriff headed the party. My participation was accidental. I saw Wellman and another man easing out of town and I trailed them, arriving just as they touched off the charge, so you might say I acted the rôle of the passive spectator. The whole town boiled out and we dispersed among the crowd. I was dead anxious to be lined up with law and order, but with the law on both sides I couldn't quite make out which one was proper, so I flitted."

"Any idea who led the fight against Mattison?" Carver asked.

"Not a guess—unless it was Freel," Bart denied. "He's Wellman's head deputy and it might have been him, only I can't someway picture Freel as indulging in a fracas where other folks will be shooting back at him."

"There's quite a bunch of boys in the bunk house," Carver said. "Right after breakfast I'll send over a bunch to help you start the house."

"Right after breakfast I'll be riding toward Caldwell," said Bart. "In proportion to the way Oval Springs has growed I'd judge that Caldwell would be bigger than London by now."

"Caldwell has about a quarter the population she had three months ago," Carver informed.

"I'd as lief see a town that's shrunk as one that has growed," Bart philosophically decided. "I'm not particular, and I'm bound to find it filled with new interests. Just two days; then I'll be back."

In the early evening Carver mounted the cow trail that threaded the low dip in the ridge between his place and Bart's claim. As he topped it he could see Molly coming up the hill from the cabin. They frequently met here for a brief chat in the evenings.

"You mustn't mind Bart's rambling off for a few days," he said as the girl joined him. "He's stayed with it in good shape and it's only in the last week he's been restless. He'll be back on the job in a day or two."

He allowed his gaze to drift across the broad acreage of plowed ground in the bottoms—his ground, seeded to winter wheat.

"Eight hundred acres seeded to wheat," he stated. "All put in by trading around. I've got considerable of a farm, but don't own even one plow of my own—nor a drill. The grub-liners put up my fences and broke all my horses to work. So far I've worried along without much of an outlay of cash; not one cent paid out for labor. But I'm in debt somewhat for seed wheat and provisions to feed the bunk-house occupants that turn up every night."

He directed her gaze over the rich bottom land extending for five miles down the valley to a point where the little town of Alvin had come into being.

"The best land in this whole country," he stated. "Every acre of it will bring from twelve to fifteen dollars the day a man gets his patent. I'll buy it up piece by piece, a quarter at a time, as fast as any party wants to sell; mortgage a part of it to buy more and turn back every dollar that comes off of it into more land. Some day I'll own all that lower valley with the Half Diamond H at the head of it, so we can look out across it all from the house. I'll follow the price up till it touches forty and then stop buying. Then there'll come a day when we can stand there at the old ranch house and know that every acre between it and the flourishing city of Alvin will be worth a hundred dollars flat."

As he sketched his plans she could vision thousands of acres of ripening grain waving in the bottoms; the huge new barns of the Half Diamond H groaning with hay and forage crops for feeding the hundreds of sleek thoroughbred cattle with which the place was stocked. But all that was a matter of the future, and the present was sufficiently amazing in itself.

A few months back she had resided in an isolated line camp on Turkey Creek, with no other habitation within a dozen miles. Now she was blocked in on all sides by neighbors—Mrs. Cranston, the ample lady who resided on the next claim below Molly's; and her husband was not really a gloomy soul. He had merely been overanxious during the days preceding the run, harassed by a haunting dread that he would not be successful in locating a home for his family. He was in reality a rather genial party, Molly had found. Then there was Mrs. Downing, the hysterical lady, who was not in the least hysterical but quite normal since Molly had nursed her through an illness brought on by the excitement of the stampede; the Lees, with whom Mrs. Downing had been so anxious to neighbor, had proved to be delightful neighbors indeed. There was Orkstrom, the big Dane, whose wife toiled with him in the field; Arnold Crosby, fresh from school, who had brought his girl bride to share his little frame homestead shack; old Judd Armstrong and his serene little mate. The whole countryside for miles around was peopled with a motley assortment, ranging from retired professional men to foreigners who spoke scarcely a word of understandable English.

"You told me once the sort of quiet home life you pined for most," he said, "and I volunteered to set out in search of it. This is it, all round us, just as you pictured it to me on that day in Caldwell."

"Yes," she said, "this is it—exactly what I've always been wanting."

She watched the smoke spirals rising from a hundred cabins; the stretches of black plowed ground inclosed by long lines of fence posts. Far down the valley the new buildings of Alvin showed as white spots in the waning light. The new schoolhouse in the bottoms was nearly completed, the school in which Molly was to teach; all these evidences of an old civilization fastening upon a raw new country and lending an air of permanency and peace.

"We've found what we were looking for," he said. "What more peaceful scene could one find?"

But Molly, too, was aware of that vague rustle of unrest, even a froth of lawlessness, that seemed to pervade it all; the jobless cow hands riding their old domain; the bitter county-seat feuds in progress. Over the line in the territory two trains had been held up and looted. Banks in small towns along the southern fringe of Kansas had been subjected to a series of daring raids. The forces of the law were imperfectly organized, frequently leagued with the lawless. Many old-time riders of the unowned lands were living on claims, and their cabins were ever open for any of the boys who sought safety there. They asked no questions, these men, and answered none. The Osage Hills in the territory afforded a safe haven for those who were hard pressed, and the way of the transgressor was not difficult. The girl commented upon this to Carver.

"That's only the ghost of the old days hovering over the corpse of the unowned lands," he said. "A passing phase. It's only a froth, like bubbles and trash on the surface of a deep pond when it's stirred by the wind."

He waved an arm toward the peaceful rural scene unrolling all around them.

"All that is the solid, enduring part. That will last. The other is just the last feeble rustle of the tumbleweeds we're hearing now:

"All tumbleweeds hail from nowhere,
Their one favorite residence;
But all are bound for the same graveyard—
Hung up in a barb-wire fence.

"That's the finish of all tumbleweeds, girl," he said. "Soon or late they get crowded into some fence corner and their travels cease. Now me, I'm pocketed that way too; only I've taken root. Aren't you about ready to come over and ride herd on me, sort of, and see that some strong breeze doesn't uproot me and blow me off somewhere?"

"Not that, Don. I can't," she said. "I'm sorry. I want to go on just as I am for a while. It's too perfect to disturb. You haven't an idea how much I'm enjoying it, visiting round with Mrs. Downing, the Cranstons and the Lees and all the rest, exchanging recipes and listening to all the family woes and triumphs. You wouldn't find much excitement in hearing for the fourth occasion just what a frightful time Johnny Downing had when he cut his first baby teeth; or about that historical event when Ella Cranston essayed her first barefooted venture outside and stepped on a hornet, and what a fearful expense it's been to keep her in shoes ever since—just refuses to go barefooted even in summers since that day, Ella does. But I positively revel in all that. It's been so long since I've had many women friends. I don't want to lose a minute of all this."

"I'd contract not to spoil it for you," he offered. "You could go right on doing the same things you do now. Maybe I'd learn to tingle and thrill over Johnny's teething myself. He set them in my thumb the last time I'm over at Downing's, so I take it they all come through in good shape. Couldn't you learn to be loving me just a trifle if you'd make a real earnest effort?"

"A lot—without the least effort," she frankly admitted. "Don't you know, Don, that every real woman is always just on the verge of loving some tumbleweed? She doesn't have to try loving him, but to try and keep from it. That's the difficult part."

"Then why not take the easy trail out?" he suggested.

"All women lean toward the wild weeds—they've got that in them," she said. "But the ones who listen to that call always pay in the end. Oh, I don't mean that you'd ever do anything I'd be ashamed of," she hastened to add. "You wouldn't. It wouldn't be distrust of you but fear for you that would be my lot if I let myself get to caring. Don't you see? I've loved two tumbleweeds before now—dad and Bart—and I don't feel quite up to loving a third. It's a woman's portion to sit and wait for bad news. So let's go on just as we are."

Three wagons rolled up the valley and pulled into the Half Diamond H.

"There comes Thanksgiving dinner," said Carver. "Old Nate was down with us overnight. Likely he knew that I couldn't afford to feed the grub-liners indefinitely, so he said he'd ride down to Alvin and send up a bite for the boys. It appears like he'd sent it in tons; enough to run to next August. We'll be expecting you and Bart over for a turkey dinner tomorrow."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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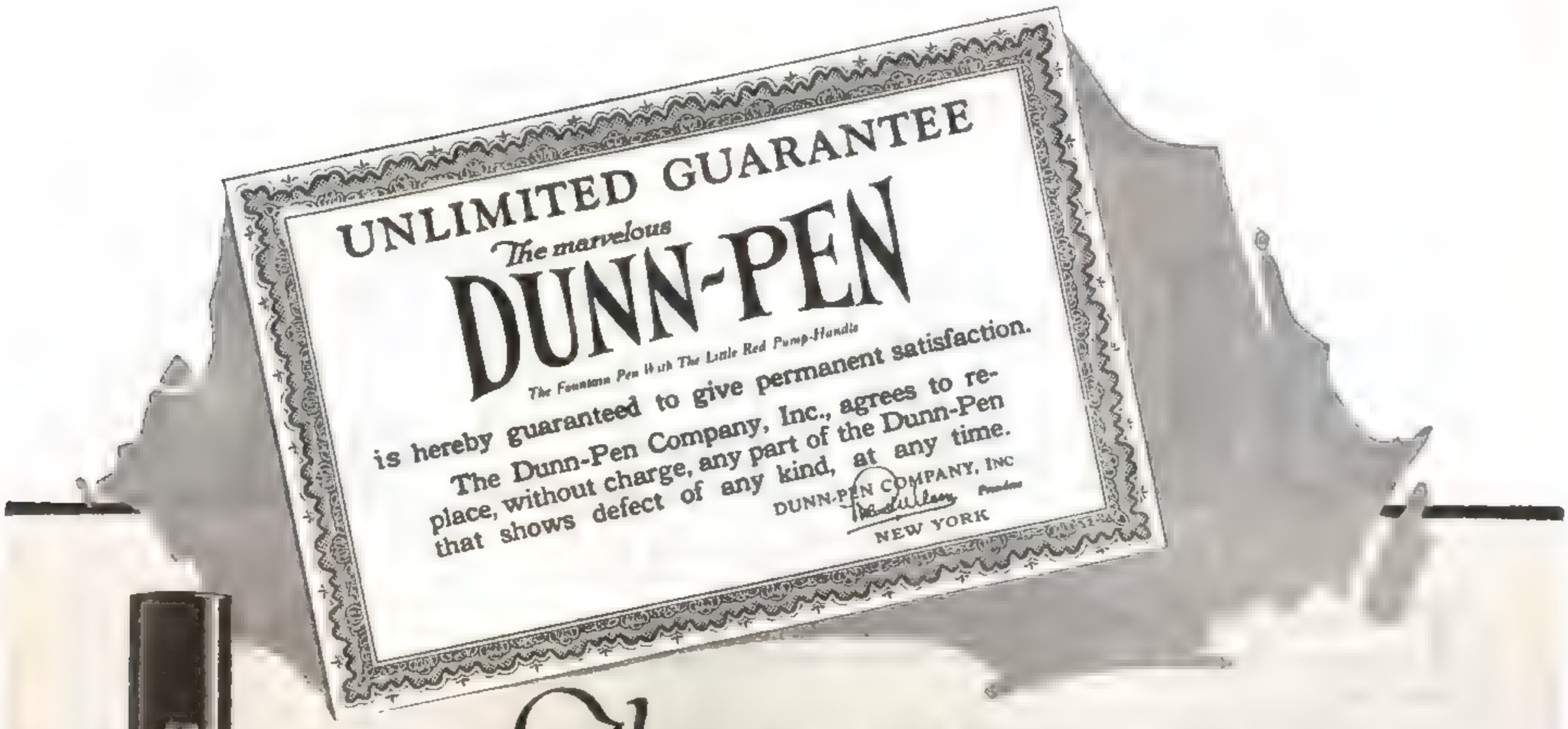
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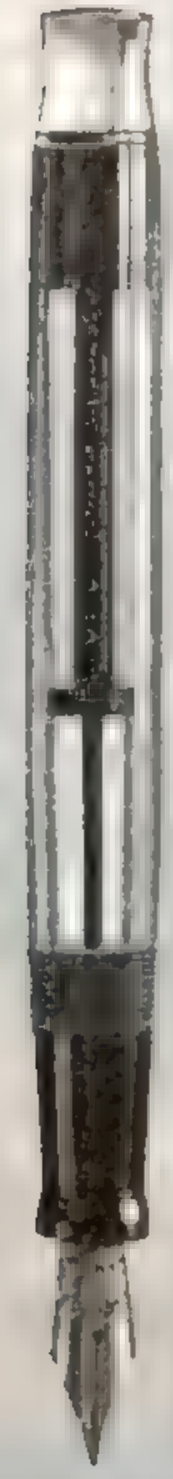

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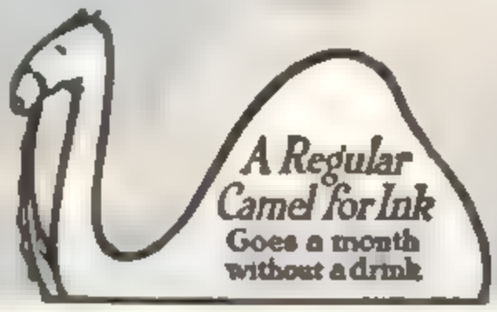


LAUGHTER, LTD.

Continued from Page 32

It was over Bert that I and Nicky had our first and only fight because a promise is a promise and I had made one to Bert and was going to keep it at any price. So as soon as Nicky had hired his space I wrote home to Bert.

"Dear Bert," I wrote. "Well here I am a star, and I want you to take the first train out here and be still-camera man with this concern. Dear old Bert, I will sure be glad to see you, this is no joke Bert, but a real offer and I will see that you get the right sort of money. So come at once, but please do not tell pop one thing about me, but inclosed find fifty dollars ($50) which you might lend him from yourself, see, because I know he needs it, but do not tell him you heard from me or where I am."

Well, when I had posted this letter and couldn't get it back, I went and broke the news to Nicky, and right then we had this row I am telling you about.

"Didn't I tell you I was not going to have any of that sort of thing on this lot?" Nicky shouted at me. "Didn't you agree to it? That's what ruins the picture business. It's an outrage, and I won't stand for it!"

"All right, go ahead and fire me!" I says. "But Bert will make good, and a promise is a promise. If you don't want me any more, just say so, and I can go back to Silvercrown. Especially after the morning's papers"

Well, that was true enough. Because The Mischief Maker had been released in New York the week before and it turned out to be a ten-strike with fully nine of the strikes in my favor. Heaven knows I hadn't meant to do Trixie Trueman any dirt after all her kind generosity to me, but then, I couldn't very well do myself a mean trick, either, and I had acted the very best I knew how in the piece. So when it come out that I had walked away with the picture, why it was not really my fault if I was so good. All the papers without exception had said I was a wonderful actress and had a great future, and my mail was swamped with letters not alone from milliners, and so forth, but agencies and a couple of casting directors, and so naturally I felt I could stand on my own feet and that the shoe was on the other foot, and so forth. But for all that I couldn't scare Nicky or make him back down for one minute even.

"All right!" says he grimly. "Go on. I'll let you out if you wish. Because I won't have anybody on my lot who isn't contented"

"Oh, Nicky, I don't really want to go!" I says weakly "And if Bert ain't the best still-photographer at the Brunton you can fire the both of us. I wouldn't wish a clown on to you, Nicky, you ought to know that!"

"Augh!" he grunted, still mad, and walked away.

But when Bert showed up, long nose, black ribband and nervous eyeglasses, all just the same as ever, Nicky come around to thinking the same as I did, and soon we was all friends again.

Things was different about Strick, although it was not me hired him, but John Austin Nickolls his own self. Strick had been pretty good in The Mischief Maker, and this prince-charming part suited him first-rate. So Nicky signed him up quite uninfluenced by me, because all I had said to him was that Strick fed me well, and that he would be perfectly cast in the part, and that everybody else Nicky suggested made me nervous and I didn't know could I play opposite them, and a few little things like that. Nicky listened while I pulled this line, smiling his sweet smile, and honest, a person would of thought I was a puppy he was having a lot of patience with, or something, the way he waited until I got all through, just merely shaking his lion's mane indulgently now and then.

"I don't like that boy," says he at last. "I think he's a bad actor."

"Oh, no, Nicky!" I says. "He's a wonderful actor, really, and he has a great future!"

"You know what I mean perfectly well," says Nicky. "He can act adequately, and I'm going to hire him because he looks the part and has good legs. But he's a hard-boiled ham and a pup and I don't like him. He offends me. So does the smell of developing fluid, and I have to use both in this business. But I trust you will admit I don't have to like 'em—eh?"

Well, naturally, I didn't make any remarks about that. I couldn't, somehow, because I liked Nicky, and although fond of Strick I couldn't prove that he was any saint. However, he was to be my leading juvenile, so I should worry!

It ain't often that a person finds heaven on earth, but these weeks of making Cinderella come pretty near to being that, and I sure had a wonderful time, flying all over the country in my big white car, Stricky driving it for me practically every day, and on Sundays going with him and mommer and dear old Bert down to Riverside Inn for lunch, or the four of us loafing away the day at the beach under bright umbrellas, wearing just our bathing suits, meeting everybody in the motion-picture world, and having a big time generally.

Week days was different, though, and partially through mommer's influence, but mostly of my own accord, there was no night life for me. Day after day I would work hard as I knew how for Nicky and his stake in me, but principally for my own art, and was never so happy as then. Often of a evening I would come back to the studio after dinner and sit in with my director while we worked the technical force overtime, running the rushes over and over, cutting, titling and criticizing. Sometimes we would stay on until eleven o'clock or later, and go home dead but happy, growing daily more sure that we was making one of the finest special features that had ever been turned out. It was hard, and at times awful discouraging, what with difficulties coming up and ectera. But in the main the stuff was good. We was always sure of that, especially one scene where I held up a burglar with a revolver.

"Say listen, Nicky," I says one evening. "I wouldn't be surprised if some night I had to play that same scene at home. There's been a lot of burglaries out in our district lately, and I even heard one of the girls was held up in her car and had her diamonds taken away from her!"

"Practically obliged to go home in a barrel, I suppose," says Nicky. "Better get yourself a gun, little Bonnie. It's not a bad idea for two women alone in a house to have one handy, especially way out in those new developments."

"I think I'll just take the one I'm using in the picture home tonight," I says, "and borrow it until I can think to buy one."

"That's a good hunch," says Nicky. "Take it along. It happens to be my own, and you are welcome to it."

Well, I felt a lot easier at night after that, and if any burglar was one-half as scared of that gun as I was, well, they would let our house alone, that was a cinch! Stricky also had been worried over me being alone in the house with only mommer, and he was relieved when I told him about it one Sunday afternoon. We was going out to the beach together, so naturally I didn't take it, but showed him where I had it parked in the drawer of a Early Spanish kitchen cabinet we had in our parlor.

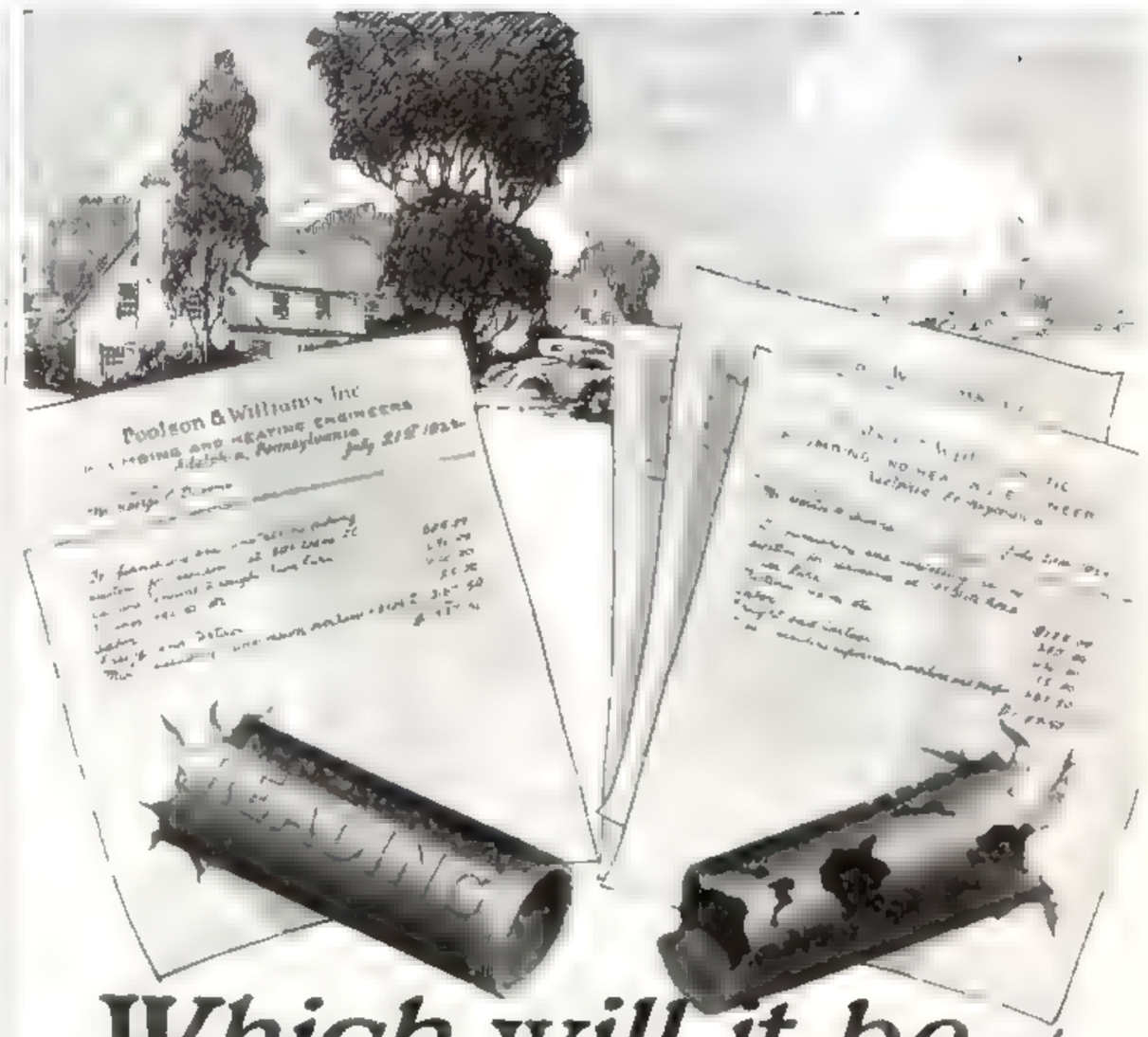
"Gee, that's a pretty gun," says he. "Look at that inlay, will you! Say listen, Bonnie, is it practical?"

"Sure," I says. "Didn't you see me shooting blanks with it at old Joe in the burglar sequence?"

"This the same one?" says Strick as I put it away in the drawer again. "Funny I didn't notice it at the studio; it is certainly some gun! I wish it was mine."

Well of course I would of given it to him if I had owned it, because the way I felt towards Stricky by now, he could of had anything I owned just for the asking, including myself. But he wasn't the marrying kind, I knew that, while hoping all the time that he would change. And although he certainly was sweet with me, and come around a lot and ate practically every meal at our house, and I went everywheres with him, not a murmur about wedding bells had come from him so far. You know how it is. If you like a person awful well and can't keep from showing it, the chances are they will like you all the less; the faster you advance the faster they retreat, and I was getting so dizzy with loving him that I couldn't see straight any more when he was around. The situation was rapidly getting Adele's goat, and she used to hang a lot of crape about it.

"Why Bonnie dearie, I can't imagine what you see in him," she says. "That is,



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It successfully resists the corroding elements that soon end the usefulness of inferior pipe; it makes your piping system an asset rather than a liability, increasing instead of depreciating the value of any building. Yet the selection of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe adds only about ten per cent to the installed cost.

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That Lasts!
LOOK, mothers!
Scuffs disappear when Barton's Dyanshine Shoe Polish is used.
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outside of his good looks. I think that some day you will be sorry you know him. Act with him if you must, but off the lot for heaven's sake lay off him! Or mark my words, you will regret it. I been in the industry long enough to tell a bad young man when I see one, and I'm telling you!"

Well naturally, after the number of years she had been a mother to all them many daughters, mommer had ought to of known better than to spring a line of that kind on me, because like any other girl in love, the more dirt was peddled to me about Strick, why the stronger I got for him. He was such a pleasure to look at, and why everybody should pick on him was more than I could tell, and I was as jealous as a cat if he so much as looked at anybody else. And give him things? Say, I'd of given Stricky anything in the world except footage in the camera!

Of course when it come to holding the center of the lens I was as self-protective as any other going concern. And the author of the story, Mr. Harold Greyton, and me had considerably different views on the subject of what scenes I was to have, and how many. Nicky, thank the Lord, was with me, but between us Mr. Greyton had his hands full.

These Greytons, for they was two of them, man and wife, were at this time the only flies in my rice pudding. I was sitting on the top of the world crowing, but whenever either of them come on the lot I had to lay off. Not but that Mr. Greyton was always polite. He was, excepting of course when talking to Nicky about what Nicky was doing to his story. But as far as I personally was concerned Mr. Greyton had the manner of a regular duke. That was what got my goat.

For you see, up to the time the Greytons commenced overrunning our lot I thought I had a lot of class. Some dog I put on, and the very minute I come in contact with them people I seen that I had been bulling myself. I was inferior in social manners, and in my heart I realized it. I had for a moment supposed that because I was a star I was on the topside of things, but now I seen I was wrong. There was in pictures a social layer that I hadn't even touched as yet—a class which spoke like Boston, dressed like New York and lived like Philadelphia. The women, like Trixie and some other prominent stars I had seen, wore only a little powder and no other make-up when off the lot; they spoke quiet and seldom; their cars was conservative and no snap to them, but only a sort of appearance that made my big white boat all wrong somehow. What these folks did outside of playing golf and riding horseback, and maybe running a ranch back in the valley somewheres, I didn't know. I was missing something, I wasn't sure just what, but only that it was the real big-time performance and that it was going on behind closed doors. I might be a star, but I needed a lot of polishing up before I could shine properly among the gang the Greytons played with.

Of course I got a certain line on what to do, just from hearing the Greytons talk. They, and even some of the big stars, read books and everything. Well, I could do that, and play golf, as well, if that would help on my refinement. So I got me a coupla books and a golf suit of black and white checks with knickers, and a set of clubs in a real genuine cowhide bag. But owning that cowhide was the nearest I come to any browsing on the green grass for a while, on account of working so hard.

One thing that the big eggs was doing I could do, and that was to take a little of the course in diction that a young Harvard College boy was giving. He come to my Spanish Fandango one evening a week, and fed me the English language. It seems all the rich hams who had graduated to a butler and other high-class discomforts of refined living was also taking these lessons from him under the name of dramatic expression, while what he was really doing was learning them to talk straight. But after two weeks I graduated of my own accord, and paid him for the course in full.

"I tell you what, buddy," I says to him, "I guess I have now learned enough accent to get me by during an introduction or a interview, or to enable me to floor any fresh female I may happen to run into, and that is all I need. Some day when I am less busy I may again try to pry off enough of a cure to keep me from having a relapse, but just now I got my art to think about."

You see I knew that I would get to the top more on my work than anything else, and it was a healthy thing for me to realize in time I was not actually there yet by any means. And believe me, although climb as you may, there is always a higher place beyond, to any true artist. Meanwhile the Greytons continued to get my angora.

As I have mentioned, I and he had different ideas about the picture. There was a young boy's part in it that had some good sequences, and I couldn't see why they should not be turned over to me. But it seems Mr. Greyton could see several million reasons why not, without even looking. Finally I went to Nicky about it, and Nicky just threw his hands in the air the very minute I started my line of argument.

"Authors!" he roared like a lion. "Don't talk to me about authors! What does he know about a screen version of his story? Nothing, absolutely nothing! But can you make him believe that? I should say not! I've bought this story, and I'll do what I damn please with it!"

"So you think I'm right, don't you, Nicky?" I says.

"Of course you are right!" he says. "What we are doing is putting a little pep and punch into his script. We've even had to change the plot. Say, the only plot that chap has is in the cemetery! And yet he yaps around here all day about 'my story, my beautiful story.' By heaven, when he sees this picture finished he won't know he had anything to do with it. He won't even recognize it! And if we made it like his stuff the theater would be empty before the end of the second reel!"

"What can you do about it, Nicky?" I says. "Can't you chain him up or something? He's got us worried nearly to death sticking around the set all the time."

"Don't tell me!" says Nicky. "I've noticed that quite plainly."

He got thoughtful for a moment, scratching his curls in that funny way he had.

"I've got it!" he says at last. "I'll give him an office! One with a desk in it and a big chair. Then he'll think he has to stay there or lose his dignity, and he can sit in it from now to Kingdom Come, keeping the furniture from running away, and otherwise elevating the motion pictures. That'll cage him!"

And Mr. Author Greyton fell for it, too, just like Nicky had predicted. We gave him a little room in one of the main buildings, hitched a typewriter in it, a roll-top desk, and a roll-back chair, and pretty nearly any time we passed the window we could see the author inside, using his desk for all it was worth. By which I mean to say his feet was on it, and he would be hard at work reading the sporting page of some newspaper. But it kept him off the lot.

Well, struggling with authors and other trials, we still managed to get in considerable work, making a million-dollar production for less than three hundred thousand dollars, or so it seemed around the fourth week. We was all rejoicing at how good things looked. Taking things by and large, they was about as large as anybody could desire. And then, like a delicious dessert at the end of a grand meal, I woke up one morning like Lord Byron, to find my picture plastered all over Los Angeles and neighborhood. The Mischief Maker was to have its California opening at Greatman's, and in spite of all mention to the contrary my name was on the sheets. The paper read like this:

THE MISCHIEF MAKER
FEATURING
TRIXIE TRUEMAN, GREGORY STRICKLAND
BONNIE DELANE
AND
THE FAMOUS SILVERCROWN COLLIE
FLUFF

And there was me in every poster. And these posters sure was original, for the main one showed me with tangled curls and the bucket of suds, not beer but the kind that goes down the sink; my floor mop, my solemn admiring face turned sort of worshiping on Trixie in her grand furs, and Stricky standing by, slapping his riding breeches with a riding whip.

I saw the first one when mommer asked me early in the morning would I please run down to the nearest market and get some butter for breakfast she had forgot it? And I had not wanted to go, but got out the bus and went because mommer had a way of being obeyed. And when I parked on Hollywood Boulevard there was a board fence next to the market, and here this fence was absolutely covered with me! Well how long I stayed parked there,

(Continued on Page 81)

DU PONT

Into your home He has brought a wealth of Comforts!

WHEN you reach the close of this paragraph, stop reading for a minute . . . . examine the room you are sitting in, its furnishings and fittings . . . . then with that picture in your mind, try to imagine the same room in your great-grandfather's day . . . . *(stop here . . . . and look . . . . and think!)*

. . . . . quite a difference, wasn't there, in the two rooms? In yours are comforts and conveniences that your great-grandfather never even wished for . . . . they were unthought of in his day.

Commonplaces they are in your eyes, but in your great-grandfather's eyes . . . . miracles! Yet this wonderful change in life has come only in this past century . . . . the century that has seen the Chemical Engineer take his rightful place in the world's industries. For it is he who, more than any other, has wrought this difference in the surroundings of life and brought into your home a wealth of comforts.

* * *

THE contributions of the Chemical Engineers of the du Pont Company to the comforts and conveniences of today's life are a source of no little pride to us.

The du Pont Company has from its very beginning been building upon the foundation of chemistry and has always been one of the country's large employers of chemists. When the invention of dynamite and the appearance of other high explosives began to call for increasingly higher types of chemists, for men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry, it was but natural that the du Pont Company's leadership brought together one of the finest chemical staffs in America.

And also it was natural for this chemical staff, in its researches seeking to improve du Pont explosives, to come upon other uses for the materials they worked with, and so in time came a series of du Pont products seemingly unrelated to explosives.

Thus came improved Pyralin for toiletware and many other articles—better Fabrikoid for the upholstery of fine furniture, for luggage, binding books and scores of other uses. These are examples of the way in which du Pont Chemical Engineers have adapted different products for your use from similar basic materials.

Thus came a complete line of paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers for the decoration and preservation of the country's homes, cars, furniture, etc. Thus arose, too, the manufacture of dyes, which are based upon the same materials that explosives are based upon, and thus also came many chemicals that America's industries must have.

* * *

ON all of these products, so varied in usefulness, you find the du Pont Oval as a guarantee of excellence and as a sign that they come to you through the aid of du Pont Chemical Engineers.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

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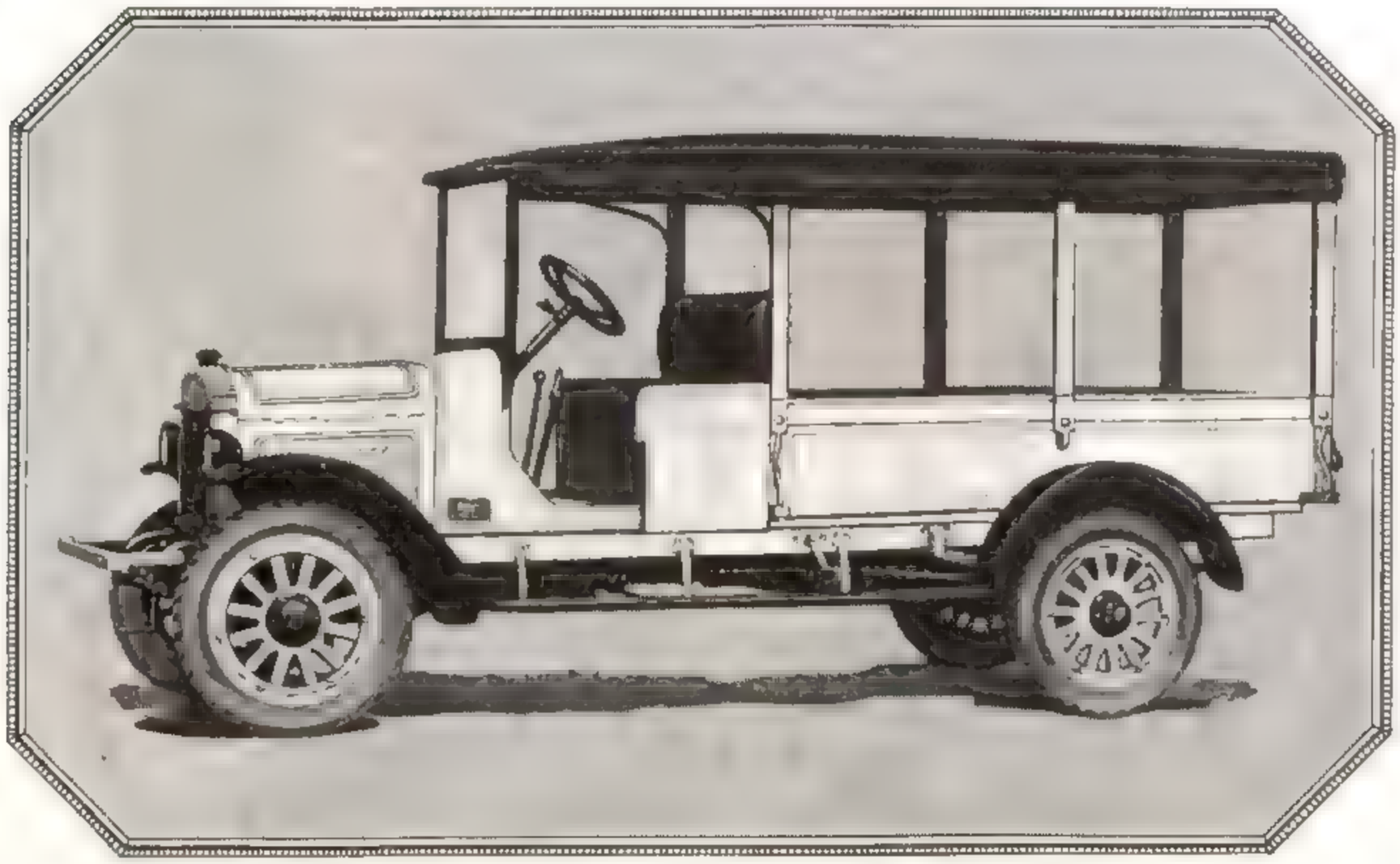
MOTOR TRUCKS



The Utility Wagon—Loads up to 2500 lbs. A speed truck built entirely of truck parts, which offers greatest value in its field. Chassis price $1245. Bodies suitable for all truck needs.

Cost $200 to $600 Less

Low operation and maintenance cost are as distinctive in the Stewart as is the saving in purchase price.

There is a Stewart for every trucking requirement, and because Stewarts so uniformly give the most satisfactory service their number constantly grows with large fleet owners. Some firms operate as many as fifty. More than 200 industries use Stewarts.

They are in use in 41 different countries. Their reputation is world wide. Thousands are in daily use in all kinds of businesses and on farms.

The first Stewart went into service in 1912. After ten years of service it is still in duty.

Tell us your trucking requirement and we will send free reports of Stewart users, showing they saved from $200 to $600 in first cost and are getting constant service at minimum cost for operation and maintenance.

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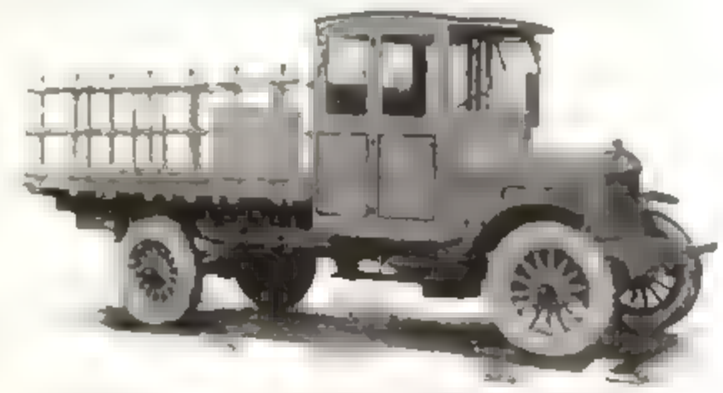

1¼ to 1½ ton. Equipped with a stake body offers quality found in trucks costing much more. Chassis price $1445

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2½ to 3 ton—with special tank. Compare this quality product with any like priced job. Note its superior quality. Price $2390

3½ to 4 ton. Equipped with dump body. An ideal job for the coal trade. Has a price advantage over trucks of equal quality. Price $3190

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 78)

heaven only knows, but it's a wonder a cop didn't get after me. I just sat and looked at myself and looked and looked. Anybody would of thought they was no mirrors at home. And no regular art gallery ever gave me the kick that open-air Hollywood one did.

Of course I even then knew them posters was not real art, because I had seen postals of the Sistine Madonna and the Broken Pitcher and Rheims Cathedral and so forth, pop having carried quite a line of them at Christmas time. And besides, these posters was interesting, which of course let them out of the art class. But art or none, sweet daddy, they looked good to me!

Well, I rushed right home when I come out of my trance, but without the butter.

"Mommer!" I shouted. "I'm going to be at Greatman's, and they got me featured!"

Well mommer come out of the electric kitchen, which we had done perfect in the Late Los Angelean period because mommer refused to stand for anything antique in that direction; well she come out of it with a bungalow apron on over her rich street clothes, and her cap over her perfectly waved hair, her face all glad and excited over my news.

"My Lord, ain't that grand!" she says. "Bonnie dearie, we will of course have to give a big theater party the opening night!"

Well, mommer knew the correct social ropes, so I not in the least reluctantly consented, and we sure did have some party! Nicky asked the crowd over to his bungalow at six o'clock for sandwiches and cocktails, because it is really better form to see the first show, which starts at seven, and eat afterwards.

There was Stricky and mommer and me and Bert and several others especially interested, including Mr. and Mrs. Greyton, all of us of course in full evening clothes and all our jewels. And when a little later we stood in line out on the sidewalk while Nicky bought a couple of yards of tickets I sure was proud of our appearance. And once inside, in our lounge, I kept on being proud, for even in that magnificent-looking bunch of people we stood out.

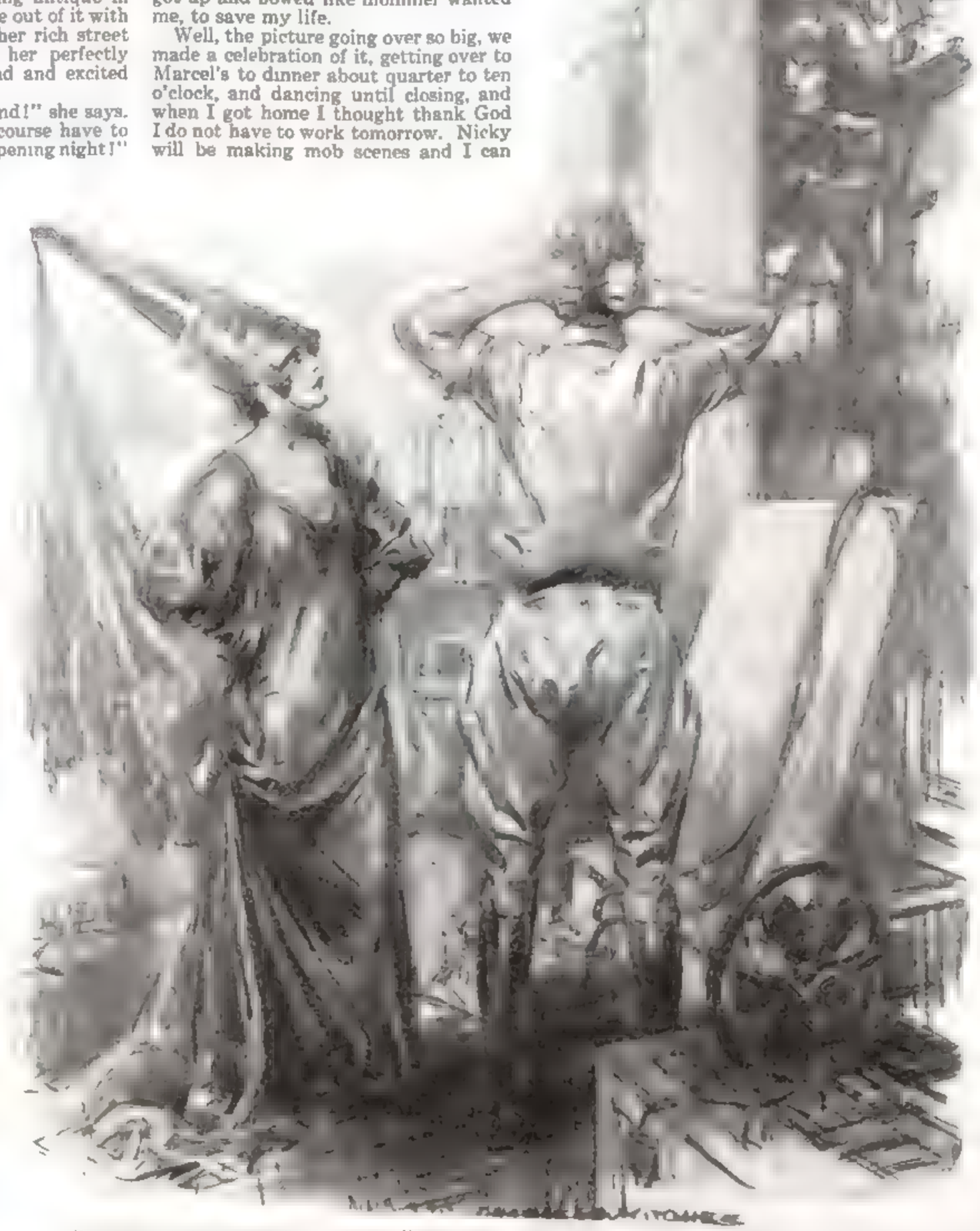
They say that in the old days the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on an opening night had the finest display of jewelry and dresses of any place in the country. Now of course the opening night of a big feature fillum has that out-of-date opera stuff backed off the map. Picture people have jewels that really amount to something, and of course dressing is with them a part of their profession. I felt sure that there had never been anything like the display at Greatman's, pulled off at the little old Metropolitan. And when I asked Mr. Greyton if that was the case, he says why certainly there was never anything like it at any opera he ever saw.

Well sweet daddy, here I was not alone sitting in at one of the big social features, but featured at it! Pretty poor, I'll say not! And the picture went over big, those in the audience clapping when their friends showed on the screen, the same as the first entrance in a speaking theater, but in as intimate a tone as the home folks greeting friend daughter's appearance on a Stonewall Dramatic Club night. I hardly knew where I was, it was like a dream or something with Bert sitting one side of me, his glasses falling off his nose and saying "Immense! Immense!" just like the old days except for perfect evening clothes, and on my other side Mr. Greyton murmuring some polite dope once in a while. And then during the intermission I caught sight of Mr. Silvercrown himself in a loge across the way.

He had Trixie and Anita with him and a couple of johns, and for a minute I didn't know would he bow or not. But he did, and not alone bowed but waved and smiled as well. Not so Trixie, but what could a person expect? I was all set for her to look the other way, because every time I had telephoned her lately she had been out, even when she answered the phone herself.

How Benny Silvercrown would act had been doubtful up to then. Not that he especially cared about me, or so I then supposed, but everybody was talking of how hard he had taken Nickolls' leaving him, so I thought maybe I would be in very wrong, too, on account of being with Nicky. But evidently I was on bowing terms, and so I bowed and smiled back, and folks in the audience looked, and some recognized me and there was actually a little clapping, but I couldn't of got up and bowed like mommer wanted me, to save my life.

Well, the picture going over so big, we made a celebration of it, getting over to Marcel's to dinner about quarter to ten o'clock, and dancing until closing, and when I got home I thought thank God I do not have to work tomorrow. Nicky will be making mob scenes and I can sleep, and so fell into bed to dream, but never dreaming of what would happen next day.



"Authors!" He Roared Like a Lion. "Don't Talk to Me About Authors! What Does He Know About a Screen Version of His Story?"

When I woke up it was early afternoon, and mommer was standing by me with a cup of coffee and a bran biscuit, which hearty meal was all she ever let me have for breakfast.

"Sorry I had to wake you up, Bonnie dear," she says. "Sleep is so good for your face. But Mr. Silvercrown telephoned he was running out to see you on important private business, and I think you better get up!"

"Benny Silvercrown coming here!" I says. "What can he want!"

"I dunno!" says mommer. "But leave him come! They say you'd better be off with the old love before you're on with the new, but I always say, suppose you get off with the old, and then the new love don't come across?"

"Oh, mommer, how you talk!" I says. "I am going to stay with Nicky forever!"

But I scrambled out of the hay mighty pronto, just the same, and was barely ready by the time Big Ben parked his queer-looking foreign boat against our curb, and Benny, who was alone, jazzed our antique knocker.

"Mrs. Delane, I want to talk to Miss McFadden alone, if you please," he says as he come in.

"Oh, very well!" says mommer. "I am sure my daugh-ter —— Well, if you will just excuse me, please, I got something to attend to upstairs!" And that is the nearest to floored I ever seen mommer. The minute the door was shut on her Benny come down to brass tacks. I could see he was dead serious.

"Look here Miss—Delane!" he says. "How long are you tied up to Nickolls for?"

"Three pictures," I says.

"Too many!" says he. "Break your contract and come back to us. I'll give you double whatever he's paying you!"

Well, for a minute I thought he was cuckoo or something. But Benny Silvercrown was the least cuckoo man in Hollywood, anybody knew that. His eyes was like steel gimlets, and I felt as if he could see my backbone. It sort of had me stopped, and for a minute I couldn't speak. Not so Benny.

"Look here, Miss Bonnie, I am a man of few words," he says. "I want you back. I'll pay to get you. The Mischief Maker will clean up a couple of million or I don't know this business. Silvercrown Productions made that picture and made you. It is your duty to come back."

Well, that last brought me down to earth and I found my voice.

"No, Mr. Silvercrown, you did not make that picture," I says. "John Austin Nickolls made it, and you know he did. You fought him while he was shooting it too. You held him up on the money end, you didn't believe in it, and you said so, real free. The picture made me, all right, but it was Nicky made the picture and I'd never of been on the screen if it hadn't been for him, and I'll stick to him, you bet I will!"

"So I didn't make that picture—eh?" says Silvercrown, never moving his sharp eyes from me.

"No!" I says hotly. "You peddled somebody else's brains, that's all!"

Silvercrown got up and took his hat. Then he come and stood close to me.

"You are a good girl, Bonnie," he says, "but you're a fool. However, I will take you back any time. As for Nickolls ——" And when he says Nickolls, Gee how his map did change!

"Nickolls!" he shouted, all the rage that had evidently been slowly cooking for weeks bursting out of him. "I'll break the idiot! I made that feller, I tell you. Took him when he was a mere nothing, a young kid starving around town, glad to be assistant camera man at fifty a week! I trained him and saw he was a genius, gave him publicity, a big name—everything! And now look what he done to me. You watch out, and when the smash comes you'll be glad to jump from under, and jump my way!"

"We can't fail!" I says. "This picture we are making is a great picture. It'll go over big. You can't stop it from succeeding, Mr. Silvercrown!"

"Can't I stop it, though!" says he, still furious.

And with them words he beat it out, slamming the door behind him, and for a few minutes I listened to the roar of the big foreign car as it rumbled off down the street. I was actually shaking with excitement and rage, and I guess maybe I was a little hysterical, too, for I got the cuckoo idea that Big Ben really meant what he had said about Nickolls. By instinct I went over to the old dresser where I kept Nickolls' gun. I pulled open the drawer. The gun was not there.

For a moment I thought I must of put it some place else, and then I remembered clearly how I had put it back last night my own self. Adele hadn't moved it, that was sure, she was too scared of the blame thing. There was only one other person knew I had it, and where I kept it. And as I stood leaning on the empty drawer and wondering, mommer's voice preceded her down the stairs.

"Is Mr. Silvercrown gone?" she called. "Say, Bonnie, I forgot to tell you. While you was asleep this morning Stricky come over and ate breakfast with me. My! Won't he be surprised when he hears how Silvercrown was here!"

x

I SUPPOSE it is the ambition of pretty near every honest working girl to have moving-picture magnates fighting over her; and to be in the position where she can spurn the gold of any producer is enough to turn the head of a marble statue.

(Continued on Page 84)

On which side will you stop?

THE OLD, OLD QUESTION of Good or Bad—Right or Wrong—Certainty or Doubt—comes up every time you stop to buy lubricating oil.

Here are two common ways to ask for oil.

"GIVE ME A QUART OF OIL" *but remember:*

1 9 out of 10 lubricating oils are mere by-products of crude oil resulting from the manufacture of gasoline.

2 "Oils" vary widely in quality, character, and body. Of 2[illegible] "quarts of oil" bought at random no two may be alike.

3 A given oil may be called "Light" by one dealer and "Medium" by another. "Light", "medium", and "heavy" are uncertain terms at best.

4 "Quarts of oil" are often cheap products sold at quality prices. Thousands of gallons of inferior oil are sold at the same price as Gargoyle Mobiloil.

5 At least 50% of all engine troubles are brought on by incorrect lubrication. Unsuitable "oil" causes poor compression—wastes gasoline—invites wear and noise—encourages excessive carbon formation.

"GIVE ME A CAN OF GARGOYLE MOBILOIL" *because:*

1 Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured by lubrication specialists from crude oils chosen for their lubricating qualities without regard to their yield of gasoline. A vital difference.

2 The absolute uniformity of Gargoyle Mobiloil is maintained by painstaking manufacture and some 30 separate tests of each batch.

3 The body of each grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil is strictly fixed. Each grade is scientifically correct for the cars for which it is recommended.

4 In Gargoyle Mobiloil you get the very highest quality oil at a fair price.

5 Gargoyle Mobiloil minimizes repair bills. When used according to the Chart you can count upon full compression—full mileage from gasoline—less wear and noise—and the greatest obtainable freedom from carbon.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

There is only one profitable thing to do with a bad habit.
Replace it with a good one!
Buy Gargoyle Mobiloil!

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Chart of Recommendations
(Abbreviated Edition)
The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.
How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic
Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be encountered.
This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.
Have a copy of this chart make this chart your guide
Makes of Engines
(Recommendations shown separately for convenience)
Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "D" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart, available at all dealers.
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide
Domestic Branches: New York (Main Office) Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh Indianapolis Minneapolis Rochester Buffalo Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$5. $6. $7. & $8. SHOES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED BY MORE THAN 40 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices. W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values.

BOYS' SHOES $4.00 & $4.50

BEST IN QUALITY
BEST IN STYLE
BEST ALL AROUND
SHOES FOR BOYS

W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE AT THE FACTORY
W.L. DOUGLAS $5 SHOE
THE STAMPED PRICE IS YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

Catalog Free

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

$2.00 retail

Heat Wherever There's a Socket.

Ten seconds after you start the electric current through the

Liberty HOT PLATE

You have steady, clean, dependable heat always ready in kitchen or garage for travelers; 150,000 in use. 7" in diameter 3¼" high. 38" of coiled heating element mounted on thick asbestos pad, 6 feet durable cord.

All metal parts beautifully nickeled over copper plating

If your dealer can't supply you, send $2.50 ... west of Rockies $3.00 in Canada

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Electrical Division
8545 Carnegie Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Dealers and Distributors write for proposition

HARMER'S CEYLON TEA

Seldom, if ever, will you find the delicate flavor, the natural fragrance, the smoothness you enjoy in Harmer's tea. This is real Ceylon—choicest young leaves and shoots from plants growing high in the Namunukulkande mountain region. Its one tea brews over 600 cups per pound. Fresh daily, imported and sent direct to consumers in this tea $1.20 a lb. Tea Tin $.25 prepaid anywhere

HORACE P. HARMER, Importer 761 Clackamas St. Portland, Ore.

(Continued from Page 81)

"But when I was Helen Murrell's mother," says mommer, talking my position over, "I used to try and keep her head down to normal so's she could buy her hats standard misses' size. They say pride comes before a fall, but I always say not unless you are a fall-guy in the first place. Bonnie dearie, keep your heart humble!"

Well, of course I loved mommer and all that. In fact I loved her so nearly like I would a real mother that I didn't pay the attention to her good advice I might of. I had by now got so used to her that she was a part of the family, so to speak, so naturally what she said to me was for the most part like rolling stones off a duck's back or something, what with things coming my way like they were. I don't mean Silvercrown alone either, but presents, attentions and so forth, although of course Big Benny's offer was the subject of considerable conversation with us for a while.

"Bonnie, little Bonnie, I suppose some day I shall lose you!" says Nickolls, half laughing, half in earnest, when I had told him about it.

"Lose me?" I says. "How do you get that way? Not for any reason on earth! Say, Nicky, I'm nervous about Big Benny, though. He wouldn't actually try to hurt you, would he?"

"Benny?" says Nickolls, shaking his lion's head and roaring with laughter. "Say! That bird wouldn't strike a flea for fear of scratching his diamond rings on it!"

Well, that idea comforted me a lot and as time went along and nothing happened, why I kind of forgot just how rough my interview with Silvercrown had been. Every day brought the Cinderella picture nearer its finish, and on the side I was swamped by all these invitations I am telling you about, including even one to dinner at the Greytons', which was a dry affair, more ways than one, and they actually played charades after. A person might as well of been back home in Stonewall!

Of all the presents which perfect strangers commenced sending me for as a rule advertising purposes, but mutually so, the one which give me the biggest kick was not a case of homemade hooch of which Axel was the proud author, but a flock of real estate that was wished on me by a hot A-1 livewire real-estate development company. The goof which had this bright idea of giving me it had a mind trimmed with saxophones, a suit you could of played several kinds of games on, and other outward and visible signs of pep and enterprise. But there was nothing to laugh at in the deed he brought me.

The day he packed it around we was all seated at the luncheon table in my dressing-room bungalow over to the studio—Bert, mommer, Trixie, who was now suddenly speaking to me again since I was out of Silvercrown for good and all, Axel, who had a heavy part in our picture, for he was driving the coach which dissolved into a pumpkin and back again, and we had a trained white rat doubling for him in the pumpkin footage. Well anyways, Axel was there, Stricky, of course, and one or two others, all crowded around the two-by-four table, having the usual picture actor's menu of cigarettes, black coffee and lettuce salad without oil, when in comes this bird Al Something and says the Arroyo del Rey Real Estate Company was opening up a new high-class residence district and with their compliments presented me with a lot in it. It seemed this development was out on the Someplace, and was certainly fast-growing because it already had one house and a real-estate office on it, which only left a thousand acres to be sold into hundred-foot lots, or bigger.

Well at first of course we all thought this bird Al must be kidding, because out in Southern California a development of that or any other kind is liable to become a thriving city by the same month next year, and a piece of property in one is a real sure-enough present, no fooling! But no, he meant it, and the gift was not a ordinary lot, but a five-acre ranch with a house on it.

"It's a cute little Mission-style two-room bungalow, Miss Delane," says this Al, "with old vines on it, and real old trees—must be eight or ten years old, some of those trees. And there is a fine little olive orchard planted to the one side of the house!"

"Good land!" says mommer, seizing the deed to this property and smelling of it, and she come pretty near biting it, even, to make sure it was real. "What on earth does Bonnie have to do to get this, dear Mr. Al? My little daughter is so young—only sixteen—that I prefer to do all the talking for her!"

"She doesn't have to do a thing, not one thing, for it, Mrs. Delane," says this bird, which his name ought to of been Ernest. "The only idea is this: We would like to use her name as being the first one to buy out there, and the privilege to print her picture, see? And say that she intends to work the ranch herself, see? And allow us to get some pictures of her doing it, picking the fruit or something, see?"

"Say," says Rolfie, who was there too—"say, we could play that up fine, Bonnie. It's a new publicity line for us as well. You in overalls. Great stuff!"

"Immense, simply immense!" says Bert. "I will make some wonderful stills of her plucking her crops of olives. Immense!"

"Oh, dear, but when you get through taking those stills, which it's the truth you could make them better right here on the lot," says I, affecting languor, "what'll I do with the blame place, outside of paying taxes on it?"

"Now you hush, Bonnie dearie," says mommer hastily. "You never can tell but that a little place like that may come in handy. Obey your mommer now, and take the deed."

So I reluctantly took it and then this Al, he took his hat and his departure, and a lucky thing for me, too, because even a talented actress like myself can only register an expression for just about so long, and I had pretty near run out of boredom before I finally reached for the papers and he for his Kelly. And then sweet daddy, but I'll say we held some celebration when his back was turned, and shook hands with ourselves generally, especially Stricky, who kept telling me he had always known I would make good and so forth.

But it wasn't until a week later when we was through working, for the picture was finished and Nickolls was by then doing the final titling, that Stricky says to me he would drive me out and we would go and see my new property.

Ain't it a strange thing the way a perfect day comes to a person every once in a while for no particular reason, but is just a gift out of a clear heaven, so to speak? Often a person will get such a day when they least deserve it, and always when they least expect it. Sometimes I think God deliberately gives folks hours like that to keep them going. Not that I was having a hard life, or that I needed dispensations, but you get me. Fine as things was with me, there is always a fly in anybody's ointment, even if they have put it there themselves, and my fly was that I was not sure of Stricky's love for me.

I never felt like I had him cinched, on account of him passing by all mention of getting married, and so forth. And this uncertain feeling often made me unhappy, especially if I woke up and thought of it in the night.

But this day when Stricky drove me out in my car to the Arroyo del Rey Development, I did feel sure of him. Not that he proposed, but I just felt confident and serene. He was kind and sweet and acted awfully devoted, the day itself was extra fine even for California, the road a good one the whole ways, and we had one of them feathery, golden times as per see above. Even the property, when we at last got there, was a pleasant surprise.

The land had once been a big failure of a ranch. I guess it was located too near the water, or something, but anyways, the only trees that was any good were those around my house, which was as yet the only house there and it had evidently been the one the rancher failed in. It was sort of a failure itself, too, but it give me a grand feeling to own it, even after I had eat a ripe olive off the tree which is a mistake to do, for strangely enough they do not get the very necessary pickling until after they are removed from their native branches.

Well, after we had looked thorough at the house and the view, which view included the brand-new Spanish-type real-estate office on the main four corners, why we climbed back into the bus and Stricky took me down to Riverside to a wonderful open-air hotel which was kept by a sort of Dago, I guess. At least I know Stricky says we was served by Al Fresco or something, but it was good eating, and we come back home after taking our time, kidding, laughing, and so on, and I floating on air generally, perfectly gloriously happy when I reached the house and was seized upon by mommer.

"Good land, child," says she, "do you realize that this is Saturday night, and you are giving a dinner at the Ambassador? When do you think you are going to dress?"

"Right now!" I says, nearly knocked cuckoo, because I had entirely forgotten this party! And I was not alone giving it, but it was my first real important one, and Stricky had talked me into trying it as a celebration of the Cinderella picture being done.

"Say listen!" says Stricky, on our front step. "Do you mind if I don't call for you, but meet you at the hotel instead?"

"Why no!" says I. "It would be better, maybe. The table is in mommer's name. See you at 7:30."

"All right, so long!" says he. And I watched him swing away down the street, flecking his cane in that snappy way of his, my heart fairly following along after him, and mommer unable to drag me in while he remained in sight. If I had known what was to happen a few short hours later, would I have felt like that? Sweet daddy, I would not say so!

Well, as I am telling you, the first Nickolls superproduction, Alias Cinderella, was now all made, and it was a bear. The photography was something grand, for Joe, our camera man, knew all his work, and beside, Nicky had made him use one of these angora lenses that make everything long-haired-looking. It was the very latest in art-photography, without a doubt. The building had all been a success, especially our million-dollar collapsible medieval castle set, which had actually cost three thousand dollars in money but good taste had raised the value like I said. The costumes was wonderful, and the direction the best that Nicky had done as yet, which all the trade admitted was going some.

When it come to the acting, why it is difficult for me to say anything on account of how I do despise a star which thinks they are the whole cheese and takes all the credit. So I will merely pass along the remarks of others, which were universally to the effect that fine as the pictures was, it would of been nothing without me.

Everybody on our corner of the Brunton lot was perfectly contented with the result of our first effort, as were also all friends and relations and outsiders who had been sneaked in against the rules to see it. It was a haymaker, without a doubt, and there was no nervousness about whether the distributors would take it or not. All that remained was to show it to them, watch 'em drop dead, and when they recovered, accept their check and commence work on the next story.

Well this being how things were, why naturally it seemed a good time for me to burst upon society with my initiation blow-out as you might call it, and so I had invited all who had been good to me, but for Hollywood it was not such a mixed crowd, at that.

When I and mommer entered the gay coconut room in plenty of time to receive our guests, it sure was some sight to behold. I was in the most wonderful mood and also a quiet little dress of peach-colored spangles and a green ostrich fan, very girlish and modest, while mommer wore gray satin.

Well didn't I just hate having the head captain bow me to my prominent table and all? I sure got a big kick out of it, even although the eats was going to be ten a cover. And pretty soon our guests commenced arriving, and other people also, and when I looked around I thought, well Wallace Reid may be at the next table and Chaplin just beyond, but I'm not so poor off myself, and closer to the dancing floor, at that! Also I had with me the Greytons, and Jack Blum and his Leghorn, and both of the Truemans, Slim Rolf and Bert of course, and that Barred Rock chicken friend of Blum's for Axel. I had also invited Major McGee that used to bawl me out about my make-up when I was a mere extra, and didn't I rub that in, just! Sweet daddy! Very refined, I was, of course, but quite unmistakable.

Besides these real distinguished-looking guests of mine there was yet to come two which was the most important to me, the great John Austin Nickolls himself, and my Stricky, who was scheduled to pack in the cocktails. Their vacant chairs made the whole table look empty to my eyes, and as the long minutes slipped by without them showing, the evening commenced to go sour for me. Maybe you know the feeling I had, talking to the ones at the table, laughing like a automat, and craning my neck and eyes both towards the door all

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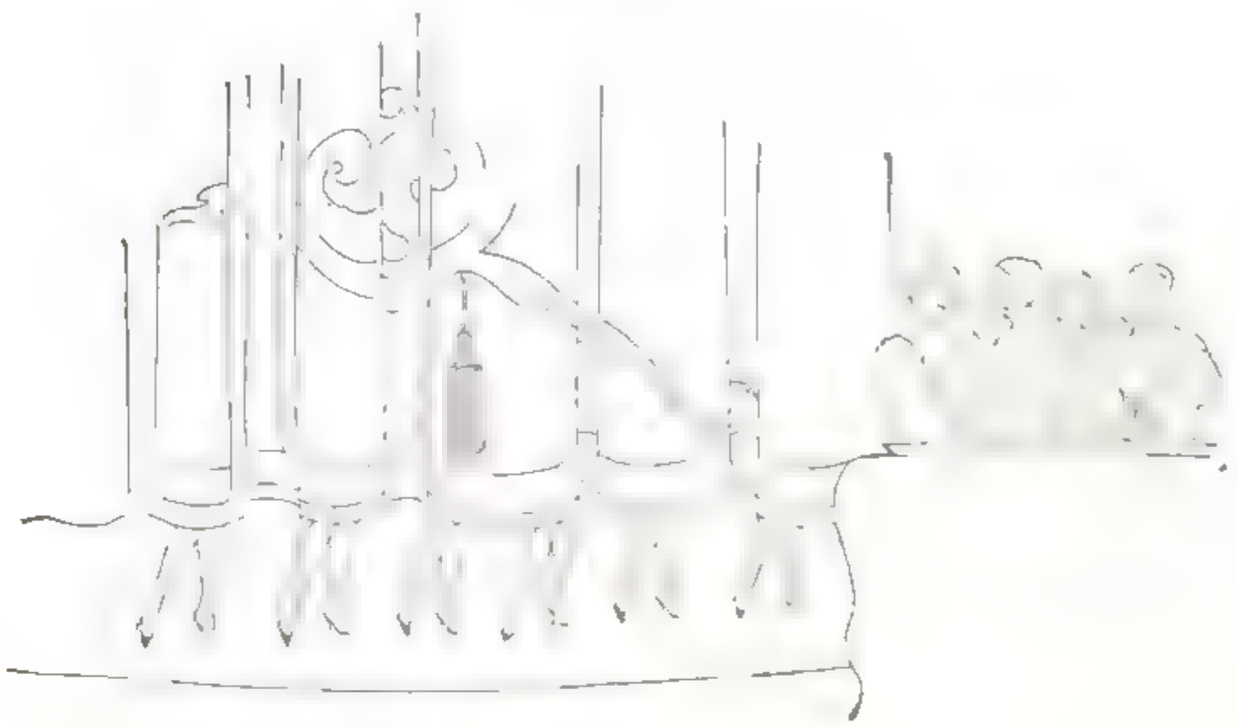
SPEAKING OF ANKLES

BY Natalie Norris



ALTHOUGH history saith naught on the subject, it is a safe surmise that Marc Antony, not being unobservant of maidenly charms, was first attracted to the fair daughter of the Ptolemies by a fleeting glimpse of her shapely ankles. Even in those days, centuries before Ziegfeld, the Egyptian ladies who topped the society columns in the daily Papyrus must have known the lure of lovely tarsi.

It is an open secret, of course, today. One goes to the Follies quite as much to marvel at the ensemble of trim and nimble ankles as to hear the syncopated ballads which Gallagher and Shean render so expertly.

On the sidewalks of the city, up-and-down Main Street, where'er milady walks, eyes pay constant tribute to the slender, graceful ankle. If one is so fortunate as to boast a well-modeled pair she can accentuate their beauty by carefully chosen stockings and should *never, never!* mar their gentle curving by crooked, ungainly seams. And, even if one's ankles are not quite perfection, one may still make amends by avoiding crooked seams, wearing Burson stockings, which fit perfectly and have no seams whatever to annoy the eye.

For who of you has failed to observe the fact that a stocking seam seldom runs straight up the back of the stocking? It is easily verified if you still doubt this statement. Just notice next time you are walking on a busy street. No matter how impeccably dressed *madame* or *mademoiselle* may be otherwise, the wind will whip skirts, and wind-whipped skirts will pull stocking seams awry. There is no help for it but Burson.

Seams, you know, are handed down from the days when they were a necessary expedient to make stockings fit a little better. Burson has done away with the need for seams by perfecting a knitting process that fashions stockings right on the loom, so that they conform perfectly to the natural curves of the leg.

To be sure of getting real fashioned hosiery, I advise you to ask the lady behind the counter for Burson. For ordinary seamless stockings, with just as many needles to the ankle as to the leg, are sometimes made to imitate real fashioned hose by sewing a mock seam up the back. Frequently this is not detected until after the stockings have gone once to the tub, where they promptly lose their pressed-in shape and become shapeless pipes.

Not only are Burson stockings a joy to wear because of their perfect fashioning, but they are extremely comfortable due to the fact that they have no seams to annoy the feet. Furthermore, just that little saving in bulk, because of the absence of the seam, often permits the wearing of a smaller shoe. The men may smile at that, but we all know how important it is.

Next time you are in need of stockings, remember to say Burson to the saleslady. I am sure you will be ever so pleased with your new purchase. And once you have worn them you will never go back to the other kind.

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

SILK · MERCERIZED · LISLE · COTTON
SPORTS SILKS AND HEATHERS

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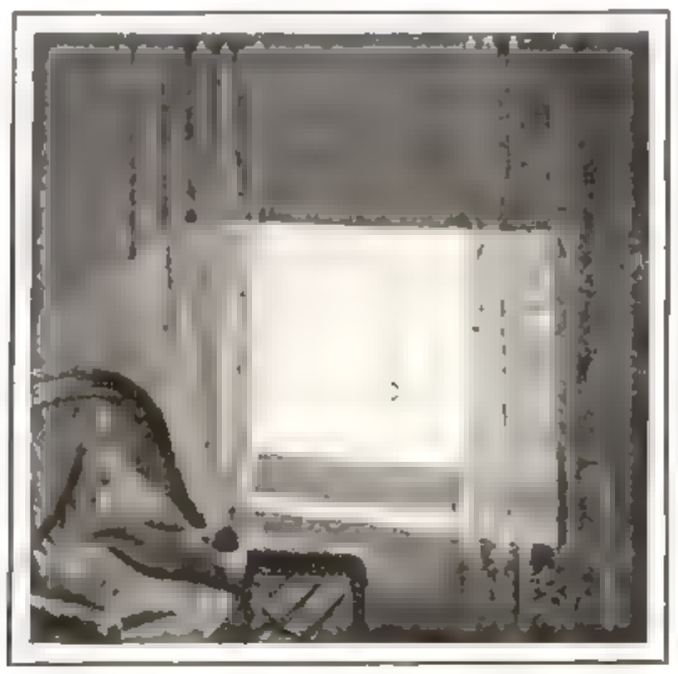

Beauty the sun cannot fade in hand-colored Brenlin

—*the window shade that lasts twice as long*

YOU may be assured that the warm, soft coloring or the restful cool tint that you choose in a Brenlin window shade is permanent. Sun cannot fade it nor water spot it. The rich beauty of Brenlin *lasts*.

Snapping or sucking winds, or the strains of daily usage, cannot mar the fine, linen-like texture of Brenlin. Made without a particle of "filling," it will not crack, wrinkle, or show pinholes.

Every window shade of Brenlin is colored by hand, fashioned carefully by experts for beauty of appearance, long wear, and smooth operation. A window shade of Brenlin is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth; it is perfectly opaque. It will outwear two or three ordinary window shades.

Brenlin will do marvels in enhancing the attractiveness of your home. Especially see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with both the outside and inside of your home—a different color on each side.

Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly with the point of a pin. Then try the same with BRENLIN and see the difference

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"*How to shade and decorate your windows correctly*"—*free*

We have your copy of this readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY, INC., CINCINNATI, OHIO
"The oldest window shade house in America"

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore.
Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE
Brenlin
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

(Continued from Page 84

the while, my heart giving a jump every time a handsome man showed up between the hat-check boys, only to sink again when it turned out to be merely Doug Fairbanks or someone. The waiters served the soup in spite of me who was trying to wait for cocktails, and then, just as I had about decided Stricky was dying of an accident in some hospital, I seen him come in the door.

At the sight a sweet feeling of sudden ease and relief come over me, and then as he approached a cold hand clutched my heart, for Stricky was drunk as a fool, and he had Anita Lauber with him.

Now I had on purpose not asked Anita to my party. I just couldn't, somehow, out of respect to what Mrs. Greyton, who was certainly a perfect lady, might feel. Also somewhat on account of my own self. It is hard to write a crabby thing like that. I don't know what it was, New England or something, but I couldn't help feeling that way, and any intelligent public will understand. I was fond of Anita and would not of gone back on her in any jam she might be in and so forth. But asking her to my party was entirely different and I had not done it.

However, there she was, both she and Strick as wet as a bootlegger with seven-legged boots, and what was I to do? Somehow or other I kept my face, even when Stricky took the place beside me which I had meant for Nickolls, and put Anita next to him.

Sick? Sweet daddy! Terrible thoughts commenced racing through my head, and yet I had to keep smiling! Where had these two been? How come they was together? So this was why Strick had excused himself from escorting me and mommer over to the hotel—he had planned all along to bring her! It was like knives going through me, these thoughts was. I could not eat. I sat there in the middle of the enormous gay room with its lights and music and laughing voices, a regular dumb-bell.

"Say listen!" says Stricky to me in a thick voice. "Ain't you glad to see your old pal? Speak to her, can't you?"

"Hello, Anita," I says over his body, and wishing it was his dead one. "Have you got your stage make-up on, dear?"

"Oh, Bonnie darling, how bad you look tonight!" says she. "Ain't you feeling well, dear? I think it was so sweet of Stricky to insist on me coming to his party."

So that was it! His party! For a minute I felt I couldn't bear it, and I turned to him in a sharp undertone.

"Gregory Strickland, how dared you!" I says.

"Say listen!" says Stricky roughly. "You shut up! You make me sick, Bonnie. I'm through, and if you pull any nonsense about it I'll start something, see?"

He made a swift gesture to his hip and I saw that what he had there was not the conventional flask, but a gun—my gun, or, rather, Nickolls'. Then he turned his shoulder and started talking to Anita in a whisper, swaying. A new, strange, horrible man

For a moment my head kind of swam. If he had actually pulled the gun I could not of been more terrified. I had been morally sure that Stricky had that gun, but not actually. And now it was a positive fact that Stricky was, among other things, a thief.

The fact of his dishonesty was the least of my worries right then, however, because what might he not do with the revolver in a drunken fit? If only I could get it away from him! If only Nicky would show, perhaps he would be able to help, would know what to do. But for some reason Nickolls didn't turn up. Twice I sent the captain out looking for him, but it was no good. He wasn't at his home, either, because I got Bert to phone.

How I ever got through the rest of that horrible evening is a wonder to me yet. I guess a person who is pinned down under a car in a railroad accident must have about the same sensations as I underwent. But I talked and my guests talked and we even laughed, I can't imagine at what! And then at last thank heaven it was time to go home Somebody says come on let us all go over to John's place it is after one and all the other joints will be closed.

But going to John's place would of been one too many for me, so I crocheted a gag about well home was still open and I believed I would go there, so finally I was able to shake the bunch, and mommer and I got in a taxi and started for home.

In the cab I reached blindly for mommer's hand and found it and held it tight, sitting stiff and silent in the dark, my love all turned rancid but my pride and vanity laid open to the raw. Through the thick soft darkness mommer's voice kept bursting out every little while, like lightning.

"The brute!" she says. "The hound! What did I tell you about him, Bonnie dearie? Didn't I always say he was a cheap good-for-nothing ham? And a dirty low-life? I knew it, Bonnie dearie, I just knew it and I always did say so! Now don't you grieve over him, honey, he ain't worth it. You know they say love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence. But I always say if that was so no woman would live to be over sixteen!"

For the first time her voice couldn't touch nor comfort me. I felt transported into a new strange world. Why, everything had been strange all evening! There was me a hostess to top circles of picture people, to begin with. That wasn't normal. Then there was also me on the edge of being a well-known star and already announced as such. That couldn't of been true, either! Or me riding home with a mother of my own to a beautiful home of my own. No, no! Small wonder the thing went and crashed! It all had ought to of been a dream, a beautiful dream too good to last. Yet here I actually was, riding in the taxi with mommer, her strong clasp crushing my diamond ring into my flesh, my expensive dress heavy and soft against my knees, my wrap warm and perfumed about my face and shoulders. Yes, it was real! I was Bonnie Delane, the Nickolls star, going home to my lovely house. The only lie, the only untrue thing was Stricky and his ghastly behavior.

It seemed a thousand years before the taxi reached our district and when at last it did and stopped in front of our place I got

(Continued on Page 89

Hickory Nut Valley, Broad River, North Carolina

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The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder Cream

AFTER all, the greatest discovery about dentifrices is that, beyond cleaning the teeth, there is very little to be said. Scientists have known this for a long time. *Lyonized* teeth —clean, attractive, admired—follow the use of Dr. Lyon's. It cleans thoroughly and safely. It is unmedicated.

Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years

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For Chocolate Deliciousness

Try the ZAY-TEK *Blend in Eatmors*

Say "ZAY-TEK"

When you buy milk chocolate, say "Zay-Tek"—coined from "Aztec," the name of the tribe of Mexican Indians who first understood the use of cocoa. The strength of pure "choco," which made this early people so vigorous, is held for you in every piece of Zay-Tek Milk Chocolate.

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ZAY-TEK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
EATMORS

(Continued from Page 86)

out, still in my sick dream, and stood helplessly beside mommer while she paid the driver off, I staring at the house meanwhile and dimly realizing there was something wrong with it, but not what. Mommer made it clear, however, the very minute she turned her attention towards it.

"My land, Bonnie!" says she. "Did you leave all them lights burning when we come out?"

"Why," says I, stupidly blinking at the place, "I did not! At least I don't remember. But I certainly think they was all turned off!"

Well the house was lighted from parlor to attic. Every window was glowing and in many of them the shades not even pulled down. The porch light was on, too, and for just a moment a person couldn't help but wonder if maybe the place was on fire. But it was just the lights, as we could right away see.

"Do you suppose we been robbed?" I says as we hurried up the path. "And they left them burning?"

"Not a chance!" says mommer, panting along beside me. "Californians are pretty good advertisers, I will admit, but I don't hardly think even Californian burglars would go that far!"

"But who could it be at this hour?" says I. "Oh, mommer, I'm sure something more is wrong!"

"Don't be a nitwit, honey!" says Adele. "Here, let me open the door! Maybe I did leave them lights on, though it ain't like me!"

Well mommer took the key from my hand, but it seemed she didn't need it. For although the door was shut, it opened the minute she give it a touch, and we went in, shaking like a loose-leaf date book or something.

Inside, on our Early Spanish combination hatrack and umbrella stand which I had got to keep my golf sticks in, was a strange hat and coat—a man's. They was thrown down on it any old which-way, and beside them was a bundle done up partly in brown and partially in newspaper, and the fortunately dead butt of a cigar was resting on the newel post of the staircase right at the feet of the Milo Venus I kept there.

"Well!" says mommer. "If it's a burglar he must of concluded we was in Honolulu at the very nearest!"

"It's no burglar, mommer," I says, my heart beating with a queer conviction that something was about to land on my shoulders. And just as I says that a funny sound come from the direction of the parlor.

We stood still as stone looking at each other intensely, and pretty soon it come again. It was a snore; a loud, firm, healthy snore, nothing more nor less; a practiced, customary snore, and there was something familiar about it to me. Right away I come to life and started to investigate, cutting across the hall in not over two jumps, pulling the parlor portières to one side. And there sprawled in one of my blue velvet Spanish chairs, his boots off and on the hearth, his stocking feet crossed peacefully upon my new phonograph lamp, was pop!

"My land!" says Adele's voice in a frightened whisper behind me. "Who ever would of thought it possible a person could sleep in one of them chairs!"

"Sweet daddy!" says I aloud.

At the sound of my voice pop come to, yawning and rousing himself with a shake like a big dog, just in the old way, and also in the old way taking my exclamation to himself as a well-deserved warm welcome.

"Yi-hi!" says he, bringing his feet down off the phonograph with a soft heavy thump. "Yes, Bonnie darlin', 'tis your sweet daddy himself, come all the way from the East to find his little girl!"

"Heavens!" says mommer. "Bonnie Delane, never tell me that is your father!"

"That's the idea I was brought up with," I says briefly. "Although how he's traced me out is more than I can tell you; or how he got into my house, either!"

By this time pop had not alone put down his feet but stood upon them, twitching his baggy trousers down, and running his fingers like a comb through his mop of yellow hair. I had kind of forgotten how handsome pop was, but being reminded of it by suddenly seeing him this way didn't bring any enthusiasm with it, somehow. All I could think of was bad pennies and returnable cats, and so forth, and I begun to feel as mad as anything.

"Sure I got in by picking the lock," says pop, smiling good-naturedly. "A very simple lock ye have, Bonnie darlin', for one that's fitted odd keys to people's trunks a good part of his life. Aren't ye going to give your poor old father a greeting at all?"

"Yes, pop!" I says, going over and letting him kiss me on the cheek but not returning it.

"And who is this handsome lady?" says pop then, one arm around my waist, looking at Adele and smiling his very best.

Adele blushed under it, but looked as pleased as an old fool, and of course I remembered my good manners, stunned as I was, and at once made them acquainted.

"Why this is mommer, pop," I says. And then the minute it was out I just stood there staring like a dumb-bell.

"The hell you say!" says my father, his jaw dropping and for once in his life all the wind taken out of him. Then he recovered himself and a twinkle come into his eye. "Sure and I always was the lucky man!" says he.

"The impudence!" says Adele with a snort, taking offense at once. "Bonnie Delane—I—er—McFadden, I think that if you was going to ask this—this person here, you might at least of told me in advance so's I could move my trunk out of the way!"

"Adele!" I says, leaving pop cold, and running to her in terror. "What are you talking about? I didn't know he was coming any more than the man in the moon! And you will move out of this house over my dead body only! Now for heaven sake, let's sit down, all of us, and find out where we are."

Well we did that, mommer on the settle, but looking far from it; pop slumping right back into the least uncomfortable chair in the room, and myself perched upon the edge of the refractory table, that being the way I felt, and for a minute all we done was to sit glaring at each other like we didn't know who ought to start something, but each of us feeling perfectly willing to be elected. The problem was really mine, however, so I cracked the ice.

"Well, pop!" I says. "Will you please tell me how you come to find out about where was I, and everything?"

"And where would I find that out except by the newspapers?" he demanded.

"But the Delane!" I says. "How did you know beyond that?"

"Well, it's a wise father who knows his own child from a picture in the newspapers," says pop. "But they been full of you, Bonnie darling, and it's proud your old pop has been to point them out. You're a smart girl, Bonnie, and I always said ye had the great talent!"

"Yeh, you proved quite some picker, pop!" says I. "I suppose I might of known the papers would let you on. But how did you get the money to come out, and why in the world did you do it?"

"Hush now, Bonnie!" says pop, very sweet and pathetic. "Sure I got to thinking of you out here all by your lone and you the young and handsome girl that you are, and it worried me, how there would be nobody to advise you about your money and so forth. So I sold the little shop, and here I am, and mighty glad to be here!"

"You sold the shop!" I says. "Why, pop, who would buy it, with all that mortgage on it?"

"Well to tell the truth I didn't sell it exactly," says he. "Bushwell, the old devil, foreclosed on me at last. But I had the laugh on him in the end, for I'd just disposed of the entire contents for two hundred and fifty cash money."

"But, pop!" I says, feeling like I must be in a dream. "How about the big house? Who will look after it for Mr. Sherrill now that you are gone?"

"Why, daughter dear, the house can't run away, can it?" pop asked, kind of mildly indignant as if I was to blame. "It's stood there many a year, and will for many more, I'm thinking. I just turned the key in it, and brought the key along."

"Oh my heaven!" I says with a groan. "I thought you would learn some sense of responsibility if you was left to yourself. And look at you!"

"There now, dearie!" says pop. "I have certainly learned my responsibility. I come to see clear as day how I been neglecting you, and that I should come out and manage your affairs, no matter how much work it involves. What was my little business compared to yours? Tell me that!"

"Your duty was right there at the Sherrill house!" I snapped. "And you know it."

"Why, daughter!" says pop, opening his blue eyes very wide in that way he had, like a hurt child. "Why, daughter, surely you wouldn't have me a janitor, while you was a well-known actress? It would hurt your position!"

"Oh, dear, I suppose it would!" I says helplessly. "Somehow, pop, you always got a answer. But if you think you have come out here to live on me you can make a retake. Nothing doing."

"I was thinking I might go in the moving pictures myself," says pop. "They say a lot of easy money can be picked up in them. And now will you explain who is my charming wife, over there with the frown on her that don't become her pretty face?"

Adele didn't say anything to this, and only moved her shoulder more towards him. But the frown come off, I noticed.

"Pop," says I, "this is the only mother I have ever had. She has done everything in the world for me that six ordinary ones might of, and I love her a lot. A girl has to have a mother out here, and she is mine and nothing will make me give her up. Her name is Mrs. Delane."

"Madame!" says pop, going up to Adele and making her a sweeping bow, "madame, I am proud to meet the beautiful mother of my—of—er—a charming daughter. Considering we have her in common, so to speak, I hope you won't mind our getting acquainted."

"Sit down, do!" says Adele. "And don't be such a clown. There is no camera on us, Mr. McFadden, and you can act natural, unless of course you was born that way."

"No matter what way I was born, dear Mrs. Delane," says pop, "I would gladly try to make meself over to suit your requirements."

"Well!" says Adele. "I must say that never before in all my experience as a mother have I been up against anything like this. They say truth is stranger than fiction, but I always say it might be if you could tell them apart!"

"Now, mommer!" I says, "don't you get excited, dear. I know I should of told you about pop before, but I was kind of trying to let him slip my memory."

"But I am in a real difficult situation!" says mommer unhappily. "I can't stay in this house if he does. I'm not a married woman."

"What!" says pop. "Holy cats!"

"And I'm not going to live here with him," Adele went on, ignoring his remarks. "What will folks say? There's your popper and there's your mommer! A fine mess!"

"I'll say she's right, pop," I admitted sadly. "What'll we do? Before you answer, let me again remark that Adele and me will stay together. And what is further, I don't intend to support you."

"Of course not!" says pop readily. "But how can I get work out here in this strange place where nobody knows me? What do you suggest, Bonnie dear?"

Well, when pop pulled that old familiar line, all I had to do was close my eyes and I could smell the corned beef and cabbage in the basement kitchen of the old Sherrill house back in Stonewall. I had actually to grab hold of my spangled evening dress to make sure it was not my gingham house wrapper. There come over me the old sensation of being merely pop's daughter; a young thing accustomed to minding him, and to taking the raw end of it for him.

Was I to be my own boss or was he to drag me back into childhood in some mysterious, sinister way, and make me his slavey again? That was the big question. Although there wasn't one word spoken on the subject, the battle between the two of us filled the room so that you could almost see it. It was just like our two wills was swelling and straining until we pretty near crowded the very furniture out.

And then all at once I knew I had won. I could feel pop give in, and I was almost sorry, while at the same time immensely glad that I was cut loose from him forever. I was suddenly so completely free of his will that I could really see him now and talk to him—you know—like two human beings instead of two relatives. And he could never catch me again because this was a matter of my generation making its breakaway. I drew a long breath and opened my eyes, which had up to this point been unconsciously shut. I turned to pop and spoke, perfectly at ease.

"I know just what will suit you fine, pop!" says I, smiling. "You wouldn't like working in the pictures. It's awful hard, really. You better ranch it."

"How's that?" says he.

"Well, I have a beautiful little olive ranch up the valley," says I, "and I will give it to you free and clear. There's quite a few bearing trees on it, and the life would be ideal."

"Why, that's so!" says pop enthusiastically. "I always did fancy I'd make a fine landowner. And all you have to do out in this country is sit and watch the fruit grow, they tell me."

"Just that!" says I. "Here—I'll do it now, provided you will promise to move out there and start your ranching by noon tomorrow."

I went over to the Inquisition kitchen-cabinet thing and dug out the deed of the Arroyo del Rey Development property and handed it to pop.

"There!" says I. "I'll make it over to you entire. Now you got a real chance to prove what you are worth."

"Daughter dear!" says pop, taking the deed in one hand and my face in the other. "Sure you're the finest girl a father ever had! I'll make a fortune off them trees, you'll see, and you will never have to work, after, the longest day you live!"

Well, I caught sight of Adele's face behind him, and if she wasn't mugging! And the sentimental look she was registering had ought to of been preserved in a blue plush album with white forget-me-nots painted on it! So I played up to my audience a little, kissed pop, and then we all made for the hay, pop commenting loudly on what a fine house I had, and so forth, as we went the rounds putting out the lights, which he had turned on in order to give it the thorough once-over while waiting for us.

"I think, Bonnie honey," says Adele in a whisper at the door of my room, "that your father is pretty near the finest-looking man I ever seen. So distankay!"

"Yes, he's handsome," I admitted wearily. "If he was as hard-working as he is easy-looking he'd have old John D. borrowing pennies off him."

"Well," says Adele with a sentimental sigh, "I know they say handsome is as handsome does, but I always say, if you have two loaves, sell one, and buy white hyacinths to feed your soul."

With which she kissed me good night and left me to lock myself in my room, all the sorrow in the world rushing back upon me. And as per usual, when I had pulled off a satisfactory cry I got up and took a good look at the picture of Milton Sherrill which was on my mantelpiece.

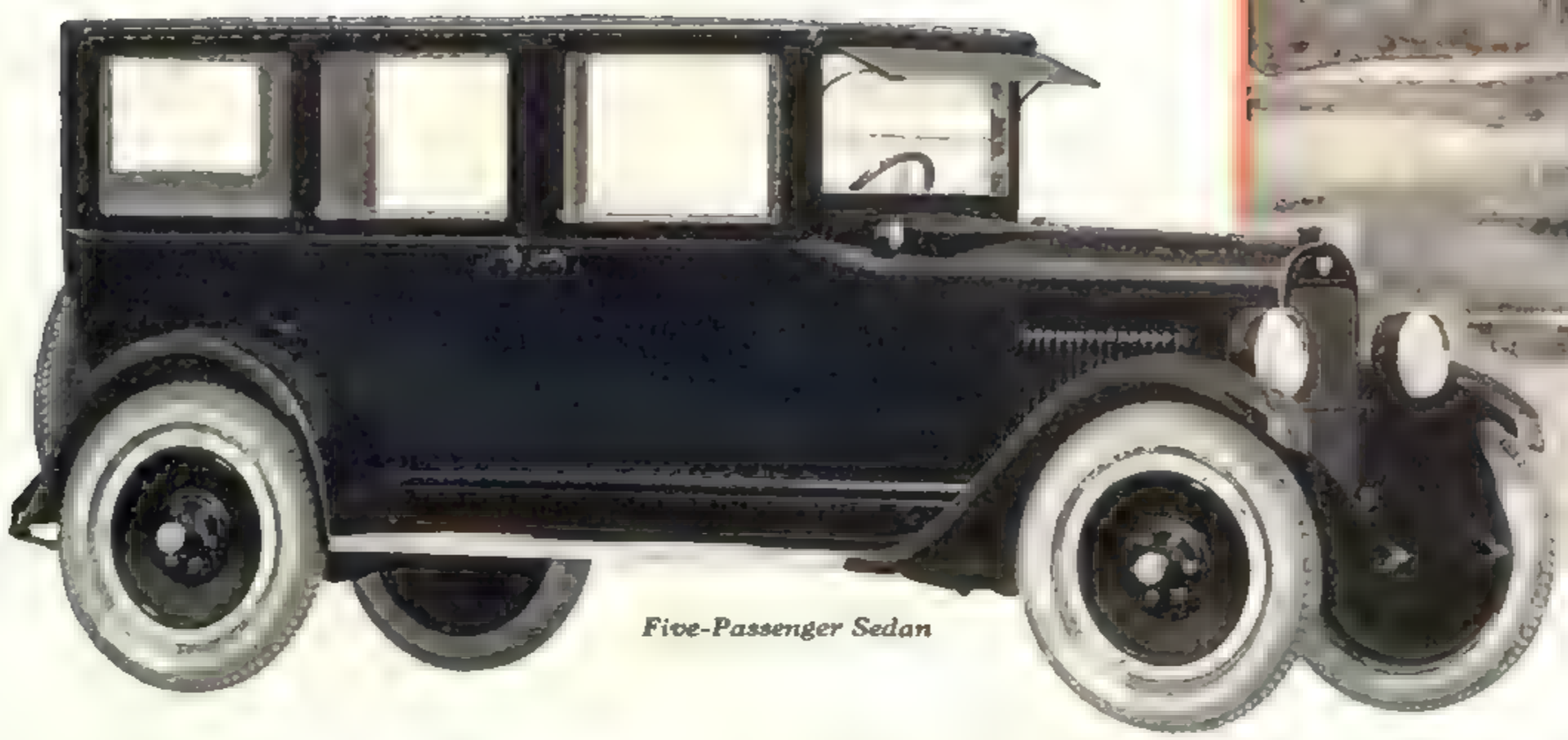
I had made up to Milt for taking him off of my bureau, by blowing him to a real handsome art frame of Spanish leather, to match the Spanish house, and he had occupied the center of this shelf ever since we got settled, with no competition in the line of ornaments except a pair of purple china parrots and a brace of wrought-iron candlesticks, called that way, I suppose, because they represented a guy wrestling with some snakes and they certainly was wrought up all right. Well anyways, Milton held the center of the camera so to speak, and now I went over and looked at him as soon as I had dried my tears enough to be able to see him good.

Pop was from home, and so was Milt. But pop brought only mean memories with him, while with the thought of Milton Sherrill come a sense of fine things, such as clear skies over the cold blue of Long Island Sound; apple blossoms falling on my bare head in the old orchard behind the big house; a bird singing in the early morning and piercing into my heart; the song I my own self used to sing while polishing the front door knocker, happy because it was on the door to the Dreamman's mother's home. And drool like that. But so important to remember! His straight look came out to me from his photo like a light in a dark place. And all of a sudden I knew I had never loved Gregory Strickland at all.

I carried Milt's picture back to my bureau after a while and took it out of the leather frame. Then I took Stricky's picture with the "Yours to the end of time" written across it out of its solid gold frame and slowly tore the picture up in little bits. Stricky's nose was left all by itself on the top of the pile of scraps. So I tore that even smaller, but without wishing it was real, or any other feeling. And then I put Milton into the gold frame and went to bed, strangely tired and quiet all over my whole entire body. And the next thing I knew, mommer was knocking on the door and calling through my dreams.

"That Greg Strickland is downstairs!" she says. "He says he's got to see you quick!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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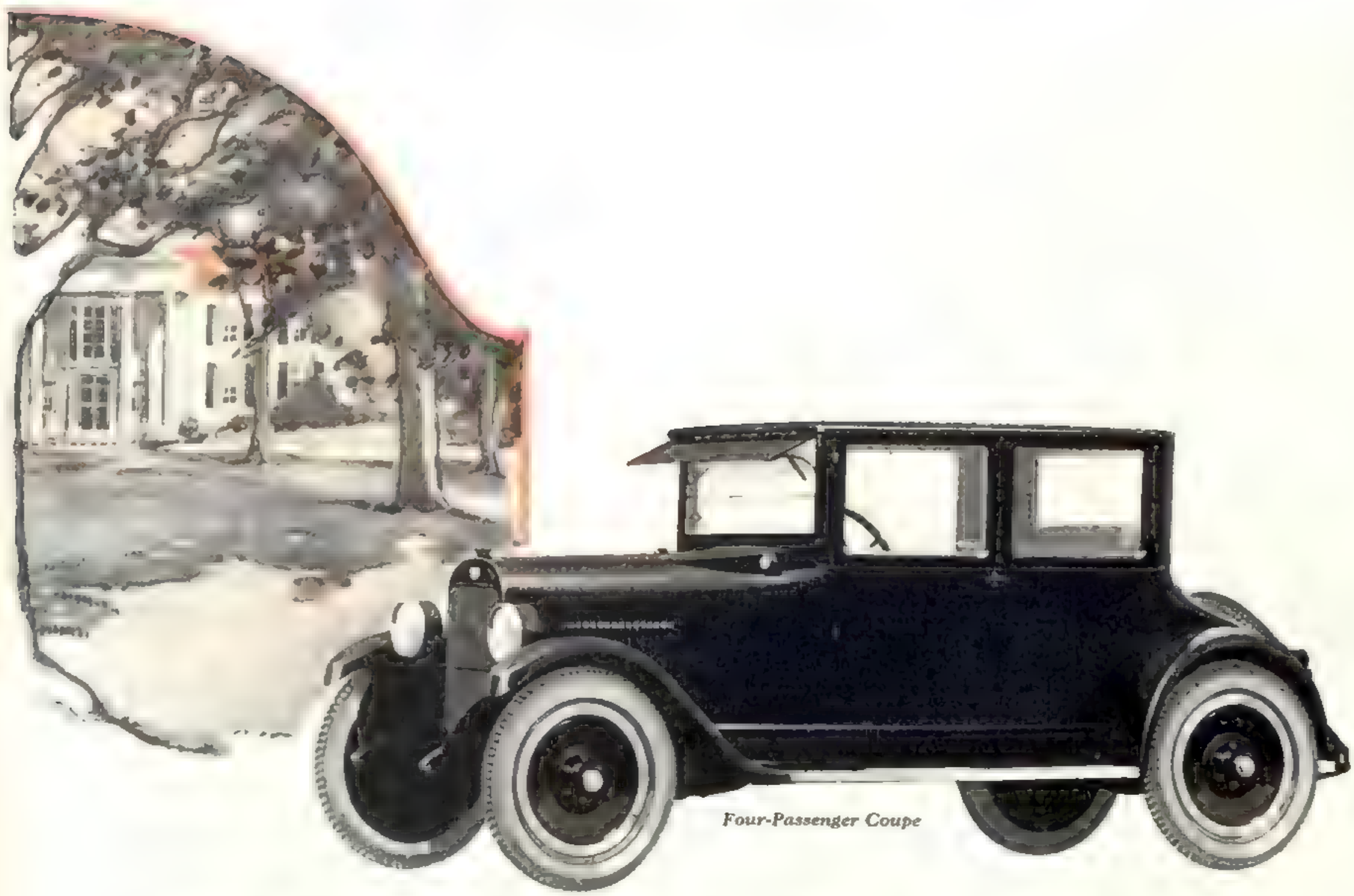
The Good

MAX



Four-Passenger Coupe

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The details of interior and exterior finish, fittings and trimmings plainly indicate the quality of cars far higher-priced—a height of quality obviously unusual in the Maxwell price-range.

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W E L L

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TINY SKIMS THE CREAM

Continued from Page 15

"I don't know, Tiny. You're going to find this section of the country pretty well picked over. Harkness has some grand players, I heard a while ago he was dickering with Swazey; you remember, the bird we saw playing third at Albuquerque."

"My boy," said Travers solemnly, "I don't care if Ajax has all the bearcats in the Southwest if ——"

"There's an if, is there?"

"Yes," admitted Tiny, "there is, but it's so small you couldn't find it through the Lick telescope."

Red saw him off that night on the eastbound train. For the next two weeks Stevens had a troublesome time. The town, though close with its money, was again becoming high, loose and liberal with its baseball enthusiasm as the day of the game neared.

The absence of Travers was resented and there was a strong impression, fathered, Red believed, by the Prestons, that Tiny had run away because of his failure to get together a good team.

The assistant and acting manager said little, wore a discouraged look, and made frequent trips to Ajax, where he hung around the hotel and cigar stands and permitted himself, with great reluctance, to be badgered into wagers. Fifteen days passed without a word from Tiny and though Red did not lose faith in his friend he began feeling that the if Travers had spoken of had at least become visible to the naked eye.

That evening Stevens encountered the elder Preston at the hotel.

"Do you expect Travers to return soon?" asked Froglegs with a cold grin.

"Any day now," was the prompt reply. "I heard from him this morning," he lied glibly.

"Where is he?"

"He was at Las Vegas then."

"H'm. You are quite sure he'll come back?"

"What are you getting at?" demanded Red.

"You knew he sold the Grayson tract, didn't you?"

"Yes. He told me. What of it?"

"That," went on the banker, "represented the last of his interests here."

"You're wrong," retorted Stevens. "He's very much interested in the baseball team."

"Is he?" snapped Preston. "Personally, I don't think he intends to return."

"Don't want to make a little bet on it, do you?"

"I don't bet."

"Don't, eh? Your son didn't happen to leave any money laying around at Murphy's cigar store in Ajax, did he?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"You mean to say," demanded Preston, "that my son is wagering money on this ball team of ours?"

"That's exactly what I don't mean. There ain't no more sentiment about his betting than there is about your banking."

"You're talking nonsense!" angrily. "We ought to have a manager for the ball team who is on the ground."

"I'm acting."

"I don't think you're qualified. We hardly know who you are. You've only been here a little over a year."

"Maybe I ain't qualified," retorted Red, "but I'm better qualified than your candidate with his bets on ——"

"I don't know what you're talking about," cut in Froglegs, "but you may rest assured that the Commercial Club will demand a strict accounting of the moneys subscribed."

"Moneys," laughed Stevens. "That tight-fisted gang of yours hasn't come through with enough to buy a teddy bear for a gnat."

Preston snorted away.

"I wonder," muttered Red, "if the old geezer hasn't sent a little money to Ajax himself."

An hour later a telegram came from Tiny: "In tomorrow. Everything too lovely for words. Hock your other shirt and plunge. I'm broke."

Stebbins, of the Chilton Recorder, came in as he was reading the message.

"From Tiny?" asked the editor.

"Yeh. Home tomorrow."

"Lucky for him," was the growling response. "I was just getting ready to tear the hide off of him."

"Don't do it," advised Red. "Got any money?"

"For what?"

"I'm going to send a little dough to Ajax and I'll put some on Chilton for you."

"Yes, you will not!" retorted the editor. "You don't expect that bunch of hams to win, do you?"

"They're giving five to two," said Stevens, "and I've got a hunch Tiny is bringing some real McCoys with him."

"Where's he been?"

"All over," was the vague response, "and it's a moral cinch he's got some players."

"Si Robb, maybe; and Huth."

Red shrugged.

"Don't want to take a chance, eh?"

"Not on your life," said Stebbins.

"Do me a favor?" asked Red.

"Huh?"

"Write an article for tomorrow saying that Chilton has the rottenest ball team in years and can't possibly win; a nice, gloomy article?"

"It's already been written," returned Stebbins. "All it needs to set it off properly is a black border."

III

WITH wide startled eyes Red gazed dumbly at Tiny. "You haven't gone plain crazy, have you?"

"Do I look it?" smiled the other.

"You look all right," admitted Stevens, "but this"—holding out the slip of paper Tiny had handed him—"it isn't on the square, is it?"

"Absolutely."

"What did it cost?"

"Enough," said Tiny. "All I got for the Grayson tract. I'm down to my last jitney, Red."

"Well, of all the loons!"

"Don't worry. I'll get it all back with interest."

"How? Betting?"

"Uh-huh."

"How you going to without money? Mine's all tied up, and even if you had all you wanted you couldn't place near enough to get even. You've just gone bats."

"Red," said Tiny, "I met a fellow on the train day before yesterday that showed me a funny stunt. Ever hear of geometrical progression?"

"No," growled Stevens, "I didn't. What is he, a left-hander?"

"A guy," went on Travers, "went to work for another lad this way. He was to get a cent the first day, two the next, four the next, then eight, and so on. Each day it was doubled. Know how much jack he was dragging down on the thirtieth day?"

"I guess it runs up pretty fast that way. Ten dollars?"

Tiny laughed.

"Some rainy Thursday when you haven't anything else to do figure it out for yourself with a brand-new pencil."

"All right, but what the devil has this to do with —— Oh, look what the cat's dragging in."

Preston was bowlegging his way to them.

"So you've returned, have you?" he piped.

"He thought you wasn't coming back," interjected Stevens.

"Well," said Tiny mournfully, "I might have stayed away for all the good I've done on my trip."

Red turned a quick glance toward him, but a quiver of the heavy lids reassured him.

"Couldn't you get any ball players?" demanded Froglegs.

"Not one," sighed Travers. "I chased all over the state, but the only ones worth while have been signed by Harkness. We'll have to depend on the home boys. That will suit you just fine, I suppose."

"Well, hardly," replied the banker. "While I believe the practice of getting outside talent should be eliminated it is hardly reasonable to expect our Chilton young men to compete with a team made up of professionals. Didn't you get anybody at all?"

Tiny shook his head.

"I couldn't find anyone in Arizona worth having."

"How about the money we subscribed?" demanded Preston.

"Where do you get 'the money'?" cut in Red, "and where do you get the 'we'?"

"We'll need all we have," explained Travers, "to pay the boys here, and for other expenses. If there's any left we'll return it to the subscribers."

"Well," said Froglegs briskly and with an unexpected smile, "maybe we won't make such a bad showing, after all. Stevens here has gotten together a pretty good team and we have the advantage of playing on the home grounds. See you at the game tomorrow."

Tiny, puzzled, gazed after the departing figure.

"Know what I think?" blurted Red. "I think the old gazook has sent some money to Ajax to bet against Chilton."

"Gad," gasped Travers, "how I hope he has!"

"He expects to win double. If Chilton gets a good trimming he grabs off some dough and your job for his flat-headed kid." He turned anxiously toward Tiny. "Those names are on the square, aren't they?"

The other nodded.

"Sure they won't run out on you?"

"Sure. Not a chance of a thing going wrong. Listen, Red, this is your play tomorrow: Don't say a word about what I've just told you. I'm going to Crandall in the morning and will bring the lads back with me about ten minutes before game time. That's where I've got 'em stached. You send your kids out in the field and let them practice just as if they were going to play. Get me?"

"How about uniforms?"

"I got them made in Tucson. My end of it's all fixed. Don't worry. All straight?"

"As far as I know," said Red, "you haven't come back."

"That's the ticket."

Harkness arrived that evening with a large and noisy delegation direct from Ajax. He encountered Tiny in the lobby of the hotel.

"Is what I hear true—that you're playing nothing but home lads?"

Travers nodded glumly.

"Not an outsider? Who's going to pitch?"

"Lawson."

"That kid!" exclaimed Harkness.

"Well, what else can I do?" snapped Tiny. "You've grabbed off everything in the neighborhood worth a whoop. We may surprise you, at that. Stevens tells me the boys are pretty good."

The Ajax magnate laughed.

"You'll be lucky if you get a man on base. How about a little wager, Tiny? We can't let the horses go to the post without a little something on them. What?"

"Well," hesitated Travers, "I ——"

"Oh, come on. Just a small one," urged Harkness. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you $500 even that we make more runs in two innings than you folks make altogether."

"No I "

"What are you afraid of? You've got $14,000 in your jeans."

"Yes, but what's the use? Well, just to have a bet on the game I'll do this with you: A dollar a run and double it. Like this: If Ajax has a two-run lead I owe you two dollars, three runs four dollars, four runs eight dollars, five runs sixteen dollars, and so on. See what I mean?"

"Yes," said Harkness, trying hard to conceal his elation.

"Are you on?"

"If it's the only way you'll bet," was the cautious reply. It would never do to be overanxious. Tiny might become aware of the pit he was digging for himself.

"Of course," went on Travers, "there's no way to put up money on a wager like that. Suppose we just write it out?"

"Just as you say. Your word's good with me, Tiny."

"So is yours with me, but just to avoid a misunderstanding of the terms later."

"All right."

The agreement was duly drawn up and witnessed by the proprietor of the hotel; Sol Eisman, the leading merchant of Chilton; and the mayor of Ajax, who happened to be standing around.

Eisman made an effort to dissuade Tiny.

"Don't be a fool," he whispered. "Don't you know how money runs up when it's doubled like that?"

"It can't be so much," smiled Travers. "Sign it, Sol."

"Don't forget to send over your line-up in the morning," said Harkness just before

(Continued on Page 94)

"This bus stops when I jam on the brakes"

"Ever had her slide along when you wanted to make a quick stop? . . . . . that's because the brakes aren't right. Now, my Boss isn't fussy about tires, spark plugs or the kind o' oil I buy, but . . . . . he makes sure that I've got this bus under *control* all the time! I take no chances. *My* brakes are lined with Silver Edge Raybestos. That's *real* brake lining and believe me . . . . . you need it these days with so many cars on the road and a bunch o' reckless drivers. Down the hills, or in a tight place, you'll find Raybestos is *right there.* That's my dope. I OUGHT TO KNOW."

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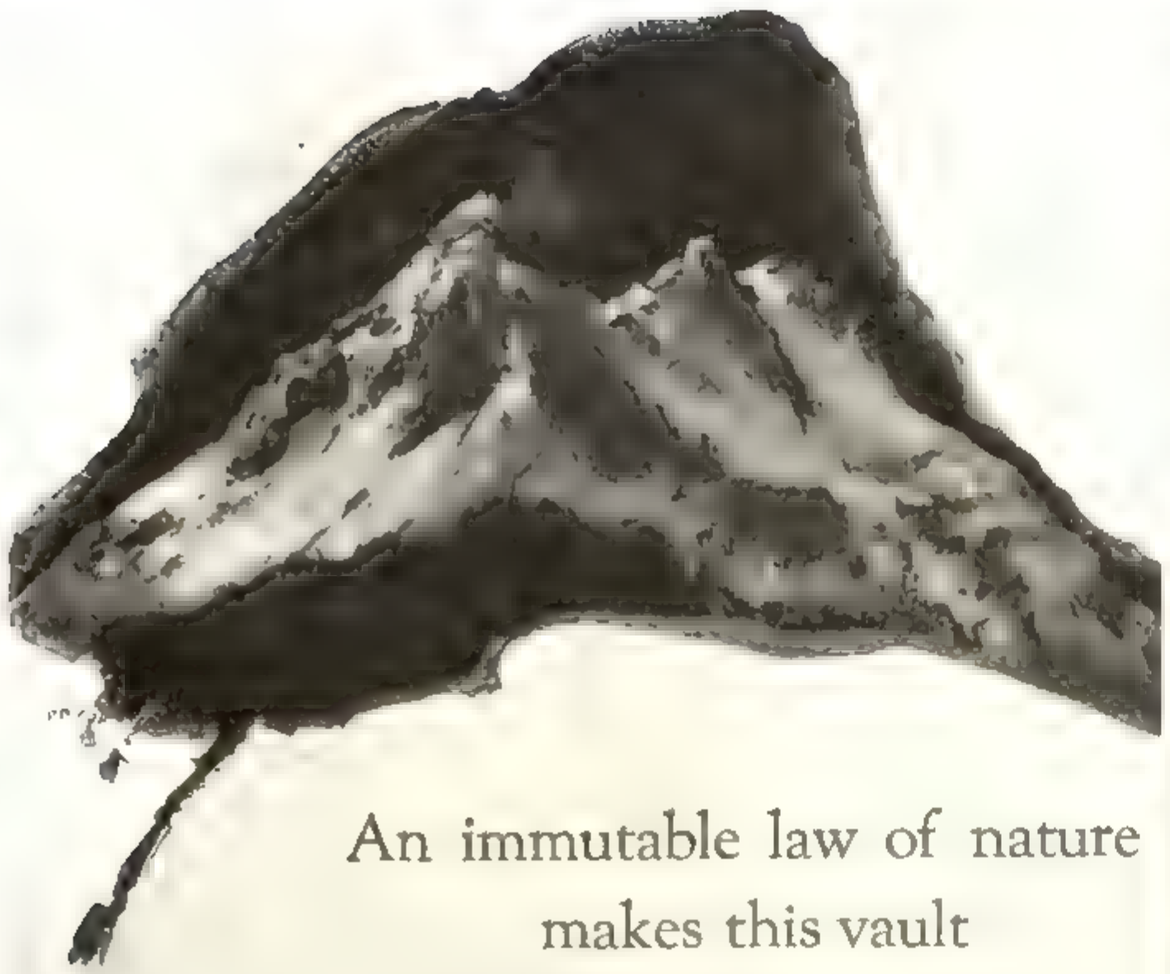

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THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

(Continued from Page 92)

they separated. "I'll have mine ready for you at ten."

"Mine'll be over at the same time," returned Tiny. "Read it and weep."

IV

HARKNESS was chatting with Ben Fredericks, the actual manager of the Ajax team, when a letter was handed to him.

"Travers' joke line-up," he commented, tearing open the envelope. "You sent ours over, didn't you?"

Fredericks nodded.

"What's the idea?"

Harkness was laughing immoderately.

"Joke line-up is right," he said between chortles. "Tiny's got his sense of humor left, anyway. Take a look. Some team, eh?"

Fredericks glanced over the list handed to him, smiled and read aloud: "Baranville, shortstop; Streaker, center field; Huth, left field; Stroh, third base; Trisler, first base; Thornsby, second base; Robb, right field; Chalk, catcher; Johnstone, pitcher; Alexis, pitcher; Nayes, pitcher."

"Well," said the field manager, "you've got a flock of Smiths and Joneses on your line-up, so I guess he's entitled to Robbs and Huths."

Harkness suddenly grew serious.

"It isn't possible, is it," he asked, "that Travers could have gotten some of those big-leaguers? He had lots of money before he went on that trip"

"Not a chance," was the soothing reply. "There's a rule against post-season games and barnstorming, and after what was handed to them big-leaguers last year they ain't going to take any chance for the few measly dollars that Tiny could have offered. Besides, I read where Robb had gone on a hunting trip and Streaker had gone to his ranch in Texas. He's just kidding you."

"I guess so."

Yet he was plainly relieved when he saw the Chilton town boys take the field for practice that afternoon. Despite the general feeling that Ajax would win easily the stands were packed long before game time. All Valechula County was out. Those who understood the game smiled or groaned, all depending on habitat, at the awkward unfinished work of the Chilton players compared with the snappy finished performance of Harkness' drafted crew.

There was hardly a man on the Ajax team native to that town. Despite aliases the crowd could readily recognize from their published pictures Swazey, of Albuquerque; Hall, of Globe; Akins, of Tucson; and other Southwestern stars.

Red Stevens was beginning to get fidgety. Ten minutes before game time, and still no sign of Tiny and his crew. Five minutes, and alarm seized upon him. Terrible thoughts flooded upon the captain. The train upon which the players were coming had been delayed. It had been wrecked. Tiny was crazy. It was absurd, anyhow, the idea of Robb and Trisler and Thornsby and Johnstone coming to this jerkwater town in Arizona for one game. How had he ever permitted himself to be gulled by such a tale? Tiny's eyes had looked queer, he remembered.

Red groaned as he thought of the bets he had made. He not only had ruined himself but there was $600 of the town's money he would be held responsible for. A sudden impulse seized him to rush upon the field and call the game off when a gesture from the umpire caught his eye. The game was about to begin. Stevens cast a final despairing look at the gate back of third, and then his heart thudded into his throat. The big wooden door slowly swung open. Entered Tiny, followed by eleven men in single file. They were in uniform and across their breasts blazed the word Chilton.

The crowds rose with a gasp and gazed toward the newcomers with dazed eyes and hanging jaws.

"Get out!" shrieked Red to the Chilton players. "Let someone play that can. There's Huth!"—as a big bulky figure filed by. "That little fellow's Baranville."

"That looks like Huth," frenziedly shouted a fan in the first row of the stand.

"It is Huth!" retorted Stevens. "And that's Stroh and Trisler and Thornsby and Chalk and Johnstone. We'll show you hicks something! That's Robb, over there."

Tiny was talking to the stunned umpire. From the massed fans came a babel of sounds.

Shorty McKeough, hereditary announcer for Chilton, stepped forth with his megaphone, and a thick silence fell over the stands. The truth would now be trumpeted forth.

"Today's line-up," began the caller in his best big-league manner: "Ajax—Frank, first; Smith, right; Jones, center; Thomas, short; Brown, third; Smith, left; Oster, second; Schmidt, catch; Talley, pitch." A dramatic pause. Then: "Chilton—Baranville, short; Streaker, center; Huth, left; Stroh, third; Trisler, first; Thornsby, second; Robb, right; Chalk, catch; Johnstone, pitch. And, ladies and gentlemen," added the announcer in his loudest tones, "it's on the square too."

Harkness standing by the railing near his players' bench seized the trembling hand of Fredericks.

"Is that them?" he gasped.

"I don't know about all of them, but that's Streaker and that's Stroh and that's Huth," was the grim response. "Tiny's sure slipped something over on us."

"I thought you said there was a rule against ——"

"Barnstorming? There is, but they're here. That's a cinch. I don't know how he pulled it off. Let's ask him. Here he comes."

Tiny came toward them just as the first Ajax batter took his stand at the plate.

"Congratulations," said Harkness dryly. "May I ask ——"

"Anything you want," grinned Travers. "Let's first see if Johnstone can last through the inning."

It was probable that the smoke-ball king could. Frank cut a helpless figure before the dazzling shoots. Stage fright had robbed him even of what batting aptitude he had. He fanned miserably. The next man had a bit more luck. He managed to pop up a fly to Baranville. Jones struck out.

Tiny turned to Harkness with a smile:

"Pretty pitching, eh?"

The other grunted something.

"I think this is an outrage!" came a high-pitched voice from behind them.

Travers turned.

Preston was in the stand directly above the players' bench. Both managers turned curious eyes on him.

"It's an outrage!" repeated Froglegs.

"Meaning what?" asked Tiny.

"Meaning," rasped the old man, "that I think it is a shame to spend our money hiring big-leaguers with Arizona money to humiliate an Arizona city!"

Travers and Harkness found themselves grinning at each other. The first shock over, the Ajax man's gambling coolness had returned to him.

"How much dough did you fellows put up?" he asked Preston.

"Over a thousand dollars, anyhow."

"And you think that chicken feed got Robb and Streaker and the rest? I'll bet it took nearer twenty."

He glanced toward Tiny, who merely smiled.

"I don't ——" began Froglegs.

"I put up the money," cut in Harkness. "For Grayson's tract," he added briefly. "Come on, watch the game."

Let the sporting pages of the Daily Recorder tell of the Chilton team's half of the first:

Baranville doubled. Streaker singled, scoring Baranville. Huth hit one over the railroad tracks for a home run. Stroh bunted safely and went to second on a wild heave to first. Trisler walked and stole second while Stroh was pilfering third. Thornsby hit the first ball pitched for the circuit, scoring Stroh and Trisler ahead of him. Robb tripled and stole home while Talley was winding up. Chalk walked. Johnstone walked. Talley was taken out and Corcoran went in. Chalk scored on a wild pitch. Baranville walked. Streaker tripled, Johnstone and Baranville scoring. Huth flew out, Streaker scoring. Stroh doubled. Trisler hit a home run over the fence in left, Stroh scoring in front of him. Thornsby doubled but was out trying to stretch it into three bases. Robb singled. Chalk walked. Johnstone flew out.

THIRTEEN RUNS, ELEVEN HITS, TWO ERRORS.

Harkness watched the massacre with tight lips and an assumed air of tolerant amusement.

"Fair-hitting team, you have there," he remarked.

"Oh, yes," replied Tiny, "but they'll improve as they get used to the pitching."

"How about our bet?"

"Bet?" repeated Travers. "Oh, yes, we have a trifling wager, haven't we?"

"How about it?" demanded Harkness.

"What do you mean?"

"Does it stand?"

"Of course. Why not?"

(Continued on Page 97)

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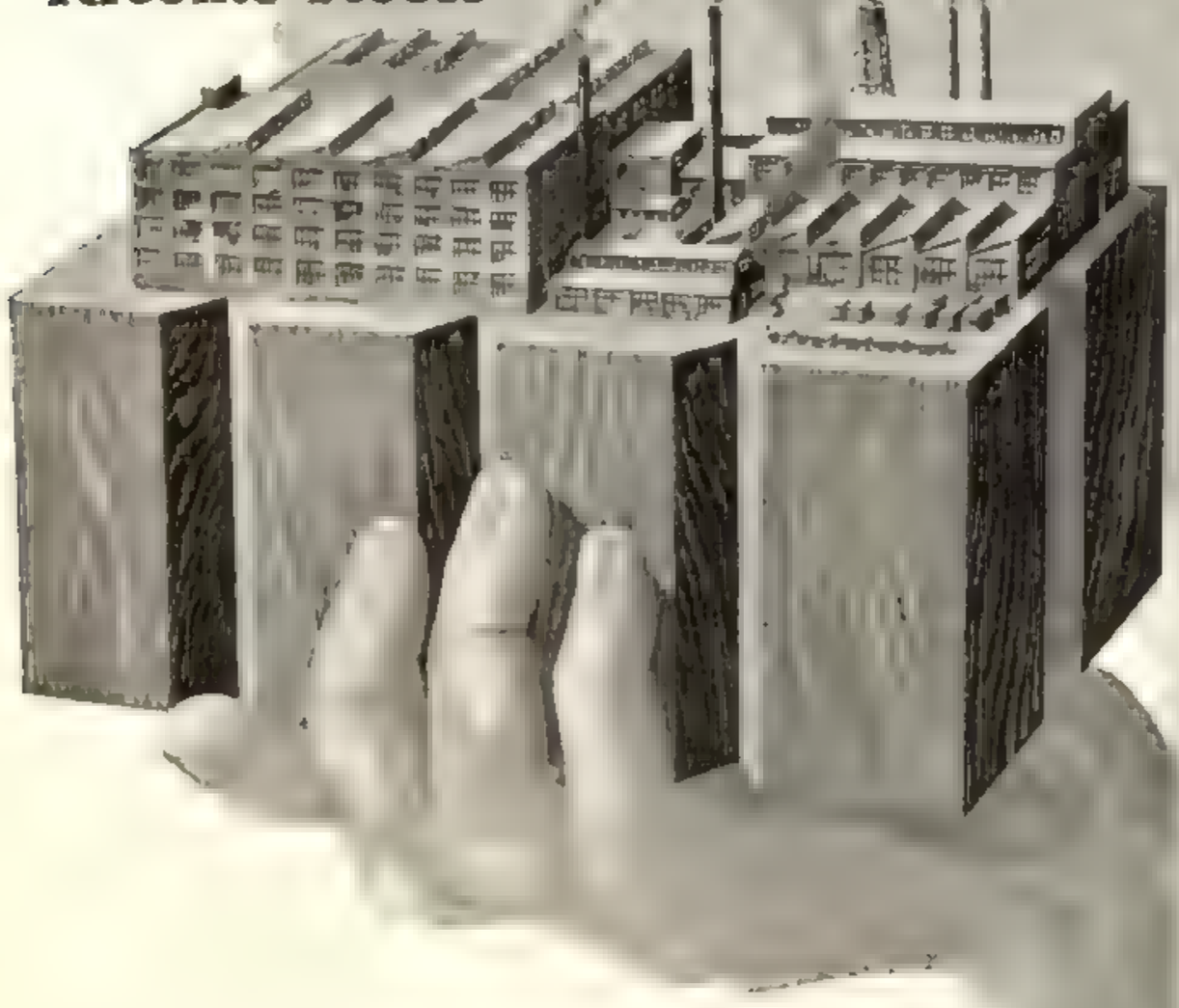

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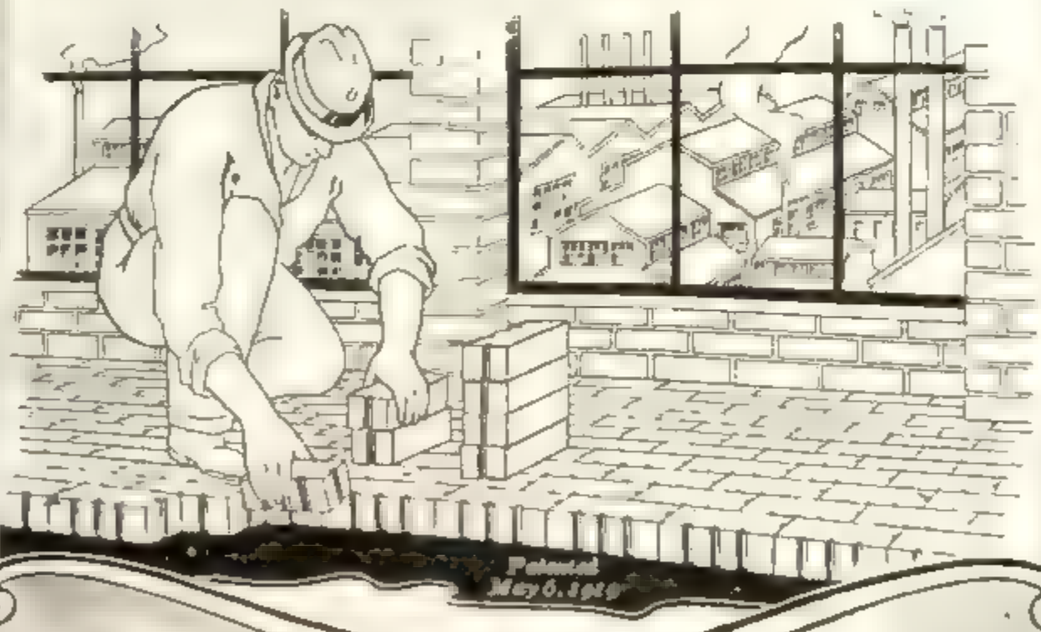


WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

(Continued from Page 94)

"Well," said the Ajax man grimly, "if the rest of the innings are like the first there won't be enough money in the world to give you a day's interest on your winnings."

"Does it double that fast?"

"Quit stalling," brusquely retorted Harkness. "You ain't half the fool you look. Don't you think we'd better get together on a reasonable settlement now?"

"Why, my team hasn't started yet," said Tiny in a pained tone. "Why should I?"

"For the simple reason," was the grim response, "that I can default if I want to. Then the score will be 9 to 0 in your favor, and I'll owe you exactly $256."

Travers smiled genially.

"Sure, you can," he said encouragingly. "Just say the word and I'll tip off the crowd. Of course they may tear you to pieces and throw your toes to the prairie dogs, but —— Shall I tell them?"

Harkness glanced toward the shrieking stands and shook his head.

"Never mind. I'll wait a few innings."

Ajax in the meantime had again gone out—one, two, three. Nayes was now pitching for the local team and his underhand shoots were even more baffling than Johnstone's fast ones had been. It is doubtful if any of the visiting batters stood near enough to the plate to connect. Three home runs, four triples, a double and two singles and some walks netted Chilton eleven more runs.

Harkness had been figuring on the back of an envelope.

"Know what I owe you now," he asked—"theoretically?"

"A couple of thousand?"

"Over eight million," was the laconic response.

"Really?" Tiny shrugged and walked over to where Stevens was standing near the Chilton bench.

"Beautiful slaughter, isn't it?" remarked Red cheerfully.

"Having much trouble handling the team?" asked Travers.

"Not so far," grinned the other. "Streaker is a pretty good field captain. I'm letting him run things, but Thomas just got a foul off Nayes and I'm likely to yank him at any time."

Thomas struck out and the Chilton stars came in to bat. Streaker came over to Tiny.

"Got enough runs?" asked the fielder.

"Not quite. There's only eight million dollars' worth so far."

"Huh?"

"About four or five more will be about right," pursued Travers. "Getting tired?"

"It isn't that," returned Streaker, "but I know something about the weather in this section, and if that cloud up there"—he gazed toward the western sky—"doesn't mean rain in a few minutes I'm greatly mistaken. You don't want the game called before it's in, do you?"

"I'll tell Susie we don't!" exclaimed Stevens. "He's right, Tiny. We'd better hustle along. There's one more run anyhow," he added as Trisler hit a low drive over the fence. Almost before Streaker could get in touch with the men Thornsby tripled and Robb hit another home run. Then to the surprise of the crowd Chalk, Nayes and Baranville struck out in quick succession.

The cloud in the west was growing bigger and by the time Ajax got through with its half of the fourth it had assumed menacing proportions.

"We can slow it up until the rain comes," hoarsely whispered Fredericks to Harkness.

The latter shrugged.

"What good'll that do?"

"What good'll it do?" repeated the captain. "If four and a half innings aren't played there ain't no game. Tiny hired these birds for just one day, and it took all the jack he had to do that. Stevens told me. If we have to play it over again Chilton will have to use the town kids."

Harkness looked dubious.

"No," he said at length; "let it go." He glanced at the crowd.

"It'll be a cinch," went on Fredericks. "It's going to rain in a couple of minutes. See, they're striking out on purpose," as Streaker swung at a high and wide one. "All we got to do is have the catcher miss the third one all the time or throw it over the first baseman's head."

"Suppose the runner takes his time getting to first?"

"We can be just as slow as they are," returned the other. "The worst that can happen is a forfeit of the game. If that happens the chances are that the official score will be 9 to 0. You can save yourself a lot of jack on your bet."

Harkness was silent.

"All right," he said suddenly. "See what you can do." He held his hand out, palm up. "Is that a drop of rain?"

Fredericks made the test.

"No, but it will come down like hell in a few minutes."

He dashed off toward the diamond, whispered something to the catcher and went over to the bench. Huth was up. Two strikes had been called. The third ball came straight over the plate. The batter swung a foot above it, dropped his club leisurely and

"Run!" came from the stands.

Huth glanced about, puzzled. The catcher had missed the ball and was slowly going to the backstop after it. The batter ambled to first. He reached the bag about the time the ball came toward the baseman; toward him, but about six feet over his head. Huth meandered to second and sat on the bag.

"They're wise," whispered Streaker to Tiny. "I wish we'd 'a' gotten busy earlier."

"The hell!" muttered Stevens. "Look at that sky." The whole canopy was growing black and a light wind had sprung up. "Can we do anything?"

"I think so."

Stroh was walking toward the plate, swinging a pair of bats. At a motion from Streaker he came over to him. There was a short consultation. The third baseman nodded and took his place. He struck futilely at the first two balls just as Huth had done. On the next pitch he shortened his bat and popped a fly toward the first baseman. Streaker had played the psychological angle correctly. Frank ran in, caught the ball and threw quickly to second, doubling Huth, who was loafing a few feet from the bag. Instinct had been too much for Frank.

"You flat head!" shrieked Fredericks. "You big hick! You've gummed the works, you nut!"

Schmidt the catcher joined in the abuse of the hapless player. Harkness, leaning against the stand, merely smiled cynically.

The Chilton players dashed to their places in the field. A painful delay followed, a tiresome wait, punctuated with boos and hisses from the stands and threats from the umpire, before Thomas could find a bat to suit him. Once at the plate, Alexis, who was now pitching, made short work of him

"It's raining," gasped Stevens.

"So it is," agreed Tiny calmly, as a drop hit the back of his neck, "but too late for Ajax."

The next player took one strike, was yanked, and another batter sent in. A second strike, and a third pinch-hitter appeared.

The umpire then stopped the game and walked toward the plate. He motioned to Fredericks

"I just want to tell you," he shouted angrily, "that this game won't be called now if there's a cloudburst and it rains fire and brimstone. Get me?"

"Working for Chilton," sneered the Ajax manager.

"No," was the retort; "working against a gang of poor losers with a yellow streak a yard wide. Play ball."

The drops were now falling with intensified frequency. Alexis finally accomplished the second out.

"What'll I do?" asked Smith, the last batter, as he moved toward the plate.

"Hit a homer over the fence," snapped Fredericks. "We're through."

v

TWO hours later Harkness joined Tiny in the hotel lobby. "Get over your wetting?" grinned Travers.

"Which one?" was the amiable response. The gambler in the Ajax man was in control. "Want to talk business now?"

"If you wish. Let's go over there" he indicated an obscure corner—"and sit down."

"I figure," said Harkness, "that you birds made twenty-seven runs. I haven't seen the official scorer but ——"

"Twenty-seven's right," returned Tiny. "However, one run more or less doesn't make much difference."

"Doesn't, eh? The devil it doesn't." Harkness took a slip of paper from his vest pocket. "Twenty-six equals $33,554,432; twenty-seven, $67,108,864. A mere bag of shells, $33,000,000."

"That much?" said Tiny. "Well, it doesn't make any difference as far as we're concerned. I don't expect to get either $33,000,000 or $67,000,000 out of you."

Harkness laughed.

"That's nice. I was getting ready to write a check. How'll we square it?"

"You're willing to square it, are you?"

"I'm no welsher," was the retort, "and you know it. I admit I lost and — "

"Then listen," interrupted Tiny. "Here are my terms: It cost me $13,560 to bring that team here. I want that, to begin with. Then I want $11,000 more, the difference between what you paid me for the Grayson tract and what you know it to be worth. Then ——"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," muttered Harkness.

"Just about that. Well?"

"All right," was the reply. "I'd have tried to hook you for that much if the shoe had been on the other foot," he added frankly.

"There's something else, too," went on Travers.

"Oh, the devil."

"Not money. I want you to sign an agreement with me that neither Chilton nor Ajax will use outside talent in the baseball games for a period of five years. To be on the team a man must be a resident of either town for at least two years."

"Suits me," was the quick response. "Baseball's getting to be a pretty expensive luxury for me."

"Now," said Tiny, "I'd like to ask you a question. You can suit yourself about answering it. Did Preston bet any money on Ajax?"

"I don't know whether Froglegs did or not," was the reply, "but that kid of his did. He put it up with Murphy. I know that for a fact."

"Thanks."

"Now you tell me something," said Harkness. "How in the name of Judas Priest did you land that big-league gang? I thought there was a rule against barnstorming."

Tiny laughed.

"I'm not sure whether there is or not, but here are the facts in the case: You and Froglegs got under my skin by sneering at the Chilton team and the way I was managing it. I just made up my mind to show you I could get some real players."

"You got 'em," muttered Harkness.

"I sold you the Grayson tract for a song," went on Travers, "and hit it East while the World Series was on. I used to know Streaker when we were kids in Texas, and he helped me some. I went to the big boss up in Chicago and told him what I wanted, and also that the game here was for the benefit of an orphan asylum. Then a piece of bad luck for another fellow turned out to be a piece of good luck for me. You read about Thurston going suddenly blind?"

The other nodded.

"His family was destitute. I made a proposition to give $1000 to his wife and kids for every ball player I should be allowed to take to Chilton for our benefit here. The double charity stunt pulled the trick for me. The players were glad to give their services for Thurston—he was very popular, you know, and if there is or was any rule against barnstorming it was waived for this occasion. I paid the expenses of course. That's all there is to it."

"You picked the men?"

Tiny nodded

"You're some picker."

"I'll tell Susie he is!" Red joined the pair. "You darn near gave me heart disease, though, when you didn't show until ——"

"My timing was a little bad," admitted Travers. "I had the men at Crandall and a tire blew on us just outside of town."

"I wish they'd all blown out," muttered Harkness.

"No, you don't," said Tiny. "Didn't you enjoy seeing the boys perform?"

"Yeh," was the grudging reply, "but not twenty-five thousand dollars' worth."

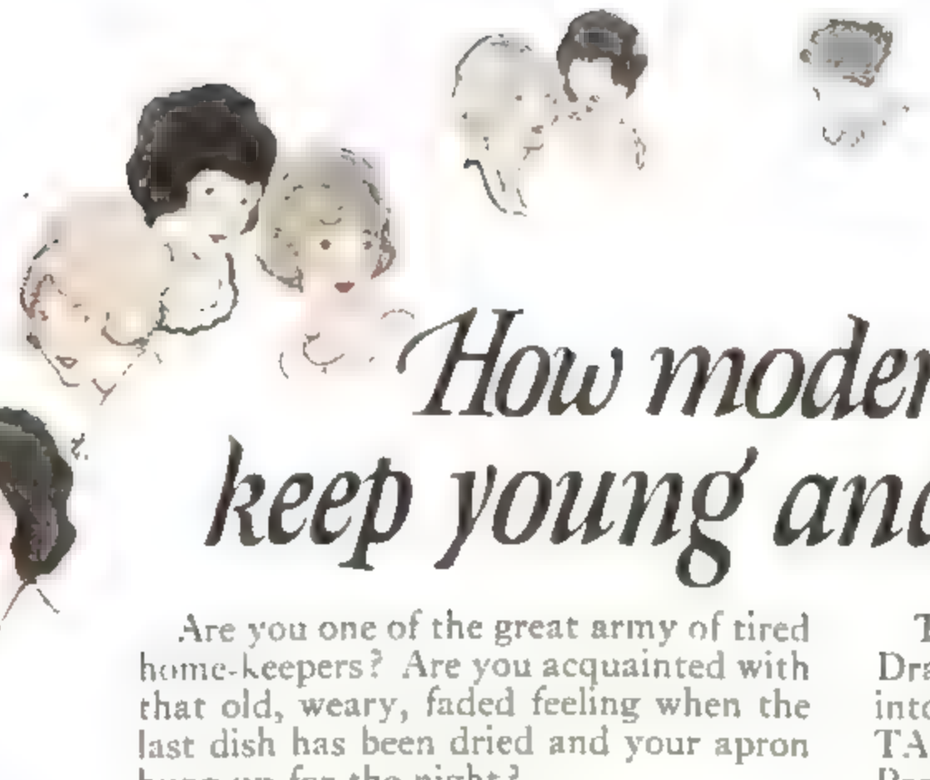
A sturdy figure emerged from the dining room and waved toward the group.

"Just a minute, Stroke," shouted Travers. "We're coming. That's Streaker," explained Tiny. "I'm giving the boys a little dinner. Won't you join us?"

"All right," grunted Harkness, rising. "I guess I've paid for my plate."

S E L

THE BEST SERVANT



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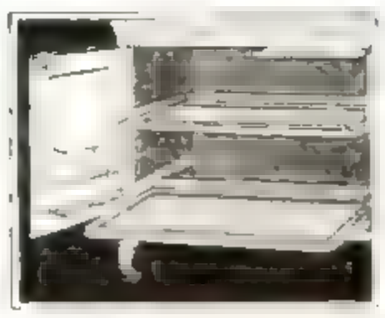

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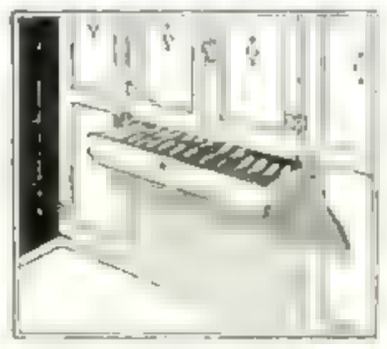

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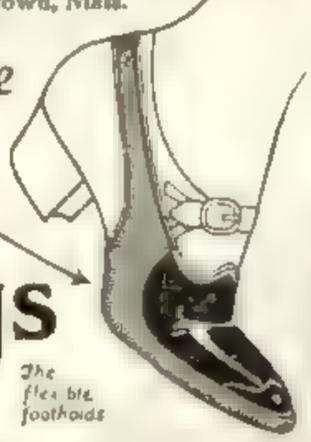

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☞ Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

LIPS

(Continued from Page 13)

Sue chewed some red paint from her pen and regarded him, scowling wonderfully. Some bright thing passed outside the one window and deflected shimmering ovals of light to her hard neck. She said, "You . . . awful like a calf."

"Camellius George says there's a woman goin' to recite poetry up to the Springs tomorrow night. I'll take you up in a sulky and —"

". . . yell like that! I'm right where I can hear you!"

"Well, you'll come?"

She nodded. Luther scratched both ears and slapped her back happily. Then he shot his light body through the window and walked over to the trough, whistling. Camellius George was drinking from the tin cup at the spigot and made awful faces.

"Ain't I whistlin' right, Camellius George?"

His brother shook his head, pawing the cobbles with one foot. Luther sighed. He had been the best whistler about Grant's Headquarters. The deafness that shut off from him his sisters' clamor and other tumults had yet its drawbacks. He perched on the trough and cheered himself by reporting, "Well, Sue's kind of givin' down, Camellius George. She called me a calf."

His adviser hopped three times and nodded. He said, "Mis' Grant . . . tellin' that skinny feller . . . awful handsome you are, Luther."

"Well," said Luther, "I am. It's a whoopin' lot of good to me, ain't it? The men in our fam'ly got all the looks. Clara ain't bad lookin', of course, and she dresses up fine. You and me got the best of it, though." It seemed rather unfair to his sisters. Women needed looks. Men didn't. He mused, "I don't see that Clara's lookin' so tough."

"Looks . . . worried," Camellius George said indistinctly, through a yawn.

"If Marty's throwin' his money round she likely is worried. . . . Here's that Dallas woman comin' with Mrs. Budd. Budd looks like he's swallered a tub. I bet he has whalebones into his pants."

The jeweler amused him. He noted the group in the approaching carriage, one of his best, and costing fifty cents an hour. Budd sat between his fat wife and the astonishing Dallas woman, and his white waistcoat projected remarkably above the belt. Luther thought him too strong a man for so much fat. He was, somehow, impressive. His whiskers made gray arcs on his cheeks, beginning as a mustache and concluding at his ears. His hat, of bleached straw, rode between the tilted hats of the two gaudy women, whose necklaces sparkled immensely. Mrs. Budd was a bouncing jelly, but Miss Dallas, her hair a tomato of black braids above a painted face, had some firmness inside a gown of orange silk. A bare arm trailed on the guard and Luther counted five bracelets of gold.

He beamed at his customers and told Camellius George, "Them women have enough gold on 'em to sink a duck in still water. It's prodijous. Hey, there's Marty!"

Martin Summer was idling from the shade of three locusts before the bank. Some trim men of the Springs had got hold of him and were talking stocks of course. Luther walked down the roadway, with Camellius George at heel and arrived to see Martin saying, ". . . treasury starts selling gold, the market'll . . . but Grant hasn't ordered a sale. . . . Gould and Jim Fisk . . . control . . . crops have to move." The men all nodded with this air of wisdom that seemed, since his deafness, such a false thing. Any fool could look wise. They tapped ash from their cigars and pursed varying lips. Someone had been drinking brandy and a fainter smell of an unknown liquor interested Luther. Now a man with large ears flourished a handkerchief soaked in violets and the strangers took leave of Martin gravely.

Luther Regretted the Smell of Harness That Reigned in His Office

"Hey," said Luther, "explain this here gold business to me."

Clara's husband laughed and slowly talked. Most of the words were clear, but Luther wallowed in terms that meant nothing. If gold went higher a lot of men would be ruined. A person named Gould, often mentioned in newspapers, owned masses of gold. It was vexatious.

Luther expostulated, "There's no sense in none of it! You come home and we'll buy a farm and raise horses."

Martin chuckled, his throat shaking a trifle, his lips just moving. Then they moved in a yell. His single hand shot against Luther's shoulder in a tremendous push. The boy went spinning and saw two bright hoofs fall, silently, on the cobbles as a raw horse hitched to a cart plunged, kicking at flying harness in a splatter of smashed vegetables. Women ran on the sidewalks. Camellius George hopped on a hitching block and noiselessly shouted soothing noises at the brute until its owner came, visibly swearing. Luther's back crept under sweat again and the breast of his blue shirt darkened. He had a feeling on his head. The skin seemed to tingle in a curve as if a horseshoe had struck it.

He walked about the frothing animal and said to Martin Summer, "Say, you saved my life on me!"

"I . . . dropped ——" Martin snapped, gazing at the cobbles and among flooding boots. He stooped and picked up a small leather box. Then he led Luther across the street and up the sidewalk. Luther's legs moved queerly and Martin hugged his arm a little, saying, ". . . careful, brother. . . . Clara worries . . . lot of things can happen . . . deaf boy."

"I'm awful dam' grateful, Marty!"

Martin Summer laughed. He rested his one hand on a column of his portico and asked, ". . . Budd. The jeweler . . . long has he been here?"

"Budd? Ain't he a sight for a picture? Him and his wife and that Dallas girl come about first of August."

Martin wanted to know if the other guests at Buford Springs Hotel were civil to these people. Luther called Camellius George over and watched him report that the Budds and Miss Dallas were more stared upon than talked to. Martin nodded and said, "Thought so . . . actress in a summer hotel . . . pretty bad time of it except . . . Longbranch or . . . the fast places."

"Who's a actress, Marty?"

"Budd's wife and . . . Dallas. They're sisters . . . danced at Atlantic. . . . They've set Budd up as a jeweler . . . Broadway."

"Ain't he a jeweler naturally?"

Martin Summer pronounced, "Old barkeeper . . . place on Broad Street," and turned up his steps. The breeze beginning rippled his empty sleeve. Luther stared after him and then stared at Camellius George, who was taking his triumph modestly.

"You was right," said Luther, "an' that Dallas is a actress. I called you a fool in the wrong place, for once."

Camellius flushed and said, "But . . . was right too. It's . . . this Mrs. Budd bein' her sister . . . they assoc'ate," and thus proved his loyal adherence to Luther's judgment. Luther was vastly moved and let him finish the President's cigar after supper in the stone porch behind their house. The girls fought for the green-and-gold band. Emma bloodied Katie's nose and Luther bade Camellius George lock her in the woodshed. She tore a hole in Camellius George's trousers and appeared in full vigor on Summer Street, fighting a red-haired Moravian boy as Luther walked down to call on Clara.

"You're prob'bly the hellbitinest nuisance in Pennsylvania," Luther decided, guiding her homeward by one ear, glad that he could not know what she was saying to make his grooms whoop about the trough in the sunset. Finding Sue Grosscup scolding his cook in the kitchen he said, "Hey, Sue! You do somethin' with this here thing. I got to go see Clara."

Sue rubbed back her hair and took possession of Emma. She had marvelous arms, when she put on a short-sleeved dress. Muscles whirled under the white surface as she shook Emma and then, by some process of female guile, kissed her. Emma at once wept on Sue's bosom.

(Continued on Page 103)

Virgin Wool—that's the answer!

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The FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

(Continued from Page 100)

Luther said, "You'd ought to be a brigadier general, Sue. You ain't fit to be a woman," and was pleased by this turned compliment, executed so swiftly and without planning. He retired down Summer Street again in a glow of delight and ignored his other sisters, who were avenging Emma on the Moravian lout, in a circle of lads. Katie seemed to be biting the male's calf. He wondered if it was altogether gallant to ask Sue Grosscup to mother these furies. It would be best to consult Clara. Luther advanced up the Summer steps and into the portico.

Clara rose from a chair of twisted woodwork and gave Luther a light kiss on the cheek. Sunset struck drops of pearl that hung in her ears. She had changed her gown to some fabric of white layers that resisted the sun and were not reddened. Her hair, twined low about her head, was blackened and lost its rust. She smelled of roses. Luther said with awe, "Hey, for a plain girl, you do git prettier, time on time!" and kissed her arm. She smiled, sinking down in the chair again. Her eyes roved. She was looking off to the hills. The hotel was blue on its spur with spires of cedar behind it, cut black by the sun. He said, "I guess you don't git sunsets like that in New York, Clara," and she smiled once more. Then Luther gulped. Tears ran down her face.

Immediate fear hardened his throat. Luther scratched his ears and shuffled. She had the felicity of being married to Martin Summer and she wasn't happy. It must be another woman. Martin had been flirting. He said, "Hey . . . ain't Marty good to you?" with the sickliest hope that she might nod. She nodded. He wiped his face and asked, "Well, then?"

The long, curved lips moved. Clara said, ". . . dinner . . ." which made no sense, but a delicate shaking of the floor warned him. People were walking close by. Mrs. Summer rubbed her eyes quickly. Luther turned to nod at the president of the bank and another of its officials, dressed in white ties. They were coming to supper. Martin always had it foolishly late. Luther grinned at the guests and went away.

Sue Grosscup had finished her kindness to his house and was gone. Luther sat in the stone porch with Camellius George hopping in one spot to digest his supper. The boy's white socks dulled as stars came to ennoble the night. An oval moon devoured their weaker shimmer. Lamps blossomed on the hills and the hotel was a long crawl of windows. Camellius George took a bath in the rain barrel and went to bed. Luther sat on the steps and smoked two cigars, thinking. He strongly wished for Sergeant Measmeyer, of the Headquarters Troop, who had often counseled him on love and finance and worldly experience when the Army of the Potomac wasn't marching. Something monstrous was disturbing Clara. Her subtle realm of dressed folk must be in tumult. He gave five seconds to an idea: She might have fallen in love with some handsome dandy in New York. But this he shoved off as absurd. He had much noticed women and Clara wasn't that kind of fool. His father had always said that she had more brains than a man. Women of brains only fell in love once. Besides, she was plain, even in her masterly gowns. He brooded, his eyes canted down to the illumined grass below the steps until a pale skirt brushed the turf. Clara's frock was somewhat hidden by a great scarf of somber tissues. She stood still. Luther went down to her and said, "We better go over in the office, Clara. The girls mebbe ain't asleep, yet"—feeling secrecy.

His four grooms slept in a loft, but no light showed. Luther regretted the smell of harness that reigned in his office and drew down the shade of the window before he lit the lamp. Clara rested a palm on his ledger's scarlet binding and considered him, a gold chain shifting on her shoulders in the noiseless stir of her breath. Unlike Sue Grosscup's eyes, her eyes kept their green by night. She sank on a chair and spoke, but he caught no words. He said, "It ain't no good, honey. Here's the pen," and watched her dally with the pen's red handle before she drew to her a sheet of paper and slowly wrote: "Marty mortgaged his share of the Springs to the bank for ten thousand dollars just now."

"Git out!" Luther said.

The slim hand lifted from the paper and touched his lips. He had cried out loudly, and flushed, staring. Mrs. Summer wrote: "He has got mixed up in a gold speculation," and Luther nodded, rubbing his throat. But it seemed out of belief. He muttered, "Hey! Where's all his other money went to? I mean, from sellin' his dad's land an' all?" Martin owned half of the plateau where the hotel sprawled its walks and gardens. He had sold all his father's ten rented farms about the valley.

"Everything," the pen said, "is in gold." It stayed above the sentence for a dreadful time, then it wrote, "I hate New York. We would be happier here. New York is bad for him." It paused. It wrote: "Take this and keep it until I send for it. Do not show it to anyone."

Something swung and shimmered, trembling, over the paper. Luther blinked. The jewel hung on its long gold chain and was enormous, shaped like a tiny egg, spitting colored rays as its facets turned before the stinking lamp. Her lips said "Hide it," clearly.

Luther whispered, "I better keep it right on me," and passed the chain over his head. The diamond slipped down his ribs coolly and made a little lump under his shirt. He caressed this and read: "Marty took it out of the bank. He was going to take it to New York," then she held the paper to the lamp and a new smell conquered the smells of leather and horses.

"He was goin' to sell it?"

She nodded. All the green of her eyes flashed up like water heaving over the rocks at the falls. She blew out the lamp. Her white gown went floating along the dark cobbles and Luther stood by the trough, watching this movement. Glow spilled from her husband's doors as she passed in. Luther said "Well!"

Camellius George had left his candle burning and his pink shoulders were reversed, his head dug under the pillow of his cot in a corner of Luther's bedroom. A crumpled copy of The Stranglers of Paris lay on the floor. There was also a small odor of pipe smoke. Luther wound the clock, observing its statement of midnight with some excitement. Bewilderment and intrigue had kept him late. He blew out the candle and went to bed, hoping that he would sleep, but in some dread of wakefulness. The diamond intruded as he rolled. He tucked it under the pillow. Then the moon annoyed him. His head joined the stone. He pressed his cheek upon it and lay still. Martin Summer was a fool to get mixed up in Wall Street. . . . A dun mare, labeled amazingly Kate Chase, reared her hoofs over him. Luther ran, panting. The hoofs hit his back. He howled and sat up in a light that hurt his eyes. Camellius George was hopping, all dressed, beside the bed and gabbling emptily.

"Quit bouncing and talk slow, Camellius George!"

"Marty's house . . . busted into . . . stole ——" The lips rested, wide apart. Camellius gazed at Luther's chest. Something like the touch of a finger moved across Luther's left ribs and dangled on his stomach. With a gentle tickling the chain shifted on his neck.

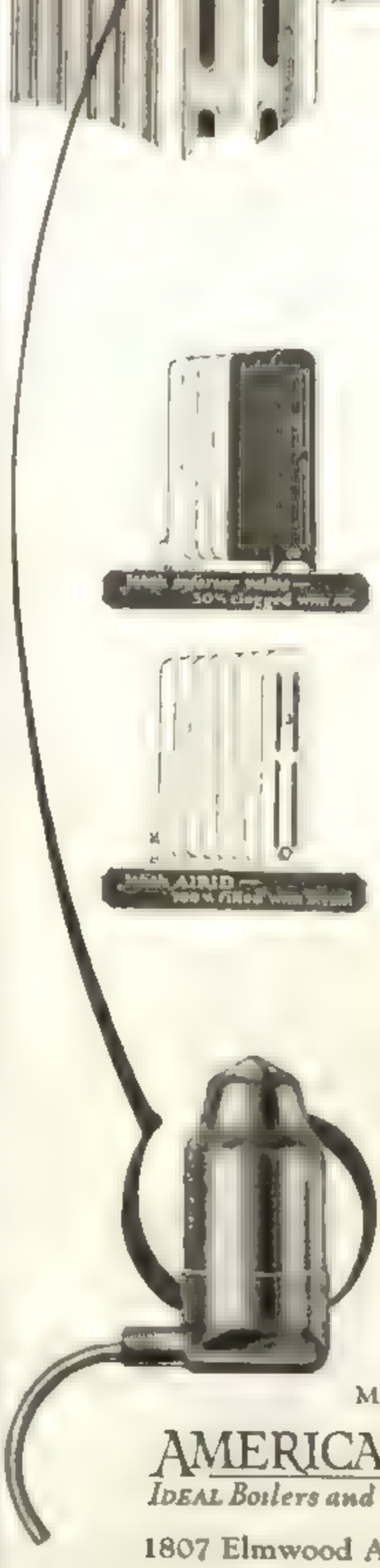
Luther rolled out of bed and took his brother by the shoulders. He said, "Now, listen at me! You ain't seen nothin'. You don't know nothin'. This is Clara's business. There's three thousand two hundred folks in Buford, and more up to the Springs. It's none of anybody's business, Camellius George, what I got under my shirt! This is fam'ly business."

The boy's eyes partly closed, then opened. He tore his shoulders back and jumped at the door. Its knob was turning. Camellius jammed his weight against the panels and snapped the bolt. His lips proclaimed, "You can't . . . in, Emma. Lu . . . dressed. . . . Git out'n. . . . Go on!" The girls must be in a flood outside. Luther cringed into bed. Camellius George said, "They . . . a dollar ——"

"Git it out my pants," Luther gasped. The girls might raid along the roof of the porch if they wanted money. The sheet doubled on his chest seemed papery and translucent; women could smell diamonds His brother shoved a dollar under the door. The old house quivered inwardly as the girls fell downstairs, probably fighting for the silver. Camellius George wiped his face.

Luther pulled on his clothes and meditated an undershirt, but heat was drawing up dew in curly steam from the garden. This was the hottest first of September

(Continued on Page 105)



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(Continued from Page 103)

since 1864 certainly. He had an old Sanitary Commission hospital shirt that buttoned far over to one side. He hauled this out of the dresser and was buttoning it when his eyes struck Camellius George, still motionless against the door, his shoes quite still and his gaze terrific. Something bounced inside Luther and he had a fancy of noises in his dead ears. He walked to the boy and said, "Hey . . . you don't . . . you ain't thinkin' I went an' stole this?"

Camellius George turned white. He slapped Luther's mouth.

"Well," said Luther, "that's all right, then. Only you was lookin' so funny." He took the boy's ears and gently pounded his head on the door for a moment, then assured him, "Nor you needn't worry none. This ain't now any worse'n when they thought that feller Cooper was a Secesh spy to Headquarters and we all had to watch him. So let's git breakfast."

Breakfast was made splendid by his sisters, who had visited the stationer and were adorned with glass diamonds hung to brass chains. Luther remarked, "You're all awful proud of bein' related to a man that's had a di'mond stole off him. Take your knife out'n your mouth, Katie! You're enough to h'ist mamma from her grave!" He wondered if the wriggling creatures had any brains. His own brains would never have produced Clara's trick of opening a long window on the first floor of the Summer house and hiding somewhere bits of silver. The diamond's case was empty on the stairs when Clara's maid found it, coming down to make breakfast for Martin and Clara. Certainly Clara was smart. Her pearl eardrops were gone too.

Camellius George brought the Buford Weekly Intelligencer to the office at dusk and Luther read a column parallel to one topped with "Gold reaches 113." The editor of the Intelligencer had written this himself, Sue Grosscup thought. "It seems impossible," the smudged print declared, "that any citizen of Buford would be guilty of such an act, remembering the long services to this community of Mr. Summer's father. Unfortunately, every warm season brings an additional element to our neighborhood. Among the people who pander to the luxurious inhabitants of the Buford Springs Hotel ——"

"Hey," said Luther, "he's gettin' real fierce! I bet he lost a dollar playin' poker up at the Springs."

The editor regretted that Mr. and Mrs. Summer had been obliged to return to New York by the evening train at four o'clock, but his assistance was broadly promised in the search for the thief. Ladies who were attending Miss Minora Coe's reading of poems tonight at the Springs would do well to leave their valuables at home.

"I . . . wear my garnet," said Sue, blowing her hair from her nose.

"Go on," Luther grinned, "show it off. I'll come round for you at seven."

The diamond was distressing under a tight white shirt and it got wedged between his belt and his surface while he drove Sue up West Hill in the best sulky. His ten carriages made a procession. Buford was lately attacked by a mania for poetry and advanced on the Springs to hear Miss Minora Coe recite in the blue parlor. Camellius George hopped about among the chairs and allowed ladies to pet him. It was plain to Luther that the boy inspected diamonds. Women from New York wore the biggest sparkles. Miss Minora Coe, poised in a green dress by the grand piano, opened her mouth and spoke with many gestures. Her gray hair was a cone stuck with pansies. Froths of white gloves rose whenever she shut her mouth and bowed. Bracelets must clink on the naked arms. The blend of perfumes made Luther drowsy and he was biting a yawn back when the fat Mr. Budd came ambling among the chairs in a white waistcoat sprinkled with blue bugs and asked him, "Hear . . . brother-in-law . . . valued — "

Luther politely rose and said, "Can't git what you say, sir. Tell Miss Grosscup and she'll tell me."

The jeweler bent his bulk, blood rising behind his gray whiskers, and told Sue what he had said. She interpreted, "Somebody . . . Mr. Budd that Mr. Summer valued . . . di'mond at twenty thousan' dollars ——"

"Hoo!" said Luther. "Marty wouldn't of said that. There ain't any di'mond worth ——" Yet it must be costly! Clara wouldn't have saved it from the gold market if it were not worth some money. He scratched an ear and went on, "I guess they've been pilin' up the figger," and the stone tickled his ribs. Budd flourished a handkerchief that smelled amazingly. Luther read his words partly and said, "No, I guess it's a di'mond Marty's dad got for his mother. My sister don't like jewelry much."

Camellius George hopped up and examined Budd carefully as the jeweler chatted with Sue about horses or something. The boy's relentless mind was now fixed on jewels, Luther guessed, and grinned when Camellius rested a thumb against a stone that shook blue sparks from Budd's left hand, asking something. Budd waved the handkerchief and answered, turning off. Sue Grosscup curled her nose in the surviving perfume and said, "Shouldn't . . . what things cost, Camellius ——"

"What'd he say?"

Camellius George said, ". . . says it's worth a thousand dollars."

"He's a liar," Luther decided. "Didn't they sell Cora Pearl up at Saratoga, right now, after she'd took all them races, an' only git seven thousand for her? He's got a thousand dollars of perfumery on his han'kerchief though!"

The scent seemed to cake his nostrils and persisted when he lit a cigar in the hall. Here he saw Mrs. Budd, a mound of purple satin, and the slimmer Miss Dallas in a solitude by the huge silver water cooler that adorned the desk. People moved about the still women; they were avoided, really, although Camellius George went to consider the bracelets that must clank gold on gemmed gold when Miss Dallas raised her arms, fooling with a bell of green points that decked her hair. Her skirt just hid knees that might be bony like her ankles.

Luther said, backing his sulky from the steps, "Budd and them women must be havin' a pretty poor vacation. But I don't see that they're any tougher lookin' than most the others," and he reflected for a hundred yards of West Hill on decoration. But Sue let him grip her right hand and slapped him viciously when he reached for a kiss at the door of her mother's cottage on the edge of Buford.

Camellius George thought these kind symptoms of a present collapse, and the next day Sue had her hair in a net. Luther had often urged this as an aid to conversation. Now he could see her neck's white hardness and the sun showered mottlings of light upon it as she bent over the ledger, busy with accounts, for here was September, and the guests of Buford Springs began to melt off. Luther's carriages bore them down to the station; Camellius George pursued some with small bills to the very cars and took percentages for these captures.

"They're leavin' quick," Luther said, sitting on his bed. "How many's left to the Springs?"

". . . hundred an' —ty," Camellius George yawned, coming to play with the diamond. He turned it lazily in his fingers. ". . . Dallas, she had on . . . nine, ten today."

"You look sharp for Budd and them to leave, Camellius George, 'cause they owe about forty dollars."

He often rode Jubilee up to the hotel, which had an odd allurement, suddenly. Men lounged in the wide bar and talked of gold over iced drinks. He saw lips say, ". . . ought to be home. Gold ——" and, ". . . says in the New York paper that gold ——"

Gold! He sometimes read the stock news of his Pittsburgh paper. Gold reigned terrifically. The President was somehow to be blamed. The treasury could do something to stop sales of phantom gold. Its prices danced mysteriously, puffed by Wall Street. Whatever this gold was, it sold for wavering figures. Men in the bar swore. Even ladies at croquet on the lawn declaimed of gold. He saw Miss Dallas speak of gold to a weedy young fellow who squired her about the walks when his mother was out driving. The gold chain, twisting on his breast, kept Luther well reminded of finance.

"I wish," he told Sue Grosscup, "I could git this straight. Money ain't awful interestin'. That Budd was sayin', up to the Springs, that somebody name of—looked like Old—has got all the gold in the country. Silly. I dunno what they all carry on for. Hardly nobody uses gold money. It's all paper or silver."

Sue added a column and ordered him not to worry. ". . . and git out of here . . . round all afternoon . . . I'm busy."

So he kissed the back of her neck as he left the office, and a pen sailed after him, to bury its point in Jubilee's saddle under the shady arch. Luther threw it back, and green eyes flashed at him through the open door. He felt rather drunk with heat and love, gave his sisters some silver to spend, and rode off, wondering if he whistled tunefully, into fields splotched with gold. Chilling nights had roused the flowers on slopes. Goldenrod stood dazzling under the sun. The hotel would close. Sumac would be bloody among cedars and birch on the hills, and the hills would change to their October tint. Then he would make Sue marry him. But now heat quivered still above the falls. Luther touched Jubilee's neck at the mouth of a trail and the horse went south, trotting comfortably. Luther undid his shirt. The fields were empty. He made Jubilee gallop, and air surged all about his chest as the shirt filled. The diamond swung out and pulsed on his thigh as he stooped. A clump of tamaracks dimmed it. Luther reined in and took the glow on his palm. He wondered what it cost, in real money, for an instant. Sun through these boughs made it green and like a lump of olive rock; it had no sparkle; it had lost its brilliant life. Who would want it now? Who would pay for it? The snaky chain was prettier. From a tamarack fell some needles and one brushed against the diamond, clung to his damp palm, a thin spire of jade. It was as good as the jewel.

For three breaths his mind thrilled with a thought: Beauty was a thing of place and time. The unlit stone was nothing, stupid as a deaf man, a broken strap, quite worthless, undesirable. Shade had humbled the diamond. His brows drew together. The raw boy edged toward a philosophy. Then his horse switched its head and more needles fell from the trees. Luther yawned, slipping his prisoner under the shirt again. Anyhow, he had to keep this tickling nuisance safe for Clara. He said "Git round, son," and Jubilee turned slowly. Beyond the tamaracks dust was settling on the trail and Luther saw polished haunches gleam below a gray coat, above twinkling horseshoes. A wide hat passed on the cloud, up a field. Some rider had gone by while he stared at the diamond; a horse and rider had gone close beside his idleness, through his silence! One of his own horses!

His brain emptied. He had a feeling of hoofs reared against his head. If he was caught with this stone he was a thief. Martin Summer would never forgive him. Sue might not understand. The other horse had vanished into the road that led up West Hill. Luther dropped his heels on Jubilee's sides and said "Go 'long, son!" Jubilee flattened and Luther bent to the gait. But on West Hill the rider was a point at the brim of the plateau.

Luther wiped his face and rode down to the stables, shaken by a dozen fleet moods that left him dripping. He hated the diamond. He hated Clara. He hated gold. Camellius George was hopping with a pipe in his mouth beside the trough and Luther cried "You quit smokin' so much!" vexed by such cheerful motion. Then as his brother took the pipe from his lips he said, "Oh, smoke your head off! I'm just hot," and tried to grin, tried to whistle when Camellius came to unsaddle Jubilee.

There was no one in the office. Sue had gone home. Luther dropped into her chair and thought of flashing hoofs.

After a time Camellius George strolled in and said, ". . . brought that chestnut back . . . Springs. Miss Dallas, she rode him all to . . . tired out."

"Which chestnut was that Dallas woman ridin'?"

". . . two-year-old, Cumberland."

Luther stuffed his pipe and asked, "Ridin' man's saddle, was she? In them salt-and-pepper pants?" The boy nodded. Luther yawned "She's brazen, for you!" out of a dry throat. He would not sleep tonight.

Yet, after three days, his fright eased. He saw the slim woman playing croquet on the grass at the hotel when he went to gather a bul. She bent her head with its wrought tower of hair in her usual fashion. Perhaps she had seen nothing at all. Perhaps the tamarack needles had changed the stone for her, too, into a bit of tame green and she thought it some keepsake from a woman that he was wearing. Altered weather cooled him. The nights demanded a blanket and Camellius George put on a jacket one evening. Summer expired with grace and the folk ebbed from the hotel in clusters. Often grooms played cards under the stable archway, having no loads to drive. On the sixteenth Luther had Sue Grosscup pay off two of his men. On the twenty-fourth another youth left to take a winter job in Philadelphia and Luther rode Jubilee down to the station beside the fellow, who talked legibly and said, ". . . crowd . . . tel'graph," as they neared the tracks.

Fifty men were jammed into the little cell about the struggling operator. Luther abandoned his groom and dismounted, after a stare through the window. He wriggled, wishing more inches, into the press, and smelled perfume as he dived under Budd's elbow. Men from the Springs were biting cigars and the cashier of the bank nodded to Luther with a peculiar stare. The operator raised a wet face from the machine and momently spoke. Luther glared and could read nothing. Then Camellius George squirted like a seed from the muddle of coats and said, his eyes vast, "Gold's went to a hundred fifty-two!"—with twitches of his lips to accent the words. He went on, "Men . . . Wall Street shootin' 'emselves. . . ." His lips were stricken into wood. He gazed across the table and the tripping key of the machine. A pale man in black from the hotel raised his hand and bit it. Blood dripped on his stiff white shirt.

"Come out'n this," said Luther, and clenched his brother's shoulder. He dragged the boy into air and commanded, "You never go an' gamble in stocks or I'll bust your belly open! See that? And God only knows where Marty is in this muss!" But Camellius was not listening. His black eyes were aimed at the door. Luther stared with him. The molten voices made a stir in the warm noon, and the thrill of it entered Luther like a wind. He scratched his ears. It almost seemed that he could hear this frenzy. Camellius grabbed his arm on a visible writhing of heads about the table. Then some man tossed his hands high and men ran from the office.

". . . say the market's busted . . . droppin'! President Grant's ordered ——"

"Speak clear!"

"—— ordered . . . Treasury to sell a lot of g——"

The cashier of the bank came to take Luther's arm and Camellius translated, "Says he hopes Marty's sold out before . . . came. Gold's dropped to . . . and thirty. Says . . . people must be ruined flat," the cashier nodding.

The financier went on up Summer Street. An old soldier came out and pronounced, slapping his leg, "Well . . . gen'ral's beat them . . . gamblers, after all! By . . ." and laughed, his yellow teeth glittering, gilded.

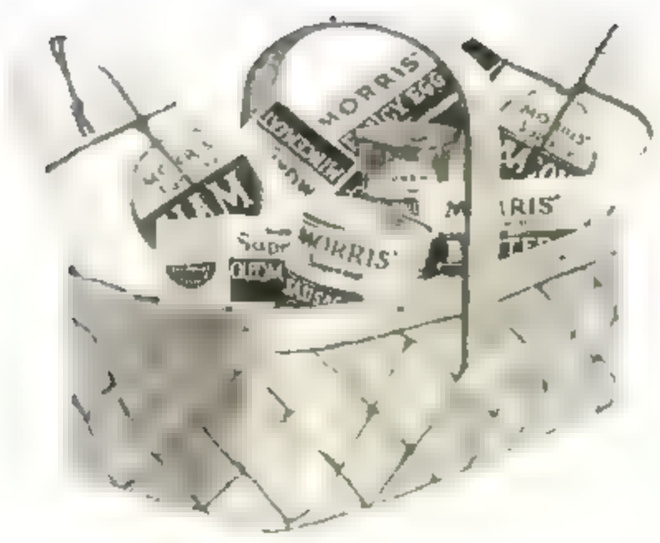
Seas of fancies washed about Luther. Some monstrous thing had happened in New York. Martin might be ruined. What had he been trying to do in this smother of words? Luther asked. "You say men were killin' 'emselves?" and Camellius jerked his black head. Figures wabbled in and out of the door, taking his eyes. Luther could not think. This lump of wealth tickling his ribs might save Martin. He must think what to do. He said, "Stay here! If anything worse happens, come and tell me!" Then he jumped on Jubilee and rode up the street's warm silence, flooded with moving bodies and rippling mouths. His ears burned with the memory of shots that cracked close at hand when revolvers spoke in the charges of his war. The smell of powder came into his nostrils. Martin Summer might be dead. He had better talk to Sue Grosscup. She understood about money. He spurred his horse. The beast cantered toward the diamond oblong of the spilling trough before the stables. Abruptly his sister Kate dashed from the archway headlong, chased by a groom.

Luther yelled and swung Jubilee aside with a wrench. He shot from the saddle of the rearing horse and his shoulder terribly struck a side of the archway.

He could not move his arm or speak to the immediate crowd. Two grooms and Sue Grosscup, her hair fantastic, were ripping down his sleeve from the shoulder. Luther battered them away with his fist and yelled, "Git Camellius George up here, will you? Lemme be, dammit!"

Then he went stumbling across to his house and fell constantly, getting up

(Continued on Page 108)



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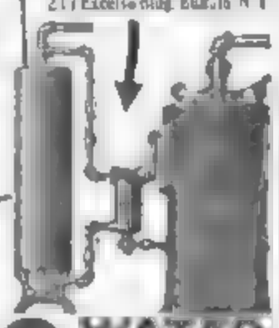

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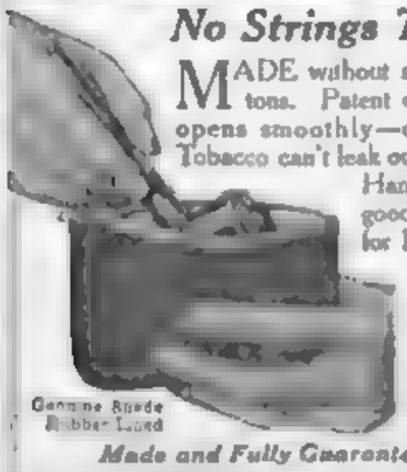

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(Continued from Page 105)

the stairs. Moons swam in his eyes. He tumbled on his bed. When the boy ran in, Luther saw him slam the door on the piled faces outside, and gulped "Take it!" His brother's hands tore at the chain. The diamond flashed. Luther fainted pleasantly and did not wake until his dislocated arm was in its place, the wrist tucked in a sling made by Sue Grosscup of his best silk handkerchief. His sisters sat in an important row on the foot of the bed and admired him. Luther blushed.

Camellius George was rubbing his ribs and hopping in a meditative way, so Luther said, with meaning, "If you got a flea bitin' you, take it out an' kill it!" before he drank the watered whisky that Sue held to his lips.

She ferociously bade him lie still, and his shoulder hurt foully. Luther stayed prone under a sheet and mused. As if the transfer of the jewel soothed his mind he thought clearly. Martin was no coward. He might be ruined, but he would not die. He had a house still, and Clara, and his share of the Springs. Gold could not kill such a man. Luther ate supper in bed and counseled Camellius George, "Be sure an' keep your shirt buttoned now, nor don't let that fool of a chain git up over your collar none. . . . I tell you how this is. I've been thinkin'. Clara was scared Marty'd sell this and put it into gold, see? And they'd lose it too. So that's why she done this. She'll be takin' it back pretty quick. She——" Camellius George flicked a hand. Luther was still.

Emma put her wild head in by the door and gabbled:

". . . Budd's sent down for his bill Leavin' early . . . mornin'," Camellius George interpreted.

"Go git Sue at her mamma's, and have her write a bill and take it up," said Luther.

His sisters came to amuse him by a free battle on the floor when the boy was gone. They upset the candle twice and Sue Grosscup, coming in, picked tabs of grease from their hair while they plainly shrieked.

She expelled them and told Luther "Jubilee ain't safe now. . . . George rode him off with . . . Budd's bill . . . the hotel. Say . . . tell me Budd's . . . awful temper."

"His temper's bad on him? Mebbe he's been gamblin' in gold."

The candle flame wavered. Sue seemed to chuckle. She took a comb from the dresser and parted Luther's hair, much amused. She explained, "Him that brought word down to . . . up the bill. Budd's mad 'cause . . . Grant had that gold . . . sold and stopped the gambling . . . Wall Street. He was shoutin' all over . . . hotel."

Luther took her hand and held it. He said, "It's a awful kind of lucky thing that you're the person I can see what you say best on. 'Cause you're who I like to talk to best." The words seemed to pass by bubbles in his throat. He gazed at her lips. In a moment the green eyes swelled and diamonds descended her face. Luther sat up to watch this.

The lips said, ". . . mean you want to git married with . . . why don't you say so?"

"Who else would I want to git married with? You make me mad! Ain't I been kissin' you for ——"

The lips said "Oh, shut up!" and she wept majestically, rocking to and fro. Then she curled her nose and went out of the room. She came back with an armful of his sisters' clothes and began to mend them, sitting off by the candle. Its light revealed that her white throat was swelling and falling. Her lips hardly stirred. She was humming a song.

Camellius George had helped him into a nightshirt. Luther stuffed his pipe with his right hand and lit it. Etiquette became a subject of his thoughts. Was it respectable for him to go and kiss her in a nightshirt that reached his calves; or should he wait? Or perhaps she was waiting to be kissed. His shoulder ached again. He said, "I was wonderin' if ——" but his cook came in with a yellow envelope and Luther jumped out of bed, brooks of anguish welling in his wrenched muscles, to seize this. He chilled, tearing the paper. He began to read with the very date: "New York City, N. Y., September 24th, 1869. Luther Cole, Buford, Penn. All well. He sold at 145, no loss. Send it to me. Clara Summer."

Luther shook his safe arm in the air. He said, "Marty's all right! Sold his gold an' got out of his muss all right, I guess. Hey, is there any money over in the office? I got to send Camellius George to New York in the mornin'."

". . . forty dol - deary."

"Git it," said Luther. "He better go up on that early train." He then kissed Sue on the face, hurting his shoulder against her arm, and watched her go down his stairs, her white wool gown made rosy by the swinging lamp below. It became wonderfully necessary to watch her pass across the cobbles to the stables. A lantern hung in the arch showed her white skirts floating. Jubilee walked no better. The lamp in the office woke. Cobbles were plain with a crust of dew. Luther stood in his doorway and admired Sue's gestures, unlocking the desk twenty yards off. An air from the hills swarmed about his calves. He looked toward the hills. Then a gray thing formed to his stare. Jubilee came to the steps, shaking his head before an empty saddle canted sideways. The horse put his front hoofs on a white step and looked at Luther queerly, his eyeballs like great chestnuts.

"You ain't throwed him!" said Luther, glaring. "There ain't no horse could throw Camellius George. . . . What you been doin'?" He jerked his arm from the sling, feeling no pain, and walked down the steps. He righted the small saddle carefully. Sue's gown came fluttering. Luther said, "Go fetch me some pants an' my shoes. Hustle! Somebody's killed Camellius! Hustle!" But he could not wait. Luther slung himself across his horse and wheeled against the dim street, aware of some miracle. Through his silence, with the look of her eyes, green jewels under the lamp, he heard a noise of bugles that hurled cries into the dawn above old camps. He shouted and rode off, bending low. Although he did not know this, his right arm swung out and his empty hand clutched a saber from the air.

Moon and stars lit his way. He rode, his knees gripping the saddle and his soles caressed by wind. West Hill was a curving streak upon the night, and the few glowing windows of the hotel flowered. Jubilee surged, then slowed, halted. Luther stared down from the horse and sniffed. Pennyroyal, fading in cool autumn, made no such smell. Something crawled on the dust, a dogged movement. He dropped from the saddle and lifted his brother. All his thoughts now went clearly and smoothly. He was no longer stupid. He said, "Hurt bad? What's busted, Camellius George?" The black head shook on his shoulder. Luther kept an arm about the boy and let the face drop. The spread of flowing darkness on the cheek was blood. His finger found a cut in the soft hair. "That all? . . . Who done it?" But the moon would not let the lips answer. The boy set a palm against Jubilee's saddle and his torn shirt, ripped widely from his breast, showed no glitter. The chained diamond was gone. Camellius sobbed and Luther was maddened by the unheard pain. He stood glaring and said, "I can't see, oh, I can't see what you're sayin'! Who hurt you?" until a light grew and reddened the road about his feet, made his shadow slide.

Sue got down from an unsaddled mare and the stable lantern showed two grooms behind her on other horses. She caught the boy's wrist and her lips flickered. Jubilee fidgeted and Camellius George sat down in the dust to put his face on his knees. Luther cried, "Who done it?"

"He don't . . . ridin' back . . . someone stopped him . . . asked for a match . . . hauled him off'n . . ." She bent over the boy, twisting a handkerchief about his head. Then her face rose. She said, "They fought . . . rolled round."

Luther knelt and felt the dust. It might have fallen from the boy's neck. It might have been snapped from the chain. He said, "Did he grab it, Camellius George? Hey, you fellers! Look round quick for a gold chain! Never mind what! Look!" and felt Sue's eyes as she wondered while the grooms stumbled about. Camellius stretched out a hand that shook. Luther took it and growled, "Sure. It ain't your fault, Camell—— Hey!" Against his cheek the boy's hand smelled of perfume, rich and strong.

The saddle was hot under Luther's knees. He came up West Hill and put the horse over a low rail. Two gowns jumped from his path and a red cigar's end fell. Five windows glowed along the hotel's bulk and the lobby was bright. Luther jumped from the saddle into the veranda and yelled to a page, "Where's this Budd and them women sleep?" He seized the negro's sleeve. People came in shoals of faces from all about. Luther said, "Take me to where this Budd is!" and ran after the negro up brass-edged stairs, along a hall to a door. This door was locked and did not open for a time while he stood kicking it with his dirty feet. He wished iron shoes. Budd tried to shove him from the slit of light as the door opened and he struck the man's red dressing gown where a gold cord streaked the silk. Perfume filled this room, and a slim woman ran off through another door beyond the bed's white surface piled with gay clothes and shoes of different colors. Luther knocked a fat woman aside and leaped to this new door. Someone was leaning on its other side. He howled, "Open up here or I'll bust your head flat, you skinny fool!" He made a ram of his shoulder and beat the white paint with it. Soon some bar gave way. He stalked across a green carpet and clutched Miss Dallas by her arms. The chain was a snake in ruffles and massed lace upon her breast, and rounds of paint smeared her face. He thought and said, "Hey, but you're a ugly muss for a actress! Give it here!" She kicked his ankles. He growled, "Gimme it or I'll bust you!"

Her lips wriggled into a word and another word. She said, ". . . go . . . let go!" and Luther released one hand. The diamond rose from her clothes. He took it and panted, "All right! But you can dam' well walk down to the station tomorrow! I ain't goin' to send no carriage for you! . . . How did you know he'd have it on him!" He must know that. He took her wrist again. She screamed, he thought, by the cords appearing in her neck.

"Well, tell me!"

". . . shirt . . . button."

"Seen it through his shirt? Seen it first on me an' then through his shirt? All right. . . . Who hauled him off'n his horse? Budd done that. You," he told the jeweler, center of a herd that stared, "you're a coward! Hey, you're a thief too! For all you knew, I'd stole this. Your woman seen it when he come to c'lect my bill. So you was goin' to steal it off'n him. Git out of my way!"

Luther walked through a mixture of men and women into the corridor. Then he began to run. This diamond was a nuisance. The whole thing was a nuisance. He went tearing down the stairs and saw more faces, more gibbering mouths in the vestibule. He said, "Go 'long, son!" to Jubilee and let the horse canter on the road. The lantern danced to meet him as he slowed on the level. They had put Camellius George on a horse and a groom was leading it. Luther pulled in beside Sue and made the diamond gleam before the flame.

"Here," he said, "I've had enough of this gold an' all. You put your hat on an' git off to New York with this here tomorrow. Take it to Clara an' say I'm glad to be shut of it. It's a nuisance. Take it!"

The golden snake coiled about her neck. The stone flared and slipped safely into her white dress. A vast noise simmered in Luther's head, although he heard nothing. Her lips said, ". . . brave . . ." and an arm reached out. He saw his brother's foot hop in its stirrup. Oil died in the lantern with a foul smell and the faces faded in the moon's poor light. He was sick and weak and he leaned against her as the horses moved. But in this pain, her lips stirred yet upon his cheek for a long breath. He sat upright then, and rode with pride.

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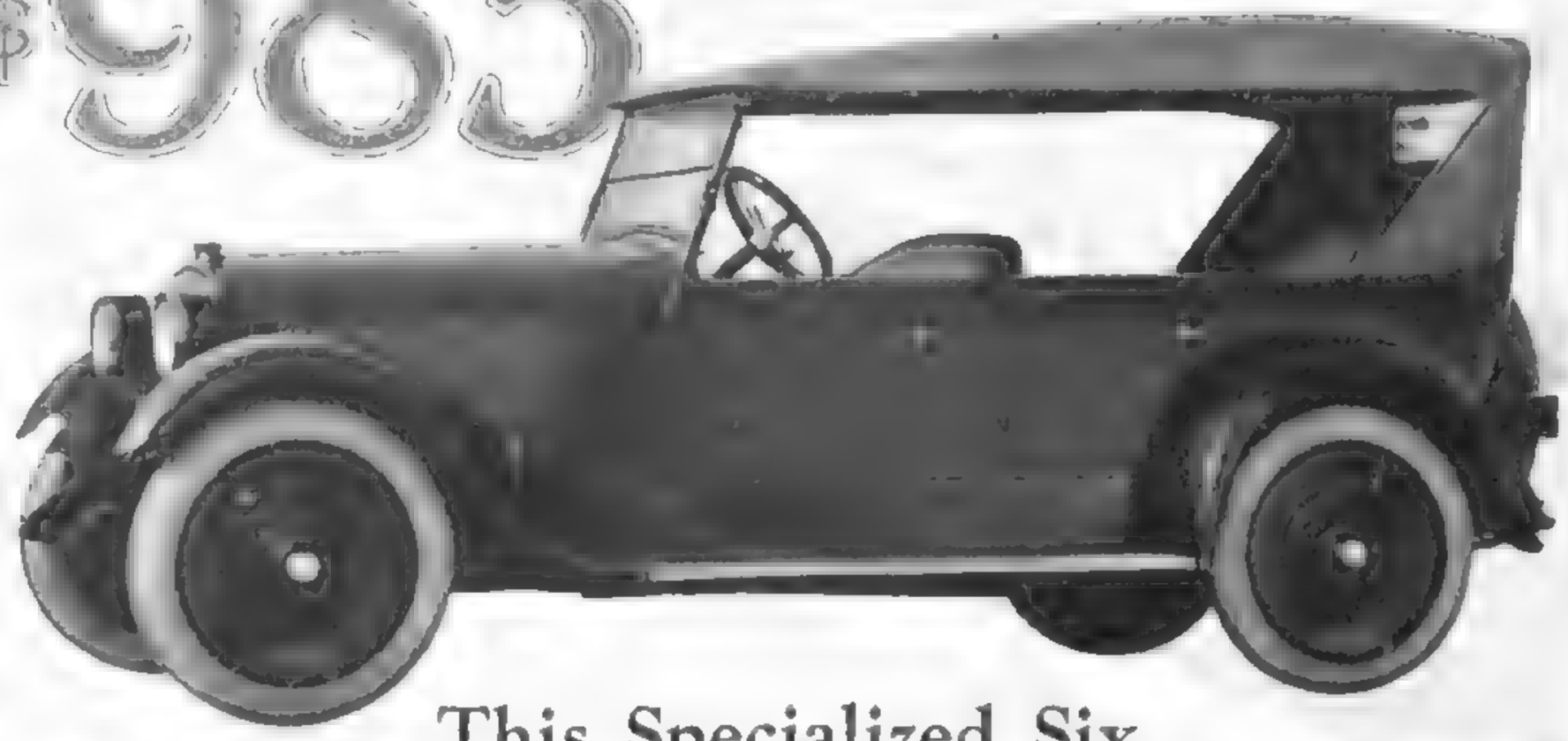

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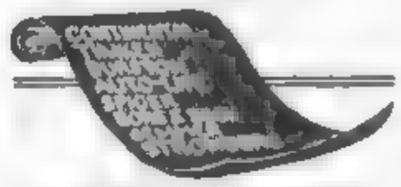

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WHAT Chloe means is this: There is all the difference in the world between mopping varnished wood or varnished linoleum, and scrubbing unvarnished wood or unvarnished linoleum. In the one case, the mop, with a little guidance, does the work. And the floor is *clean*. In the other, you scrub and scrub—on hands and knees, and get a lame back for your trouble. And with all your scrubbing, the floor still looks like sin.

Every woman who keeps house knows how impossible it is to clean floors from which the varnish has worn off—and to clean woodwork which has parted company with its paint. Can you blame her for reveling in a clean house—that can so easily be *kept* clean and attractive?

Floors, stairs, thresholds, walls, ceilings, woodwork, if painted or varnished often enough, will last as long as the building itself. And a well constructed building, if repainted often enough, will last indefinitely.

How often you paint and varnish depends on your own will to protect what you own. Save the surface and you save all.

It always costs less to paint than not to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them.

NOW is the time to paint and varnish.

DON'T PUT IT OFF —PUT IT ON

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia. A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

1 1 © Save the Surface Campaign 1922

HARDENER'S HEAT

(Continued from Page 9)

be ashamed of blowing safes if you knew how. Sure. I know."

Bedford did not mean that he believed the boy dishonest, but when he engaged in an argument his words became his master. When he knew he was right he would say anything.

"Oh, what's the use?" cried the boy, forgetting his accent as he pushed back his chair.

"Sit down!" commanded Bedford. And when he was obeyed: "If I ever catch you stealing I'll throw you out. I'm asking you questions. You've been up to devilment. I want to know what, and your mother wants to know."

"Aw, why drag her into it?"

"Am I right?"

"You're always right," said the boy.

"That's enough from you! Leave the table! Tonight you stay home for a change. This time you'll obey me, you bet!"

Jimmy rose and slouched into the front room. Bedford continued his supper, shifting his questions to his wife, who had long ago learned to answer them without heat.

"What's the matter? Got a cold?"

"I caught cold last night from the window," said Minna.

"You heat up a washpan of boiling water with salt in it and stand breathing the steam. Nothing's so healthy as salt. I put salt in my quench water sometimes. It's just as good for people as it is for steel."

"Before I go to bed," said Minna.

"Right away."

"I'll fix it after supper."

"Plenty of salt, and boiling water," repeated Bedford.

The salt brew in due time was prepared and its steam inhaled, because Minna did not much object, and in the morning when she woke up the cold had disappeared. It would have disappeared anyhow; steamed salt is no remedy; but Bedford believed that his prescription was what cured it.

Now that his attention was directed to his wife he began noticing further facts previously overlooked.

"What's that stain on the tablecloth?"

"That's coffee stain," Minna replied. "The coffeepot splashed over for me."

"Soak it in cold milk," said Bedford.

"I'll fix it when I wash."

"Milk," repeated Bedford; "and cold. Cold milk for stains, always."

He had read somewhere years before, perhaps on the women's page, but without understanding the reasons, that certain stains, such as that of blood, which contains albuminous matter that hardens under heat, can be removed readily in cold milk. The coffee stain would doubtless come out when Minna immersed the cloth in milk, but if not she would apply her favorite glycerin.

"I'll remember," she replied.

The coffee stain suggested another thought. "Did you make this coffee as I told you?"

"I was very careful," replied Minna.

"Hot water not quite to a boil, and the coffee added, with at the last a teaspoonful of flour?"

"Just as you said."

"It's good coffee," he remarked then, when he knew. "What's that on your wrist?"

"Only a mosquito bite."

"Rub butter into it."

"I will."

"Do it now."

Minna had no choice but to dab a touch of butter upon the lesion and rub it in.

"That makes it better," he said. "Don't it feel better?"

"Lots better."

But by now he had finished eating, and in addition he had used up all his ideas except those with which he had begun. Minna's cold was cured, the tablecloth saved, the coffee verified, the mosquito bite alleviated. Since there was no further need of him at table he sought the front room to continue his contest with Jimmy.

"Jimmy!" he called, and waited for the reply. "Jimmy!"

But not only was the boy not in the room but he was not in the house. When Bedford learned that his son had flouted his authority and departed without leave, his rage became so real that it could no longer be expressed. He stamped up and down the room, pushed the table aside, swung his rocking-chair into new positions, threw the evening paper to the floor, snatched it up again, stripped off the want-ad pages, seated himself without mercy.

"What I say I stick to! I told him!"

Then, after trying to read, since the calmness of mind required even of news readers was no longer his, he rose and stormed back and forth past the windows. And all the while, during the passionate movements of his arms, wrists and fingers, his feet, his legs and his body, he inveighed ceaselessly against Jimmy—on the principle governing the pulpit orator, whose sharpest scourge is for the shoulders it never reaches.

"I told him! I stick to what I say, you bet!"

"You're too strict with him," said Minna.

"You keep out of this. He knows what I said. If he wants to run with gangsters let him sleep and eat with them. He made his own bed—I didn't."

But Minna merely picked up the discarded sheets of the paper and took them into the kitchen. Could Bedford have seen her there a little later scanning the columns under Female Help Wanted he might have been startled. After all, patience is only a name.

III

"IF YOU would know steel you must first know iron and charcoal," hardeners used to say. But now they say: "If you would know steel you must first know manganese, nickel, tungsten, chromium, vanadium," as well as iron and carbon. New demands create new products. The automobile industry of itself would have invented the steels it needed had not armor plate and ordnance engineers already blazed a path to them.

"If you would know men you must first know yourself," they used to say; but now they include your wife and family, besides a great many other people.

Bedford, who understood iron and charcoal, and therefore steel in a way, but not his wife and son, and therefore not modern man, reached his place of business in no placid frame of mind. The time was three mornings later. He had broken a shoe lace in dressing, and that still caused him to sputter. His breakfast had not suited him. He had been jostled in the street car. He was still angry with Jimmy. Above all, he had suddenly begun resenting his treatment by Akeley, the new superintendent. His skill had not been receiving recognition from the company.

"If they think this job's the last in steel they're crazy. The Netterlys need a hardener foreman. Maybe I better ask 'em a question."

After savagely punching the time clock he scuffed his polished soles along the floor, which belonged to the company, swung back the basement door, and jarringly descended the worn steps on his heels. A truck loaded with boxes of casehardened rolls stood in the dark passage against the elevator; coming from the light he stumbled over it. The truck was quite insensitive, but he kicked at it as if it had been an offending animal.

When he reached his own quarters he rolled back the iron door with a crash that all but unseated it.

The room he entered was half dark, as a hardening room should be. Along one wall stood a row of rusted muffle furnaces like secondhand stoves on stilts. At the farther end of the room a disused blacksmith's forge had for companions a ponderous bellows, an anvil with its block, and a blackened work-bench cluttered with tongs and swages. Beneath the smoke-soured windows extended a longer bench, flanked by boxes containing work completed or not yet begun. Directly in front stood two effeminate constructions independently connected with the chimney. These were the new cyanide furnaces.

"Any cheap skate would know that," said Bedford, addressing the effeminate two.

His distaste for the furnaces again had its source in Akeley. Bedford was a practical man, a steel hardener skilled in his trade. Akeley was only an engineer five or ten years out of college.

"Any cheap skate knows that cyanide will harden steel."

Which of course may be true of a cheap skate, even though cyanide of itself will not harden steel, being merely a carbonizing substance like charcoal.

Tool steel is only wrought iron to which has been added a little carbon. When tool steel is heated to its exact shade of redness and then plunged into cold water it becomes extremely hard. If heated beyond this temperature its grain coarsens rapidly. If heated short of it the tool remains soft. Most hardeners judge their heats by the eye.

Sometimes steels require only a surface hardening. In such cases the pieces to be hardened, made of low carbon steel, are packed in contact with carbon and kept at red heat until their surface is highly carbonized. When they are then quenched their carbonized rind becomes extremely hard, the unchanged interior not. The process is known as casehardening.

Now Bedford had always used charcoal, which is almost pure carbon, for his casehardening jobs. Akeley, however, who hardened his steel on paper, wished to substitute potassium cyanide, a chemical compound likewise rich in carbon but intensely poisonous, for the charcoal, since it liquefies under heat and the pieces to be treated can be immersed in it by basketfuls without the bother of packing them.

"Cyanide costs more," he remarked casually, "but in the end we gain."

"I can't see cyanide at all," said Bedford.

"First, you double your furnace charge. That's that. Second, you divide the time in the heat, because the carbon in cyanide is taken up quicker. That's a saving. Then there's the labor of packing that's done away with."

"I can't see any of it."

"You will," said Akeley; whereupon he had proceeded to install the furnaces.

The cyanide furnaces were bad enough, but on top of that foolishness Akeley proposed to change the temper of the Ascott tool steel. The more carbon a steel contains the harder it becomes when quenched. Razor steel contains 1.5 per cent of carbon, but it is so brittle that some tools cannot be made of it. As the increased hardness of a steel is always accompanied by this increased brittleness, and by a narrowed latitude of permissible heat, many hardeners try to avoid the higher tempers. The medium tempers harden better, they say—meaning that they cause them less trouble.

The steel Bedford had been hardening ran to about eighty-point temper, or .8 per cent of carbon. With this steel he had had good success. Indeed he had brought it into the shop with him twelve years before. The tools he hardened stood up as well as any the shop had ever produced. No complaint about the steel had ever been made.

Yet, following the cyanide proposal, Akeley's first act, before even asking a question as to tool complaints, was to announce a change to one-twenty-point temper, or 1.2 per cent carbon content.

"No good, Mr. Akeley," Bedford protested.

"What's wrong with high carbon?"

"She won't work, is wrong with her. Nobody on earth can make a good cold chisel out of one-twenty-point. Too brittle. One lick of the hammer and smash she goes."

"Then we'll buy our cold chisels," said Akeley. "We don't save ten dollars a year by making our own chisels. No sense slowing up ten thousand dollars' worth of shop tools for ten dollars' worth of chisels."

"You can harden our steel just as hard," said Bedford.

Akeley laughed as if he thought the hardener were joking. "As hard as what?" he asked.

"As hard as one-twenty-point. Sure you can. Give it a bit more heat and it's as hard as any steel made."

"Coarsens the grain," Akeley replied, suddenly thoughtful. "A coarse-grained steel won't stand up."

"The way I draw it back it will."

"It isn't doing it," said Akeley.

"First I heard of that," said Bedford.

"The shop speeds show you up," Akeley told him. "The machines upstairs are running way too slow. And the life of your tools shows you up. Higher-carbon steel will run twice as many cutting hours, and at higher speeds."

"I'll stack my hardening against anybody's," said Bedford.

"Your hardening's good enough. It's the steel you're using that don't stack."

"I'm a hardener for twenty-two years, and I never before heard anything against this steel."

"That's why I'm here," said Akeley.

That conversation was now two weeks old. Bedford had hoped that the superintendent would make inquiries about the steel and change his mind; but he had not done so. The higher carbon steel was beginning its third day at Ascott's.

First cyanide, and now this crazy change in tool steel. Interference here and interference there. Talked to as if he were an apprentice, by a new broom out of a college who hadn't hardened two pounds of steel in his life. Who wouldn't feel like kicking a truck?

"Get four furnaces going," he told his helper when that useful young man appeared a few minutes later.

"Cyanide?"

"I said furnaces. Then fetch in a sack of powdered charcoal for the muffles."

Akeley stepped into the room almost before the machinery upstairs began making itself heard.

"Bedford," he began, "I wish you would harden these disks. Start them at once. Do them yourself, so they will be done right. Full hard. It won't be necessary to let them down. Send them to Jack when you get them."

"One-twenty point?"

"That's it. Same steel. Always one-twenty point hereafter."

He laid out three finished disks somewhat thicker than sole leather. As Bedford was wary of the new steel he took no chances, and packed them in a muffle for heating. The temperature he arranged to take from wires embedded in the charcoal. He had a feeling that Akeley would test the disks in some way; and since the disk form is not the easiest to heat and quench, as all hardeners know, he watched the furnace closely. When the muffle grew rosy he pulled one of his wires.

"Not yet," he decided instantly, seeing that the wire was barely red.

He pulled another wire, and then a third, before the steel glowed bright enough for quenching. Then, disengaging the disks from their fiery bed, he seized them between the heated points of his lightest tongs and plunged them into the bath.

"Look 'em over," he told his helper. "Absolutely right. Nobody can say we missed anything on that job. When you don't know what you've got, always use test wires. I pulled that steel within ten degrees."

Bedford's success with the disks added to his sense of importance, but the flattery of it did not blind him to his grievance against Akeley. At five minutes past twelve he opened the door of the Netterly establishment, two blocks south, to ask his question, as he had planned to do. He remained inside for more than half an hour. When he came out he was smiling.

Shortly before two, Akeley telephoned down, speaking with great courtesy, to ask for a conference. Bedford guessed that he had already heard of the Netterly flirtation. The thought pleased him. He entered the little office as one knowing his own value, prepared to exact his due.

The guess did not quite meet the fact.

"How did the disks turn out?" began Akeley.

"All right."

"Didn't forget to watch the heat?"

"Me? I watched it like a cat." He thought Akeley was trying to be humorous. "You'll find they're hardened perfect. Nobody can do better hardening than I did on that job. She can't be done."

"Sit down," said the other then, opening a drawer in his desk. And when Bedford obeyed: "I wanted you to see something, here away from people. These are the disks you hardened. I had them broken across, to show the grain. Take this glass and glance at that fracture. Coarse grained, don't you think?"

Bedford took the proffered glass and looked. "That's the fault of the steel," he said at last.

"No, it isn't. Here are two other disks cut from the same bar. I sent them out to be hardened. Look at that grain."

"He didn't harden them as hard, is why. You told me full hard."

"Try for yourself," said Akeley, producing a file.

The hardener could not well dodge the test. The second set of disks proved to be so hard that the file would not touch them.

(Continued on Page 114)

100,000 MILES *and more*
Owners Records *of* 100,000

ONCE a year for a number of years, it has been the custom of The White Company to publish a list of its veteran White Trucks which have gone 100,000, 200,000, 300,000 miles and more.

This year's list includes 1400 trucks, every record certified to by the individual owners.

The list represents but a part of all the 100,000-mile records made by White Trucks—only those which have come to our attention.

Many which last year appeared in the 100,000-mile column, this year are in the 150,000 class; next year they may be in the 200,000 class.

100,000 miles is really *ordinary* performance for a White Truck.

69 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 300,000 MILES AND MORE EACH

Artesian Well & Supply Co.	1	The Fuller Cleaning Company	2	Lexington Dry Goods Co.	1	T. Shanahan, Jr.	1
Frank Bird Transfer Co.	7	Good Hope Water Co.	1	Madera-Fresno Stage Co.	3	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co.	1
Boulevard Transit Co.	1	Hancock Bros. Fruit Co.	2	Mesaba Motor Co.	1	J. M. Traxler	1
Boulevard Transportation Co.	3	Hershey Cuban Railway	2	Mesaba Transportation Co.	3	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	1
Bower Transportation Co.	1	Humptulips Logging Co	1	H. Minkwitz	1	United States Bakery	1
Clover Leaf Dairy	1	A. Jaloff	1	Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	8	United Transportation Co.	2
The Columbus Bread Co.	2	Kern County Transit Co.	5	Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co.	4	Valley Transit Co.	1
George M Cooley Co	1	N. S. Koos & Son Company	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1	W. Walker & Son, Ltd	1
Enumclaw Transportation Co.	1	E. W. Layer	1	H. O. Seiffert Co.	1	White Transit Co., Inc.	2
				Chas. Seip Baking Co.	1	Wouters Laundry	1

184 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 200,000 TO 300,000 MILES EACH

Abraham and Straus	1	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	3	Interurban Autocar Co.	1	T. S. Reed Grocery Co.	1
Armour and Company	2	Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.	1	A. Jaloff	2	G. F. Reed & Son	1
Atlantic Refining Company	1	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	6	Kewanee Boiler Co.	1	Mark Regan & Son	1
Austin Motor Transportation Co.	1	Enumclaw Transportation Co.	1	Kirchner's	2	William S. Roe	1
C. L. Bailey Grocery Co.	1	Tony Fazio	1	Lexington Dry Goods Co.	2	Sandersville Coca Cola Bottling Co.	1
Baum's Home of Flowers, Inc.	1	Mike Perro	2	Long's Baggage & Transfer Co	1	John Sauer	1
A. E. Berry	1	Fleming Brothers	1	City of Los Angeles, Police Dept.	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Bonwit Teller & Co.	3	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	2	Peter McCabe	1	Schulze Baking Co.	1
Boring Auto Truck Co.	1	W. U. Fogwill	1	McLaughlin Transfer Co.	2	Arlington Setzer	1
Boulder Bottling Works	1	Fowler, Dick & Walker	1	McMahon Transportation Co.	2	Shepherd & Story	2
Boulevard Transit Co.	1	The Fuller Cleaning Company	2	Madera-Fresno Stage Co.	2	South Florida Bus Service	1
Boulevard Transportation Co.	1	Fullington Auto Bus Co.	1	Malandre Bros.	1	The W. P. Southworth Co.	1
Bower Transportation Co.	1	Gifford's Express Co.	1	Maryland Transportation Co.	4	Chas. M. Stieff, Inc.	1
Broadway Taxi Operating Co.	8	Hansen Motor Trucking Co.	1	Mendham Garage Co.	2	F. F. Sturtevant Dept. Store	1
Bullock's	2	H. H. Harbaugh	1	Mesaba Transportation Co.	1	The Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	4
Burns & Campbell Co.	1	Harper Garage Co.	1	Julius Miske	1	A. C. Titus & Co.	1
California Ink Co.	2	Haverty Furniture Co.	1	Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	5	J. M. Traxler	2
Clover Leaf Dairy	1	W. J. Hay Co.	1	J. Mullany & Co.	1	Tri-State Telephone & Telegraph Co.	1
The Coca Cola Bottling Works Co.	1	The Higbee Company	2	Ocean County Coal Co.	1	Tuscola Produce Co.	1
Commercial Transfer Co.	1	Highway Transit Co.	2	Pacific Brewing & Malting Co.	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	16
Crystal Ice Co.	1	Holt Stage Line Co.	2	Frank M. Pauli Co.	1	W. Walker & Son, Ltd.	1
Crystal Spring Water Co.	1	Hoquiam Ice & Cold Storage	1	Peninsula Rapid Transit Corp.	15	Warden & Leese	1
Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines	2	Huddleston Park	1	E. C. Petrie	1	Warner & Company	1
Dumani, Ltd.	1	The Hudson's Bay Company	1	Phelps Dodge Corp.	1	Westfield Laundry Co., Inc.	1
Eastern Torpedo Co.	1	M. L. Hullett	1	Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co.	1	White Transit Co., Inc	9

264 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 150,000 TO 200,000 MILES EACH

Acme Furniture Co.	1	Eastern Torpedo Co.	2	I. M. Iralson & Son	1	G. F. Reed & Son	1
Adams & Pigott Co.	3	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	2	Jefferson Highway Transportation Co.	1	The Reemanyder Company	1
Addison Auto Bus Co.	1	Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.	1	Johnson & Chronis	1	Rex Bread Co.	1
Akron Pure Milk Co.	3	Eberhardt-Hays Music Co.	1	R. E. Kelster	1	Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Co.	1
The Akron Storage & Contracting Co.	1	Chas. F. Eggers Co.	1	Kern County Transit Co.	2	The Rosenbaum Company	6
Atherton-Fowler Furniture Co.	1	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	3	Kimberly-Clark Co	1	Roshek Bros. Co	1
Christian Atz	1	Farmers' Mercantile Co.	1	S. Kohn & Sons Co	1	Frank Salmon Furniture Co.	1
C. W. Baker	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	3	S. Laskau	2	San Francisco Municipal Railway.	4
Baltimore Transit Co.	30	Hugo H. Foerster	2	Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corp.	1	Santiago Orange Grove Ass'n	1
Bensinger Bros.	1	Foley Auto Delivery	1	Lyons Express Co.	2	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	1	Foster & Kleiser Company	1	Peter McCabe	1	Sherlock Baking Co.	1
The Bera Company	1	Francis Carnage Company	1	J. A. McIntire	1	Henry Schofer's Sons	1
The Bledsoe Company	1	William L. Freeman	1	M. J. Malloy	2	Schulze Baking Co	15
Blue Bird Transit Co.	3	Friends Hospital	1	Massachusetts Baking Co.	1	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co.	3
Bonwit Teller & Co.	3	The Fries & Schuele Co.	1	H. W. Mayberry Linen Supply Co.	1	Spearin Transfer Line	1
The Botzum Bros. Co.	1	The Fuller Cleaning Company	1	C. C. Mellor Company	1	St. Bernard Mining Co.	1
Boulder Bottling Works	1	Gatti-McQuade Co.	2	The Memphis News-Scimitar	1	The Star Baking Co.	1
Bradford Baking Company	30	Georgia Railway & Power Co.	1	Mesaba Transportation Co.	4	Tacoma Taxicab & Baggage Transfer Co.	1
George M Brice	1	Georgia Railroad	1	Michigan Seating Co.	1	The Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	5
Brumby Chair Co.	1	Neil Gibbs	2	C. J. Milligan Co., Inc.	1	Tooke Bros., Ltd.	1
Bullock's	4	Gifford and Cullum	1	J. E. Monahan	1	Tubbesing & Nelson	1
Burgess-Nash Co	1	Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Milwaukee)	1	J. M. Moore	1	20th Century Heating & Ventilating Co.	1
Calgary Brewing & Malting Co.	1	A. Graham & Son	1	Moran Trucking Co.	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	3
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co	1	Fred Gunther Co	1	Morrison-Skinner Co.	1	United Home Dressed Meat Co.	1
Chambersburg Auto Co.	1	Hale Auto Corp.	1	Murphy Transfer Co.	1	United States Bakery	4
Chicago Cooperage Company	1	Halliday Bros., Ltd.	1	Muscatine, Burlington & Southern R. R.	1	United States Trucking Corp.	1
Frank A Cholewinski	2	Hardy Furniture Co.	1	The M O'Neil Co	1	W. Walker & Son, Ltd.	2
City of Calgary, Police Dept.	1	Harris & Mowry Co.	1	Orchard & Wilhelm Co.	3	Ward Lumber Co., Inc.	1
Columbus Packing Co	1	Charles E. Harris	1	Oregon Box Company	1	Phillip J. Welch	1
The Conrad-Baisch Kroehle Co.	1	Herrmann & Grace Co.	1	Ottawa Hills Co.	2	Western Grocers, Ltd.	1
The Constance Lumber Co	1	Highway Transit Co	2	Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.	1	Western Undertaking Co.	1
Cowlitz & Chehalis Railway Co.	1	Holm & Olson	1	Pennzoil Company	1	D. J. Whelan Estate	1
J. B. Cox Transportation Co.	1	Holt Stage Line Co.	1	Perfection Bread Co	3	White Bus Line	3
John B. Daniel Co	1	The Hudson's Bay Company	1	Pierce Bros. & Co.	1	White Rapid Transit Corp.	1
The Denecke Company	1	M. L. Hullett	1	J. A. Poole	1	White Transit Co., Inc.	2
Denholm & McKay Co	1	The Humphrey Company	1	The Portland Hotel	2	Woodlawn Imp. Assn. Transp. Corp.	2
Dixon Transfer & Storage Co	3	The Hunt Mercantile Co.	1	Pray Brothers	1	Wouters Laundry	1
Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines	3	Independent School District No. 51	1	Public Service & Auto Co.	1		
The East Ohio Gas Company	1	Indianapolis Abattoir Co.	1	Redwood Transfer	1		

920 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 100,000 TO 150,000 MILES EACH

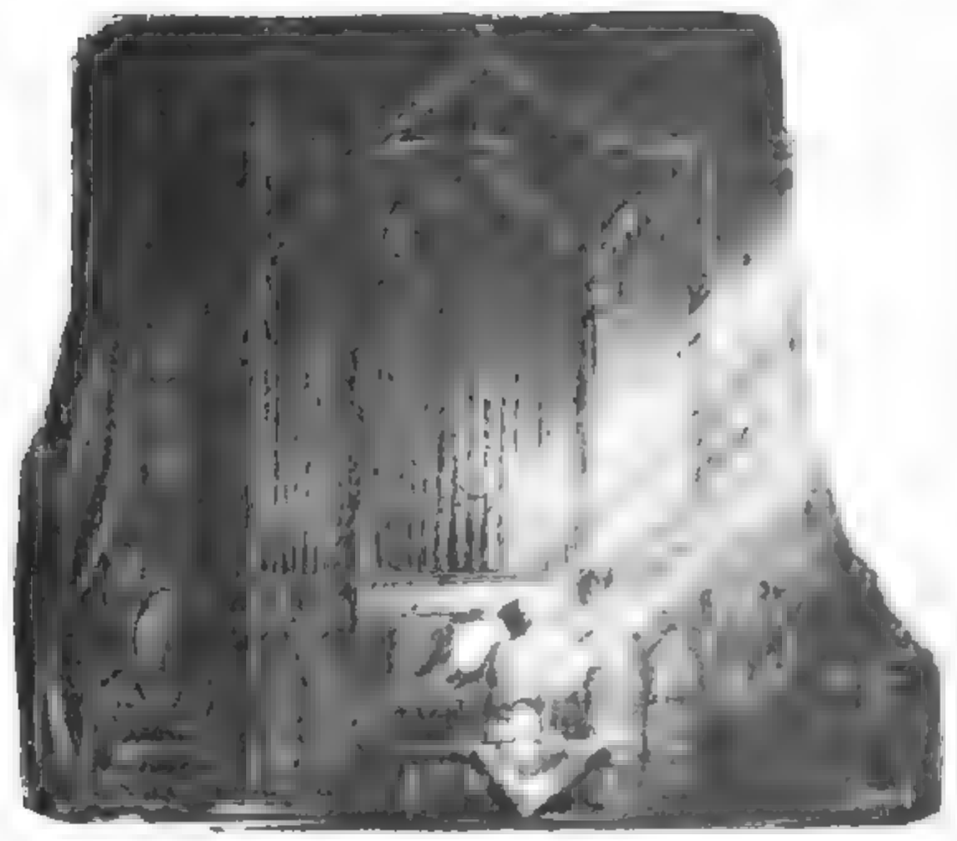
Abraham and Straus	7	American Railway Express Co.	13	Atlantic Refining Company	8	Bell Telephone Co. of Canada	1
Acme Cash Stores	1	American Stores Co.	1	Bakersfield Brewing Co.	1	Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	1
Adams & Pigott Co.	3	K. A. Anderson	1	Bakersfield Truck Co.	1	Belmar Moving & Storage Co.	1
Addison Auto Bus Co.	2	Andre & Andre	1	The H. S. Barney Co.	1	Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	2
The Akers & Hurpham Co.	3	Andrews & Horigan Co.	1	A. L. Bartlett Co.	1	Bennett Gasoline & Oil Co.	1
The Akron Grocery Co.	1	Anthony Brothers, Inc.	3	Bauer & Black	1	Bergner Plumbing, Heating & Supply Co.	2
Alaska Transfer Co.	1	John Arata & Son	1	F. X. Baumert & Co.	1	The Billow Undertaking Co.	3
R. T. Allen & Bros., Inc	1	Joseph R. Arbiter Co.	1	The Beaver Board Companies	3	Block and Kuhl Company	1
American Auto Transit Co.	3	Armour & Co.	3	Chas. F. Becker Moving & Teaming Co.	1	J. B. Blood Co.	1
American Boiler & Tank Co.	1	City of Atlanta	2	Henry S. Beidler	3	Blue Ribbon, Ltd.	1
American Can Co	1	Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp.	18	Bekins Van & Storage Co.	1	The Louis H. Bolce Co.	2
						Boonville Bottling Works	1

made by WHITE TRUCKS
200,000 - 300,000 Miles

100,000 TO 150,000 MILES—(CONTINUED)

Henry Bosch Company	1	Fullington Auto Bus Co.	1	Madary's Planing Mill, Inc.	6	Saks & Company	7
Boston Fresh Tripe Co.	1	Chas. Gaffney	4	Mandel Brothers	14	Salt Lake Transportation Co...	3
Boston Furniture Co., Inc.	1	The Gazette Printing Co., Ltd.	1	Charles W. Mann	1	Samuelson, Florist	1
Bradford Baking Company	6	General Baking Company	1	Marathon Auto Draying Co.	1	County of San Bernardino	3
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.	2	Georgia Railway & Power Co.	8	Marietta Undertaking Co.	1	Sandusky Furniture Store	1
The Brager Store	2	Gimbel Brothers, Inc	25	Marshall-Wells Hardware Co.	2	San Joaquin Baking Co.....	1
The Brandt Company	6	The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company	2	The Marsh-Murdoch Co.	1	Santa Rosa-Sausalito Stage Co...	1
Bra-Nola Co.	1	Goodwin's, Limited	1	C. W. Marwedel	1	Santiago Orange Grove Ass'n	1
Brennan Packing Company	1	Gordon, Ironside & Fares, Ltd.	1	Mason Tire & Rubber Co.	1	Savage-Schofield Company	2
George M. Brice	2	Grady Hospital	2	The Maxine Co....	1	G. Schmidt & Sons Brewing Co.	1
Bridgeman-Russell Co.	1	A. Graham & Son	2	The May Company	1	J. S. Schofield Co...	2
Eugene W. Bronecki.....	1	Grand Rapids Lumber Co., Inc.	1	Henry P. Mayer Music House	1	Schulze Baking Co.	9
W. O. Broyles Furniture Co.	1	Graton & Knight Manufacturing Co.	1	May, Stern & Co.	1	Schuneman & Evans, Inc	1
N. F. Buff	1	J. H. Gray & Co...	1	May & Company	1	Schuster-Gormly Co., Inc.	1
Buffalo Plumbing Supply Co.	1	Great Northern Power Co.	2	The John Meckes Sons Co.	2	Scruggs-Vanderwoort-Barney Dry Goods Co.	4
Bullock's	2	Greer Furniture Co.	1	Mecklenburg Chero Cola Bottling Co.	2	Shaw Transfer Co.	1
Burns & Campbell Co.	1	Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co.	1	The Merchants Biscuit Co.	1	Shelley Hygiene Ice Co.	1
City of Butte, Police Dept.	1	Greenfield Transfer Co.	1	Mesaba Transportation Co.	7	Shenberg & Rubinoff	1
W. L. Byrnes, Inc.	1	Gregory Electric Co.	1	Michaud Brothers, Inc.	3	The Shepard Company	1
Cable Piano Co.	1	B E Grover	1	Michigan Seating Co.	1	Shepherd & Story.....	1
Caine-Grimshaw Co.	1	Gulf Refining Company	1	Miller & Holmes	1	Sidwell Garage Co.	1
Calgary Brewing & Malting Co.	2	James A. Hamilton	6	Miller & Rhoads, Inc.	1	Frank Silvera	1
California Ice & Coal Co.	1	Hansen Motor Trucking Co	1	P. Milliron	1	Franklin Simon & Co.	3
California Transit Co....	17	W T Hardison & Co	1	Milwaukee Macaroni Co	1	L R Slater	1
Camas Stage Co., Inc.....	2	Hardware & Supply Co.	1	Monarch Laundry Co.	1	W & J Sloane	2
The Canton Provision Co.	1	Hardy Furniture Co.	2	S. Monday & Sons	1	Smith s Bakery	2
H. C. Capwell Co.	2	Harrison Hardware & Furniture Co.	1	Montowese Brick Co.	1	Smith Bros. & Burdick Co.	1
Carbon Coal Co.	1	F. W. Harrison & Son	1	Moody & Thomas Milling Co.	1	The Smith-Green Co.	1
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	2	E. W. Harrold	1	J. M. Moore	1	Smith, Richardson & Conroy	1
Carter-Mullaly Transfer Co.	1	Louis Hartman & Sons	1	Moore-Handley Hardware Co.	2	Augustus Snyder	1
M. Catalano & Sons..	1	Jesse B. Hart & Bro.	1	Moore Transfer Co.	1	South Bend Wholesale Grocery Co	1
J. E. Cavanagh	1	The Haverty Furniture Co.	3	Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.	1	South Florida Bus Service	2
Central Coal & Coke Co.	1	Hawaiian Pineapple Co.	1	Morrison Motor Car Co.	1	Southern Door & Glass Co	1
Central Maine Power Co.	1	J. Clark Helms	1	Morrison-Skinner Co.	1	Southern Dray Co.	2
The Central Paper Co.	1	Herrmann & Grace Co.	2	Fred Morton	1	The W. P. Southworth Co.	1
W. A. Chambers	1	Hession, Florist	1	The Motor Bus Co.	2	Spearin Transfer Line	1
The Chandler & Rudd Company	6	A. H. Hews & Co., Inc.	1	Motor Transit Co. (Douglas, Ariz.)	1	J. W. Spooner	1
City Coal Co.	1	The Higbee Company	1	Motor Transit Co. (Billings, Mont.)	1	Springfield Ice Co.	1
City Fruit Co.	1	Highland Motor Transfer Co.	2	Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	4	St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum	1
City Ice Co. ..	3	Highway Transit Co	1	Motor Transportation Co., Inc.	1	The St. Paul Daily News ..	1
City of Cleveland, Police Dept	3	R. A. Hilborn	1	Mowbray's Undertaking Co.	1	E. P. Stacy & Sons	1
City of Columbus, Board of Education.	1	Hitchings & Co.	1	C. F. Mueller Co.	2	Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	1
Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Co.	2	Hochheimer & Co.	3	Timothy Murphy	1	Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	1
The Cleveland Burial Case Co.	2	Holder Coal & Lumber Co.	1	Murta, Appleton & Co.	1	The Star Store	1
The Cleveland Cut Flower Co.	1	Honeyman Hardware Co....	6	The Nakoma Co.....	1	Sterchi Furniture & Carpet Co.	1
The Cleveland Provision Company	7	Paul Honkavarra	1	Nashville Builders' Supply Co.	1	Sterling Products Co.	3
The Cleveland Tool & Supply Co.	1	Horstmeyer's Grocery	1	National Acme Co....	1	The Sterling & Welch Co.	7
Clover Leaf Dairy	3	Houghton County Bus Co.	2	National Casket Co.	2	Stern Brothers	2
R E. Cobb Co.....	1	The Hudson's Bay Co.	1	National Milk Co.	1	The Steubenville Coal & Mining Co.	2
Cody Transportation Co.	1	M L Hullett	1	National Plumbing & Heating Supply Co.	2	Stevens Hardware Co., Inc.	1
Coes Wrench Company	1	The Humphrey Company	1	The National Shawmut Bank of Boston	1	Stewart Dry Goods Co.	1
Cohen Brothers	3	Albert Hupper	1	Nelson Farm.....	1	Stewart Taxi-Service Co.	18
John Collins	1	Hursen, Inc.	1	New Bedford Dry Goods Co.	1	Strathroy Creamery	1
John L. Coneau	1	Independent School District No. 51	1	New Dolington Hotel	1	The Strouse-Hirshberg Co..	1
The Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	2	Interstate Auto & Supply Co.	1	A. J. Norris	1	Sturgis-Jones Last Co.	1
W. D. Corliss & Co.	1	Interurban Autocar Co.	1	North St. Paul Casket Co.	1	Suburban Ice Co.	1
County of Barbour	1	Jackson's Express & Van Co.	1	Norwich Motor & Machine Co...	1	Supan Auto Livery	1
County of Fayette.....	1	Jacksonville Coca Cola Bottling Co.	1	Town of Norwood	1	James A. C. Tait	1
Criss Brothers	1	Jarnagin Grocery Co	1	V. G. Nottoli	1	Terre Haute Brewing Co.	3
Crouch Bros. Co.....	1	Jefferson Highway Transportation Co.	3	Oak Ridge Lumber Co.	3	Thompson & Smith Transportation Co.	7
Culmerville Auto Transit Co.	1	W. K. Jeffries ...	1	Frank Oechslin	1	Tipping's Second Hand Store	1
John A. Cunningham.....	1	Ben Jesselson Co.	2	A. C. Oelschig & Sons	1	T. K. & N. R. R. Co....	1
John T. Cunningham	1	George Jindra	1	Omaha Taxicab & Transfer Co.	8	Toledo Builders' Supply Co	2
W. J. Daly Co.....	2	Johnson Educator Food Co	1	O'Neill & Co.	2	Tooke Bros . Ltd	3
Dannemiller Grocery Co.	2	Johnson's Express Co.	1	Oppenheim Collins & Co.	2	Toronto Plate Glass Importing Co.	3
Darling & Company.....	2	The Jones Store Co	4	Orchard & Wilhelm Co.	1	Tyrell Tripe....	2
Davis Furniture Company.....	1	Jonesboro, Lake City & Eastern R. R.	1	Oregon Box Co...	1	Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend R. R	1
Denver & Pueblo Construction Co.	1	Joplin Coca Cola Bottling Co.	1	Ott Hardware Co.	1	Turner & Stevens Co.	1
Frank J. Derry ..	1	Joplin Hauling Co.	1	Oxford Dye Works	1	Turner & Wescott, Inc.	1
Diamond Spring Brewery	1	The J. G. Justis Co.	1	Pacific Baking Co.....	1	Twin City Rapid Transit Co.	1
The Doc & Bill Furniture Co.	1	Kee & Chapell Dairy Co.	2	Pacific Fruit & Produce Co...	2	R B. Tyler Co..	1
Aug. Doerrling	1	Kellogg & Co.	1	Frank Padry	1	Union Lumber Co..	1
Stanley Dolazinski	1	Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	1	Page & Shaw, Inc.	3	Union Transfer Co.	4
Dorchester & Rose	1	J Kennard & Sons Carpet Co.	1	E F Pahl & Co.	1	United Cape Cod Cranberry Co.	3
Downes Lumber Co.	1	Kentucky Creameries	1	Paige Bros.	2	United States Army, Q. M. C.	2
Duluth Marine Supply Co..	2	Kentucky Parfay Co.	1	The Palais Royal	1	United States Bakery	8
Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines	1	Kimberly-Clark Company	1	Panama Lubricants Co	1	United States Laundry	3
Duncan & Goodell Co....	1	Kinnett-Odom Co	1	The Parmelee Company	5	United States Music Co.	1
F B. DuPree	1	George C. Kirkhope	1	Pearson Paper Box Co.	1	United States Trucking Corp.	2
Duquesne Transfer Co	2	The W. H. Kistler Stationery Co.	1	John W. Peck & Co., Ltd.	1	United Transportation Co.	1
The Eagle Poultry Co	1	C. W. Klemm, Inc	1	Pecos Valley Southern Ry. Co.	1	H. L. Vandigriff	1
The East Ohio Gas Company	1	Knickerbocker Storage Co	1	The Pelletier Company	1	F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	1
The T Eaton Co , Ltd	5	The Knight-Campbell Music Co.	1	The People's Store Co.	2	Waltham Laundry Co.	2
Economy Auto Supply Co.	1	Knoble Brothers	1	Perfection Bread Co	1	G. G. Ward....	1
Chas. F Eggers Co.	3	G. W. Koehler	1	Perkinswood Transportation Co.	1	Watkins Brothers, Inc.	1
C R Elder	1	Kohlberg Bros.	1	Perrett & Glenny	2	Watson Paint & Glass Co	1
L E. Elliott	1	The Kraus Plumbing & Heating Co.	1	Peters Bottling Co.	1	Wauwatosa Stone Co.	2
M E Elliott Transfer Co	2	J. A Kroschewsky	1	Pete Petropol Fruit Co.	1	Webb & Hendricks	1
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	6	Theodor Kundtz Co.	4	F Phillips	1	Webster Transportation Company	1
Emerson Piano House	1	Kusumaul's Express	1	Pierce Bros. & Co.	1	M Weiland	1
E H Emery & Co	1	LaCrosse & Southeastern Railway Co.	1	Pierson Engineering & Construction Co.	1	Weinacker Ice & Fuel Co	1
Enumclaw Transportation Co.	4	Lafayette Home Telephone Co.	1	Pioneer Sand & Gravel Co.	1	Weiss & Lewis Motor Trucking Co.	1
Erie Food Products Co.	1	F. Landon Cartage Co.....	1	E Porter Products Co.	2	William Weller	1
Excelsior Laundry Co.	3	S. Laskau	1	Portland-Damascus Milk Co	3	M. P. Westergren, Inc.	1
The Factory Oil Co.	2	The Lee Bros. Furniture Co.	1	Postum Cereal Company	1	Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.	1
Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co.	1	Lehi Roller Mills	1	Powers Mercantile Co.	3	Western Motor Transfer	1
Marshall Field & Co.	2	E. Lehnhardt Estate	2	W E Prouty	1	D. J. Whelan Estate	1
Field & Poorman	3	Leitch Drayage & Warehouse Co.	1	Pullman Taxi Service Co.	1	White Bus Line...	2
Flanigan Bros..	1	P. E. Leone	1	Ramos Brothers	1	White Hardware Company	1
Fleck Bros. Co.	1	City of Lincoln, Police Dept.	1	The Red Rock Co.	2	White Rapid Transit Corp.	1
The Fleischmann Co.	1	Lindsay & Morgan Co.	1	Reed Oil Co	4	White Transit Co., Inc.	5
Fleischman Floral Co...	1	Livingston Furniture Co.	1	Caradoc Rees	1	W. M. Whitney & Co.	4
Fleming Brothers	1	City of Los Angeles	1	A W Reiser & Co	1	The Willard Storage Battery Co.	1
Florida Motor Transportation Co.	18	Louisville Provision Co...	1	Reliable Furniture Co.	1	Wilshire Oil Co.	1
J. L. Fluehr	1	W. F. Lowery	1	Rhode Island Distributing Co.	2	The Charles F. Wing Co., Inc.	2
Fly & Hobson Co.	3	The Walter M. Lowney Co.	1	Rhodes Brothers	1	Winkler's Motor Service	1
The Flynn-Froelk Co.	1	J. B. Lukens.....	1	The Riechman-Crosby Co	2	Winzeler Undertaking Co..	1
Ford Transfer Co.	1	E. B. McAlister & Co.....	1	The Rigga Company	1	Woodward & Lothrop	1
Fort Valley Coca Cola Bottling Co.	1	Peter McCabe	1	Riverview Dairy Co.	1	Wooten Marble Co.	1
Foster & Kleiser Co.	1	A. J. McCarty	1	Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Co.	2	Worcester Baking Co.	1
Alexander Fowler	1	McCreery and Company	1	William S. Roe	2	Wouters Laundry	2
The Francis Cartage Co.	2	Dorman McFaddin	1	Rolfe Building Materials Co.	1	Yerks & Co .	1
Frank Franklin	1	McMahon Bros.	1	Rooks & Hubbard	1	City of Yonkers, Police Bureau	1
Franklin Dairy Co.	2	McMahon Transportation Co.	6	The Rosenbaum Company	3	The Zettelmeyer Coal Co	1
W. F Frederick Piano Co.	2	The McNally-Doyle Co.	1	Rothschild & Co.	3	Zimmerman Brothers	1
The Fries & Schuele Co	1	R A. McWhirr Company	1	Ryan Fruit Company	1	Peter H Zink	1
Friestedt Underpinning Co.	1	City of Macun	1	Arthur H. Sagendorph	1	John Zitterbart	1

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*



Lead has no voice to call its own

IT has neither the property of "sounding brass" nor of a "tinkling cymbal." Lead is the silent, voiceless metal.

But it plays its part in music. Pipes of lead-tin alloy are constantly used by the organ builder because of its malleability, its freedom from objectionable vibrations, and its durability.

Lead modestly permits the air vibrations to sing in their own pure tones. So, though lead be dumb, it does its share to provide the world with music.

* * *

There are unnumbered ways in which lead enters into your life. There is hardly a phase of human endeavor where lead is not called upon for some major or minor service.

It is hard to say which of all is its most important function. Paint made from white-lead does a wonderful work in preserving wood and metal from destruction and in beautifying them as well as protecting them.

The best paints are made with white-lead. The more white-lead a paint contains, the greater are its protective qualities.

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Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Battery Litharge
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Music Plates
Dutch Boy Solders	Sugar of Lead

Lead Plumbing Materials

(Continued from Page 111)

When he made sure of that fact he rose to his feet, his eyes smoky with anger.

"Some mutts harden for looks," he cried harshly. "I don't. I harden for hardness. A fancy grain goes fine on a desk, but a shop is something else again. I been hardening steel for twenty-two years and I ought to know. If you mean I don't harden good ——"

"I'm trying to help you, Bedford. I'm not complaining."

"Then what's the grand idea? What am I here for?"

"Why, to work out a method with me of hardening this new steel. This steel demands a lower heat than yours. That's part of it. High-carbon steel hasn't the latitude of your eighty-point. That's also part of it. Another part is, you haven't checked up on yourself, and your heats have probably crept on you. See if that isn't true"

"I never overheated a steel in my life!" cried Bedford, his voice throaty with wrath.

"Yet the grain of those disks was coarsened by overheating."

"I've forgot more about hardening than some mutts I could name ever knew! Take it or leave it."

"All right. If you've forgotten, learn it over"

"I mean you!" cried the hardener with deliberate though angry insolence.

Akeley's voice became itself fine grained and file hard.

"Please keep your temper for a moment, Bedford. I've tried to make it easy for you to cooperate. Never mind about that. You've been hardening this easy steel all your life, over and over, getting nowhere. You're not a steel hardener—you're only an eighty-point hardener. What new thing about steel have you learned during the last ten years? Why don't you get in and learn the rest of your trade?"

Bedford's reply was a sneering insult that could not be overlooked:

"Maybe I will—if I can find another smooth salesman to make it worth my while."

"You're fired!" snapped Akeley.

And that was the end of that.

IV

I HAVE spoken of Bedford's resemblance as a boy to his father. He also resembled his son. Arrogant though he was, unteachable, a dead man and no coffin ready, had he stood in Jimmy's scuffed shoes, renewing his life in his youth, he might have been Jimmy himself.

Chemicals are known by their reactions. Characters likewise, surely.

Minna also resembled Jimmy, because mothers and sons are alike.

The police probation officer had been studying the boy for some minutes. Jimmy, however, could not know that. Neither could he know that the paper on the desk concerned himself, nor that Sergeant O'Connor, the policeman in charge of his liberty, had unearthed still further facts about him.

At the time of which I write delinquent minors in my town were partly under city, partly under county control. The juvenile court was a county institution; but the city furnished police probation officers, so-called, one for each station, to look after the interests of minors. These men were not only city policemen but officers of the court; and they reported to Holcomb, who was likewise both a police officer and an officer of the court.

After a moment Holcomb pushed the paper aside.

"How old are you, son?" he asked at last, almost casually, as if his mind were still elsewhere.

"T'irteen," was Jimmy's sullen reply.

"Live at home?"

"W'at's dat t'ing? Me home's me hat, see?"

The whiff of Spike Colbea, coupled with the frightened, defiant expression on the boy's face, caused Holcomb to glance again at his notes. Spike Colbea, he found, was not mentioned in the paper.

"Father and mother living?"

"Dey t'inks dey's living," said Jimmy.

"Under your hat, you say? How long ago was this?"

"I beats it out of dat bat roost t'ree, four nights ago. I knew a kid pulled me a mattress. I stretched de springs wid him."

"You've been staying with him since then?"

"Nix on dat kid. His old man razzed me off. But I got a good place."

"The police tell me they caught you climbing out of Cohen's store."

"Ginger was slow, that's why—de big stiff"

"That friend with the mattress you mentioned—was he one of the three?"

"Not nit. Dat kid 'ud drop dead if he heard a rat under de floor. Say!"

"What did you take—money?"

"Cigars," said O'Connor when the boy refused to answer. "They stayed on to wrap them so as to look like ladies' hats Then they had to find their own cigarettes. Very particular. Wanted a brand packed in red boxes with purple letters, and they looked black in the poor light. That slowed them up."

"You must have wanted cigars pretty badly to break into a shop like that."

"The money was in the safe," said O'Connor. "I think one of them bragged he could open it, and found out he couldn't. It all took time."

"Tell me about this mattress friend."

"Dat's just a kid I know. He don't mix very good."

"You're a good mixer yourself, I gather."

"I been round de block a little," admitted Jimmy.

"Who is this Ginger boy who was so slow? I like the name, but not on the year after next. Why call him Ginger?"

"He's a wiz on de lots, is why. He's fast. Ginger is."

"Baseball? What position?"

"De keystone sack," said Jimmy grandly. "Dat's second base, see? He's a good hitter too."

"And what do you play?"

"Me? I'm short regular, but sometimes I play first."

"Are you a good hitter?"

"I don't hold my bat right. All I need is to learn how."

"How do you bat—right-handed?"

"Left. Maybe I'll change over, like Hervey Mac."

"It might be just what you need. I used to play a little myself." Holcomb held up his gnarled hands. "You can see. I'll have to get hold of you boys some night and try you out."

"You pack long fingers," said the boy, with growing responsiveness, forgetting Spike Colbes. "Where did you play?"

"The lots," said Holcomb. "Then the Gordon Squares."

"He ended with the Light Sox," said O'Connor.

"Gee!" cried the boy. "What position?"

"Did you never hear of Speed Holcomb?" asked O'Connor then.

"Yes, sir. He pitched a fade-away. He led the league five seasons."

"This is him," said the policeman.

"Gee!" repeated Jimmy.

"Baseball does things to the hands, but it's fine for the eyes," said Holcomb. "It does things to one's habits too. Makes a man train."

"I remember you didn't smoke, those days," remarked O'Connor.

"Athletes in training don't," said Holcomb.

The boy's freckled face became rosy. He stole a look at O'Connor, who pretended not to notice, and then at Holcomb. Then he lowered his eyes.

"I needed the edge," continued Holcomb. "I figured I wasn't good enough to give other pitchers that handicap. Some athletes maybe can"

"I'm going to quit too," said Jimmy. "Sure."

Holcomb abruptly shifted the subject, together with his manner, which became both kindlier and sterner.

"Now let's get down to strikes. You're here because you've booted your chances. I'm here to coach you back. You boys forgot your good sense you were born with, and did a fool burglary. I don't know why. You don't know why yourselves. Just pure bonehead. You aren't crooks, but you kidded yourselves into thinking you could get something for nothing, and broke into a store. Now you'll have to pay. The judge can send you to Pontiac until you're twenty-one. If he does, that will end your baseball."

Jimmy's lip quivered, but he did not begin pleading for mercy, as Ginger had done half an hour earlier.

"You know all that already. Eight years of hard work if you go to Pontiac, with guards over you night and day. All for what? It might do you good. Anyhow, that's the price. All right. Since you'll have to pay that price, wouldn't you

(Continued on Page 117)

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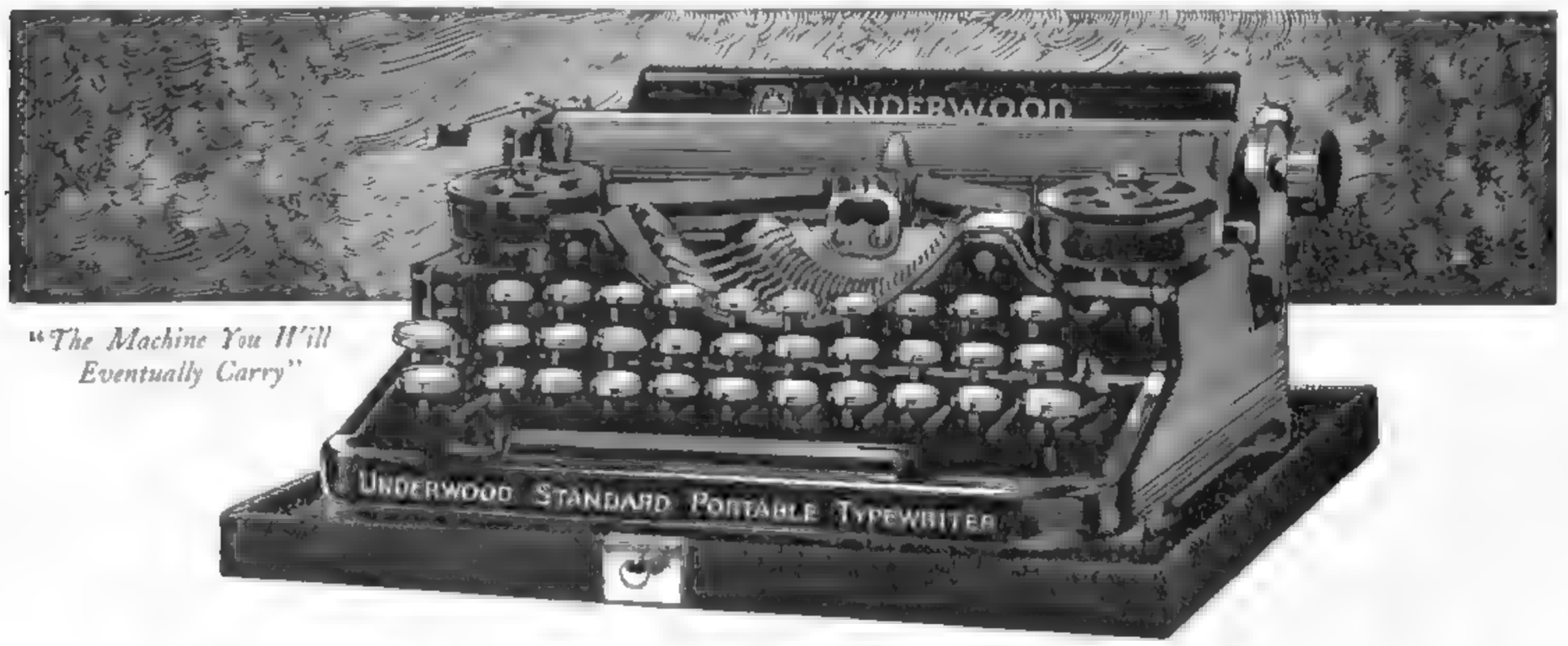

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Great style centers—Fifth Avenue, Bond Street, rue de la Paix—are closer to "Main Street" than they used to be.

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This year, the one hundred and forty-fifth anniversary of Fownes, we are determined that every glove wearer who wants the genuine Fownes shall have them, while a single pair remains!

The gloves you desire are fairly priced. You pay nothing extra for the "great name," stamped in the wrist of every pair.

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Our booklet lists 89 styles, in Kid, Cape, Mocha, Suède, Glacé, Buck, Filosette, Doette, Silk and Wool, for men, women and children. Sent free.

We do not sell direct to the wearer. We sell to retail merchants only. Our representatives visit hundreds of cities and towns from coast to coast. . . But they cannot possibly reach all of the small, prosperous communities.

To merchants in these places we offer Fownes "T. C." service on the same gloves sold in New York—without tying up a large amount of capital.

When sending for booklet you may use a postcard, if you prefer.

This Coupon for Retail Merchants

FOWNES BROTHERS & Co. Inc. 119 West 40th St. New York

Send me the Fownes list and full particulars of your "T. C." Service for merchants in towns your salesmen do not cover.

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Street, or P. O. Box _____

City _____ *County* _____ *State* _____

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_____ _____

I wear size _____ in a _____ _____ glove.

Name _____

Street, or P. O. Box _____

City _____ *County* _____ *State* _____

(Continued from Page 114)

rather do this same hard work right here in town, instead of in Pontiac?"

The boy's face lighted, but he had to swallow to hide the feelings that surged up. "Yes, sir," he managed to say.

"You'd have to work under me. Suppose I tell the judge you'll do anything I say—go to school, cut out loafing, cut out pool—all that?"

"I'm for it strong," replied Jimmy.

"Not even baseball until you've done your work. After that, all the ball you have time for. The school nine, if you can make it. You'd report every week to Sergeant O'Connor here, and to me once a month. Can I tell him that?"

"Yes, sir."

"You might begin right now." He turned to O'Connor. "Take him to the detention home until his case is called. See that he has a good teacher—the judge will ask about that. Meanwhile we'll see what we can do for him."

In all of which, as I say, you might have read Bedford instead of Jimmy, except for his years and his trade.

II

BEDFORD began his new work on a low key. Whether because he had received a shock or because he feared he might receive one, he did not enter the Netterly door with loaded shoulders, did not snub his helper, did not patronize the equipment. The human race is not so fond of change as it thinks it is; no fonder today than it was when Adam Farmer set forth from Eden.

The Netterly tool steel proved to be of eighty-point temper; but this touch of timidity, and perhaps also the need to show off to himself a little, if not to Jake Netterly, led him to borrow Akeley's thunder and ask for three test disks.

"When I get a new brand," he explained, "I always like to check it up for grain."

The disks were sent down within the hour. After marking them he heated them to different temperatures and quenched them. He knew in advance which disk would be perfect, but whereas before Akeley's demonstration he would have proclaimed this knowledge widely, now he did not.

He knew, but at the same time he wished to see.

"The first will be soft," he thought. "The next will be right. The third will be overheated and coarse."

To his surprise the disk showing the finest grain proved to be the first of the three.

"I suspected that steel the minute I spotted it," he told his helper, his instinct reasserting itself. "Looks heat-shy, I says to my thumb. Most eighty-point would putty down on that soft heat, but this eighty-point was heat-shy."

The telephone bell had rung twice during the morning. Now it again began its clamor.

"Mr. Bedford is wanted," the switchboard girl announced.

"I'm Bedford," he replied.

"Hold the wire."

He heard the making of the connection then, and a moment later the sonorous unveiling of audition as the person calling him took down the receiver.

"This is Holcomb, of the police probation office," he heard, after he had given his name.

"You got the wrong number," he said.

"Peter Bedford?"

"I'm him. I'm Bedford. Sure. What you want?"

"When can I talk to you about your son Jimmy?"

Bedford felt a surge of anger sweep up into his throat—his old anger against Jimmy, together with all the other angers he had experienced since Jimmy's departure. You may remember that he kicked at a truck in Ascott's basement, and before that, rended his newspaper in twain at home.

"I have not time," he cried harshly. "What did he do?"

"Robbed a store, I'm sorry to say."

"We don't own him—that thief!"

"Drop in and we'll talk it over."

"I can't come. I'm too busy."

"Can you hear me distinctly?" asked the man calling himself Holcomb.

"Yes. I hear you. Good-by. I have not time to talk. I have steel in the fire."

"Wait, please." The voice in the telephone became crisper and more authoritative. "You will report at my office within one hour. County building. That's all."

"I tell you I have steel in the furnace! I won't come!"

"One hour," repeated the voice coldly. "Otherwise an officer will be sent to fetch you."

"I tell you ——"

But the connection had already been broken, and only Central answered. Then he began raging. The only result of that folly was to draw curious glances from his new assistant. When he became conscious of that audience he became instantly cool.

"I got to fix up somebody's mistake," he explained. "You watch the muffles till I get back."

But to Jake Netterly he merely said that he was called to court to testify something, but would return in an hour or two.

Bedford's visit to the county building turned out to be exceedingly painful. His anger at Jimmy, Holcomb, Akeley, the street-car service, Minna's cooking, the cloudy weather, had all multiplied back upon itself until the product was a raging tempest even before he squeezed his lean body into the packed elevator. He entered the big room so irritable that he gave off sparks to everything he touched like Volta's cat.

"You wanted to see me," he sputtered, when he had found Holcomb's desk. "I'm here."

The police probation officer, at work checking up report cards, kept on with his writing as if he had not heard.

"I'm Pete Bedford," continued the hardener. "I'm here. What you want of me?"

"Drop it," said Holcomb with a softness oddly inconsistent with his words.

"What you mean, drop it?"

"I'm not your family. When you remove your hat and speak civilly I'll hear you."

Bedford doffed his hat, though with bad grace. "What you want of me?" he asked then, but more mildly.

After a moment Holcomb turned to him. His manner was almost friendly, like that of a man in a position to extend a favor.

"What are you planning to do with this scamp of a son of yours? I want him to go on with his schooling. He'll be coming home soon."

"To my house? That thief?"

"Jimmy's a good boy at heart."

"I won't have him," said Bedford.

"Suppose we talk about the matter. He will probably be my ward."

"I have decided," said Bedford.

"Oh, come! Why not turn in and help him make a man of himself? After all, he's your son."

"Not now. Not any more. I won't have him. I told him. Now let him sleep in his bed."

"Think it over, Bedford. Don't give me an answer today. You're angry because of the suddenness of it. Come in again on Saturday."

"I have not time for that foolishness. I won't have him. Not today. Not any time. Maybe you can make me do what I don't have to do, when I say I won't."

"I wonder," said Holcomb, returning to the soft tone of his first words.

He began speaking to an assistant across the room: "Jones, please make out an information against this man Peter Bedford, Form Ten, and see if Judge Burnham is in chambers."

"You can't arrest me. I have done nothing."

"Locking a minor child out of his home—do you call that nothing? Forcing him to steal—is that nothing?"

"He spends his time in pool rooms is why."

"If you know that why don't you report the pool rooms? Pool rooms in this state are not allowed to admit minors."

"He spends all the money I give him on cigarettes."

"Report the dealer, if you know that. Selling cigarettes to minors is forbidden by state law."

"I tell him to stay home and he runs off."

"Peter Bedford," repeated Holcomb, speaking to Jones.

"I sue you for this, you bet!"

"Now, Bedford, while we are waiting, suppose I tell you some facts about yourself. You can get angry, but I advise you to listen. If I find you cannot, we'll put it off a few hours until you are calmer."

"I get my alderman on your track, you bet! I know how to fetch you down!"

"I see. When you are calmer. Jones, when you find the judge tell him what this sputtering bully has said. That's his family manner. He has a fine wife and a fine son; yet the minute he reaches the front door he begins this bulldozing, until they hate to see him enter the house. Yes, he does."

"That is not so!" cried Bedford.

"I'm talking to Jones. Tell the judge I know this man. He's so ignorant he thinks he is wise. He learned a trade twenty-two years ago. The trade has marched on, but he hasn't. He saw his mother do kitchen work when he was a boy. Now he knows so much about kitchen work he has to tell his wife how to wash the dishes and make coffee and take the stains out of tablecloths. When he gets home he's heap-big-chief—cook and doctor and preacher and everything else he can reach. Yes, he is. You'd think from his talk he was the human race. But he isn't. He isn't even alive. He doesn't know enough about running a family to manage one small boy. No wonder the boy ran away. I would have run away myself. The wonder is that his wife hasn't followed."

"Br-r-r-r-r!" cried Bedford, now quite inarticulate for rage, but also a little frightened.

"This man calls himself a steel hardener by trade. He doesn't know steel hardening. All he knows is a red heat and cold water. The steel has to stand him, but it won't have to long. The dead can't compete with the living."

"I am a foreman for fifteen years," said Bedford, regaining his speech. "Now I am arrested for it."

"When you get that paper made out, Jones, you may file it away, instead of going for the warrant. This man has listened to what I told him. He may now return to his work."

"I am not arrested?"

"The arrest can wait. We'll talk about it later."

"I never tell Minna anything," said Bedford from the door, "except what she don't know. She washes the dishes her own way, you bet."

But Holcomb had already gone back to his reports and did not reply.

VI

THE patient Griselda was packing a steel-framed suitcase with careful haste. She was folding the rewards of her virtue into a parcel she could carry in her hand. A thousand years had made at least that change.

"He never gets home before six," she repeated to herself, glancing at the clock. "I don't have to hurry."

Nevertheless she did hurry. She laid out her prettiest hat to don at the last, but her prettiest dress she patted into place beside a work dress. Her next prettiest dress she was wearing, as she was also her second-best shoes.

Her brushes, combs, powder box, jar of cold cream, and the other odds and ends of articles on her dresser found room then, and a selection from her linen. Her wardrobe was not large, but even the tiniest wardrobe soon overflows a suitcase.

Minna had worried herself ill over Jimmy's absence. Not until big O'Connor had called with his word had she heard from the boy. O'Connor thought he would be paroled; but if so he would need a home. She was therefore returning to the work she had left when she married.

"I waited too long," she moaned. "If I had only quit him when I ought to have, Jimmy wouldn't have done it."

She was doubtless right about waiting too long. How is patience to know?

Even now, after her duty seemed plain, she found it hard to make the definite change in her life. She was leaving her husband, abandoning his ship. She had already rented two inexpensive rooms near a school. She had also secured work; on Monday she was to take on the familiar drudgery of chocolate dipping. Yet until early afternoon she could not quite bring herself to make the final plunge.

Her trouble was, she was still in love with this husband. Some women care more for one imperfect husband than others do for five or six perfect ones.

But she had at last decided, and now worked feverishly at her packing. Bedford she knew would not interrupt her, yet she feared that he might. After a while she had crowded the suitcase with all that would go into it. That which could not be taken she then replaced in her trunk, or in bureau drawers, or in the closet. When all was neat she found pen and paper and wrote her husband his note. This she pinned against the glass of her dresser.

Dear Peter: I'm going to Jimmy because he needs me. Besides I can't stand it. You scold all the time. I didn't start supper. You'll have to go to a restaurant this time. Good-by.

MINNA.

Then putting on her pretty hat and lifting down the heavy suitcase from the bed she gave a final glance about the room and started for the door to freedom, much as Jimmy had done on the night of his idea.

"Peter will be mad," she thought, "but I can't help it. Maybe it will do him good."

VII

BEDFORD'S knowledge of his trade did not remain long in disuse. After luncheon Jake Netterly ran down to consult him about a problem in dies.

"Glad you're back," he began. "Here's a job for you. One of our bohunks got to thinking about his cousin's mother-in-law who lisps, and lapped down this blanking die too far. Can't afford to scrap it—too much time tied up. Pinch it down a few thousandths for me."

"You can make another punch and save it that way," said the hardener after a solemn inspection.

The reply was one that a machinist's apprentice might have made to a layman. If the punch is too small, obviously a larger one will be larger. All die makers have known that fact from childhood. Netterly looked at him in surprise.

"No, I can't. The blank won't stand it. Part of a close fit in a machine."

"You can't do much with a die that's oversize," the hardener went on, ignoring danger signals. "If it was too small now I could anneal it and you could cut it out more."

"I know that. Can't you shrink it back?"

"No way. If it's too big you'll just have to make a smaller one."

"Didn't you tell me you had kept up with the trade?"

"Sure. I know hardening inside out."

"Didn't a man over near Detroit tell somebody how he shrank back a die?"

Netterly had in mind a paper read before a convention of hardeners, in which an analysis was made of the effect upon steel of successive slow and rapid heatings and coolings. Its author had shrunk back with great accuracy just such a die.

"Nobody can change the size of steel that way." Bedford missed the light in Netterly's eye, and proceeded to expound further ancient knowledge. "You can expand steel by heating it, but when you cool it the shrinking brings it back where it was. You can expand a wheel and then slip it over an axle and make a shrinking fit when it cools, but it won't ever get any smaller."

"Are you trying to tell me how to shrink a wheel on an axle?" asked Netterly.

But Bedford missed that shot also. "When you heat a die the steel expands; but when it cools you get it back the same size it was."

"I didn't quite understand," said Netterly, turning away; "but now I think I do."

The incident served to put the hardener in countenance once more. Although he could not forget Holcomb, the taste of him was now mingled with more pleasing flavors. He had returned from the county building sullen and angry; now he became almost jovial.

"Funny what ideas people get," he remarked to his helper. "They think a hardener can do anything."

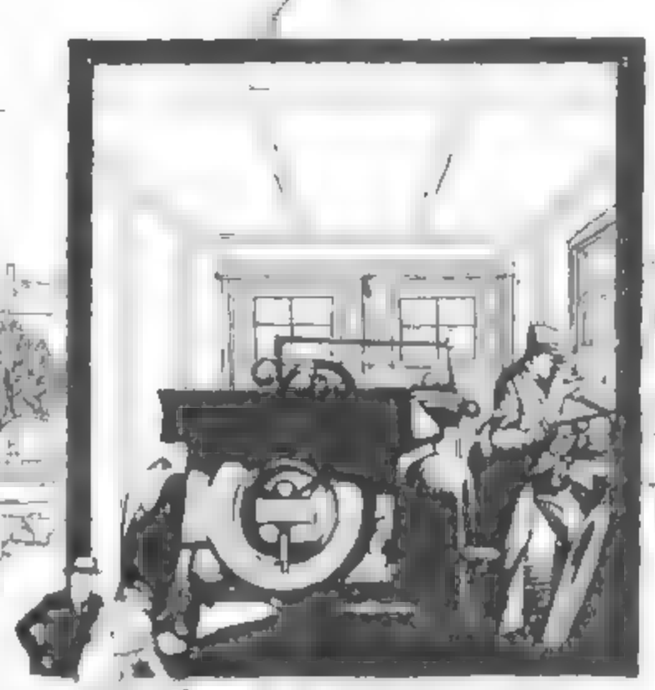
Meanwhile Netterly went straight to the tool room where he began nosing about among the shelves. After a little he unearthed a five-inch piece of annealed high-speed, suitable for use in a slide rest. This he gave out to Dick Bunner to shape up quickly into a tool. He then found a discarded planer tool, also of high-speed, but hardened. Upon this he placed an annealing ticket, with the words: "Quick, rough job." He then changed the ticket on a case-hardening run to call for figured colors.

"Get them all down to Bedford," he said. "I want the tools by three."

High-speed steel, so called, is a modern alloy steel that retains its hard edge after it has been heated to redness by the friction of high-speed cutting. The older high-carbon steel—tool steel—will not do this. High-speed steel usually requires almost a melting heat, instead of the greatly lower cherry red, for its hardening, and it is not quenched in water. Its annealing also requires a much higher heat than that of carbon steel.

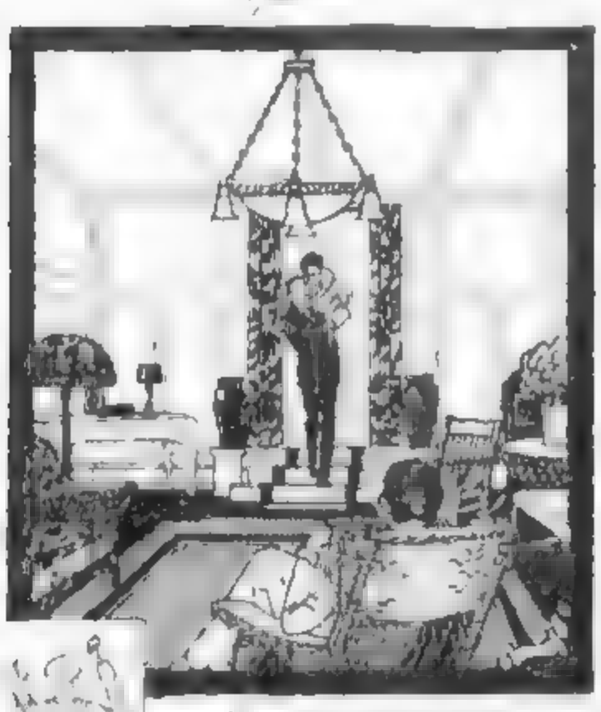
(Continued on Page 120)

Our town finds innumerable uses *for*



ELMER WALKER'S CAR used to freeze up every cold night. The little stove in his garage tried hard to heat the whole outdoors, but couldn't make the grade. Finally Elmer had the garage lined with Beaver Board. His car hasn't frozen since.

GEORGE SMITH'S WIFE wanted a playroom in the attic for the twins. George covered the bare beams with Beaver Board. He did the work himself. When it was finished, the room was so cozy and comfortable that George tried to get it for a den.



THAT GOOD-LOOKING paneled effect made such a hit with Walter Jones that he put Beaver Board on the walls and ceilings of every room of his new house. It saved him lots of money and folks say he has the best-looking house in town.

WHEN FRANK TUTTLE was taken in as junior member of his father's firm, he graduated into an enclosed office, with a mahogany desk. The office partitions are made of Beaver Board and Frank is proud as can be every time a client comes into the shop.

HANLEY'S DRUG STORE has been entirely remodeled with Beaver Board. You'd never know it's the same old place. Even the prescription counter is enclosed with Beaver Board and the stock bins are made of it, too. Doc says it didn't cost much, either.

BEAVER

WARNING--BE SURE YOU GET GENUINE BEAVER BOARD

Beaver Board

MRS. WILL BROWN made her husband's life miserable till he promised to have the bathroom done over. They used that special tiled Beaver Board. It didn't cost much, but Mrs. Brown was delighted

GEORGE HARTER, of Harter & Son, furniture manufacturers, not only has Beaver Board on the walls and ceilings of his plant, but uses it for backs of drawers and mirrors, for folding screens and in other ways too numerous to mention.

AN UNTIDY KITCHEN was the bane of Mrs. Watt's existence until she conceived the idea of having the walls and ceiling covered with Beaver Board. Now, the kitchen is the pride of her heart. And she says you'd be surprised to know how little it cost

IN EVERY TOWN there are innumerable uses for Beaver Board. Doubtless you, yourself, have some construction or repair work in mind for which this versatile material can be used much more economically and satisfactorily than ordinary lumber.

A partial list of the ways in which Beaver Board can be used is given below. Read it and see if it doesn't suggest something to you—some new addition or improvement you have been putting off, some repairs you have been postponing—because you feared the cost.

Genuine Beaver Board is a wonderfully economical material. It is flawless, knotless manufactured lumber—made from the long, tough fibres of white spruce. And it comes ready for use in panels that are sized by our *patented Sealtite process*, which makes a perfect surface for painting and decorating.

Any carpenter or lumber dealer in your town will gladly figure on the cost of the Beaver Boarding you want to do. Ask one of them about it to-day. Or, write direct to our Builders' Service Department in Buffalo, enclosing a rough sketch, giving dimensions, locating doors and windows, and specifying the type of room. Our designers will prepare specifications at no cost to you.

ABOVE ALL, be sure you buy genuine Beaver Board. All wall board is not Beaver Board. Genuine Beaver Board is made only by the Beaver Products Company, Inc., of Buffalo, New York. Identify it by the Beaver trade-mark on the back of each panel. We stress this point, because the success of genuine Beaver Board has been such that imitations have entered the field. Use *genuine* Beaver Board and you can rest assured of an economical, permanent, fully satisfactory job.

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., Buffalo, New York
The Beaver Company, Ltd., Thorold, Ont., Canada, and London, England
District Sales Offices at New York, Atlanta, Buffalo, Chicago and Kansas City

CHECK UP YOUR USE FOR BEAVER BOARD. HOME USES *Walls and ceilings throughout houses, bungalows, summer homes and cottages. Finishing the attic. Dining-room wainscots. Beamed ceilings. Lining sun porches and garages. Covering up old plaster. Remodeling large rooms into more, but smaller quarters. Putting extra rooms in waste space. Building-in bathrooms. Additions Tiled wainscots for kitchens and bathrooms. Sheathing for small houses. Building workroom or laundry in basement. Cellar partitions.* FARM USES: *Lining dairies and other buildings that need sealing or weather protection Lining tool houses, bins, granaries and stockrooms.* BUSINESS USES: *Built-in private offices, partitions, etc Walls and ceilings for stores, moving-picture theatres, clubs, etc. Lining factories and workrooms where a sanitary, dust-proof and jar proof construction is needed Window displays. Display booths. Cut-outs. Triumphal arches. Floats for parades. Folding screens. Cabinet work, drawer bottoms, backs of mirrors, etc., and many other uses*

BOARD

BEAVER QUALITY

IDENTIFIED BY THE BEAVER TRADE MARK

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with a Robinson Reminder on the job! Your mind is free from worry. Simply jot down each idea, task or engagement on a separate perforated coupon. When attended to—tear coupon out. That leaves *live notes only.*

All sizes and styles. Pad in back for permanent memoranda. Nothing finer for gifts. Special line for advertisers. Be sure you get the original.

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THE Robinson Readipad. A handsome metal desk stand with perforated coupon, perpetual calendar and pencil groove. In Brass or Art green and black finish, $1.50.
If your dealer cannot supply Reminders or Readipads, write direct—giving dealer's name.

Robinson Reminder

ORIGINAL COUPON REMINDER

What is the Secret

[illegible] greatest thrilling [illegible] entertainment ever invented? Why do bankers [illegible] biggest buyers of [illegible] lawyers nea[illegible] Why will men and women [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] thrilling puzzle of all [illegible] You, too, will [illegible] the first move of a puzzling jugs. You may say it [illegible] be done, but only 100 solutions have been found.

Puzzle-Peg

is played by one—makes fun for all. Great for shut ins and travelers. Offers 30 baffling problems, every one of which keeps you busy for hours. Free book packed with each game shows 30 problems. Send for only 50c wherever good games are sold. (In Canada 75c.) If you have trouble in getting your set, send 50c and we will mail you a set postpaid.

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Branch Managers Wanted

KARDEX

Write or Wire KARDEX CO
TONAWANDA, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 117)

When Netterly found him an hour and a half later Bedford had just placed a file on the planer tool he had been annealing. The heat given it had not softened it even slightly.

"How's that coloring job coming on?" he asked.

"I sent back the ticket for instructions," said Bedford. "That's an oil-process job. You need a special equipment for that job."

"What's the matter with cyanide and water?"

"You can't do it with cyanide," was Bedford's uneasy reply. "Not figured colors."

"Ever try it?"

"Sure. We had cyanide furnaces over to the Ascott. I hardened in cyanide every day. It don't give figures."

"How did that annealing job turn out?"

"I wanted to ask you about that. That steel acts like steel that has glass in it. Too long in the crucible. You can't anneal glass steel."

Bedford had once during his apprenticeship years before had his attention drawn to a refractory steel that his foreman did not know how to handle. Instead of learning what it was the man had dismissed it as glass steel, because he thought it had absorbed silicon from the crucible, as molten steel will. His conclusion as to the qualities of silicon steel he had leaped at. Bedford likewise.

"Same steel as in that other tool," said Netterly.

"I know it is. That's right too. When she's hard, glass steel won't anneal, and when she's soft she won't harden. We had some in a shop I worked in once. Nobody can harden glass steel."

Netterly turned to the assistant, whom he wished to get out of the way. "Bob, run over to Blake's for a length of drill rod I ordered. Joe is off delivering."

He waited until he heard the door close at the head of the stairs, then he continued almost sadly: "You told me you knew modern methods, Bedford. Yet when I brought down a die to be shrunk you never had heard of die shrinking. You don't know how figured colors are obtained. You don't know that high-speed steel requires white heat for hardening, and a heat almost as high for annealing. What's worse, you don't know you don't know. Oil process? Glass steel? Where do you get that stuff?"

He took up the lathe tool and tried it with a file. "Still soft. Now watch me harden it."

Crossing to the forge that Bedford had been using he laid the tool in the coals and turned on the blast. The steel darkened, glowed, grew bright red, and after a little, incandescent.

When he had all but melted down its point he withdrew it, laying it aside to cool without quenching.

"That tool will be file hard," he said. "But that isn't enough. I can't harden it right. That's why we hired you. You pretended to know. Yet now I find that you don't know as much about hardening as I do."

Bedford, crushed, humiliated, abashed, too unhappy to grow angry, listened to the calm recital of his shame like a man in a daze. Theologians sometimes say of a person in that state of mind that he is convicted of sin.

"I am a hardener for twenty-two years," he muttered, but without arrogance, as if stating a puzzle.

"What we need," replied the other, "is a man who knows what is going on today. Twenty-two years is too far back. We're a small concern. We want to grow. You're not the man to help us grow."

"You mean, I'm fired?"

"Laid off, better say. That's up to you. You'll find plenty of work you can do, if that's all that matters. On the other hand, with us you'd have a future. Why don't you get in and learn what we want you to know?"

"I'm too old," said Bedford, coloring to the eyes.

"You're not as old as I am. I keep on learning."

"Where would I learn—now?"

"Where? In books. In trade papers. You can get files of the technical papers in the Crerar Library. The steel houses will help you. Later you can do some visiting. But read first. You have one advantage you'd know what people were talking about. Your handicap would be that you're not used to studying. What books do you own?"

"I don't own any—except some schoolbooks."

"You'll have to change all that. Now I'll tell you. We can't keep you on as you are. We're planning to expand. We expect to have a heat-treatment room that's the last word, and we expect to have it kept so. If you want to bring yourself up I'll meet you halfway."

"How long will it take?"

"That depends on yourself. Maybe three months. Maybe six months. The sooner the better. Come back in three months. No; come back every few days, so that I can help you. If you will put in long hours, and bring yourself up, we'll give you half pay while you're off. What do you say?"

Bedford began fumbling for the strings of his apron to conceal his emotion.

"I'm for it strong," he managed to say.

"Then it's a bargain," said Netterly.

VIII

CHORDAL in one of the letters that helped shape American industry speaks of "that little thing called human nature" as a factor in results. Bedford's thoughts were in a ferment; he wished to rush instantly to the library for a book; but Netterly suggested that he return in the morning to talk over a plan of study. He therefore went home instead; but because he wished to be alone he walked.

As he trudged feverishly northward he reviewed in his mind the events of the day—the incident of the disks, of the telephone call, of his interview with Holcomb, of his easy advice about the oversize die, of his later attempts first to harden, then to anneal the high-speed tools. But mostly his thoughts returned to Holcomb.

"He had me measured up, that man," he admitted, his eyes narrowed with the pain of the recollection. "Out of date was right. Knew so much I was a nuisance. Working too long on one job was what did that."

But as he weighed it he dismissed that suggestion as a mere excuse.

"Always up with an alibi—that's me. Even now. Don't know anything and won't admit it. Just as bad at home as I am in the shop. Worse, because Minna can't fire me. Bully was right. No wonder the kid ran away, jumping on him like I did. Thrashing around like a broom handle stuck in a pulley, hitting everything in reach—that's me. He sure had my measure. How do people get that way?"

He walked northward, then westward, then northward again, and as he walked he began to feel a great tenderness toward Minna. After a while this tenderness grew into an ill-defined wish to do something for her, buy her something.

"She'd drop dead if I did anything like that," he thought ruefully.

Nevertheless the wish persisted. Had he been rich he would have taken home a pearl necklace or a diamond pendant or a platinum wrist watch. Men sometimes act so. He weighed in his mind nearer possibilities, but could not bring himself to a choice.

A little later still as he was passing a tiny booth between two buildings a chance odor of cooking revived a pleasing memory. The idea that followed took its time in overtaking him—he had to walk back nearly a block—but when it came he was so eager he snatched at it with both hands.

"Give me four hamburgers on white," he almost shouted to the white-garbed cook behind the slim counter.

"With or without?" was then asked.

"Oh, with! With!"

There was a delay while the sandwiches were prepared, and a further delay while they were wrapped, but their purchaser was in no hurry. When he had them under his arm he proceeded along the sidewalk as before, scourging himself like a penitent, and wondering how Minna had endured him. He was still engaged thus when he came in sight of his home.

Minna, suitcase in hand and dressed for flight, had laid her hand on the doorknob when she heard him coming. In another thirty seconds she would have met him face to face. In another two minutes she would have turned the corner beyond all danger of meeting him.

She managed to retreat unseen to her bedroom, though by a hair's margin, snatch off her hat, and slip the suitcase into the concealment of the closet.

"Minna!" she heard then from the kitchen.

The note on the mirror she had almost forgotten; but she saw it in time, and tore it down. She could only crumple it in her hand and thrust it under a pile of linen in the middle bureau drawer.

Then she inspected her image to see if it would betray her. She was dressed for the street; but except for the flush of excitement on her face she thought she looked about as usual.

"Minna!" called Bedford from the front room.

After a moment she opened the door.

"You're early today," she said as calmly as she could. He looked at her almost piercingly. "He knows," she thought, bracing herself for the explosion.

When he spoke, however, he did not tell her that he was not early, nor did he notify her that he was his own master, nor ask her why she had said what she did instead of something else, nor why she had removed her hat, nor where she had put the suitcase.

"I walked home," he began irrelevantly. Then indicating a package on the table: "It's too hot to cook, so I picked up some sandwiches. Let's have a picnic supper."

"He does not know!" was her first thought, followed instantly by a reaction, an emotional let-down that left her on the verge of hysterics. "Too hot to cook," she thought she heard herself repeating inanely.

But that shock was succeeded by another that left her limp and in tears. Bedford had bent down and kissed her. For the first time since their honeymoon he had greeted her with a caress.

Minna, poor woman, did not so much as suspect what lay behind that tenderness.

She wondered vaguely if he had guessed the pain that filled her heart, and if he had, if he were trying to console her. Then all that became irrelevant. Her tears grew into passionate sobbing. She clung to him as to her rock of salvation.

"There, there," he said clumsily. "Don't cry."

In the end she quieted down under his soothing care; but she clung to him even after the tears had ceased, perhaps out of the joy of feeling his strength. As for Bedford, he was more moved than she. He was glad she could lie passive against him while he recovered his voice.

Suddenly she disengaged herself, ran to the table and opened the package.

"They are! They're the same!" she cried.

"Yes," he said

"I don't know what's in them," she went on mischievously.

But Bedford's verbal memory was not equal to the lead. "Nothing that will hurt you," he said.

"Onions," decided Minna, wrinkling her little nose. "They contain onions, and onions ——"

"It won't matter, if we both eat them."

He had to kiss her again then, because that was a very tender speech; whereupon her face lighted up as if sunlight had fallen upon it.

"I'll make coffee, and we'll play we're on a picnic," she said after a little.

"I bet you! And, Minna—make it your way. I'm tired of coffee made my way. Make it right now."

"It's too early for supper."

"If we have it early we'll have time to run over to the West Side."

"Us?"

"To the detention home to see—to see Jimmy."

I think Minna's eyes still had tears in them, and he noticed them because she opened them so wide. And I think he was afraid his had too. Anyhow he suddenly became interested in a Palace Gates ice wagon in the street and had to walk to the window.

"Peter!" she cried. "After I am so wicked! Oh, my dear!"

She rushed from the room, reappearing a moment later with her hat and suitcase.

"Look!" she cried, throwing open the lid. "When you came I was running away. All my things! I rented me a room. See! There is my key."

"You ought to have run away long ago."

"But, Peter—I want you to scold me!"

"I just did," he said.

The habit of death is a hard one to overcome, but no harder than many others. I think that Bedford will make Minna a very good husband, after he learns a little more about his trade

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for "Clean Hands in Business"

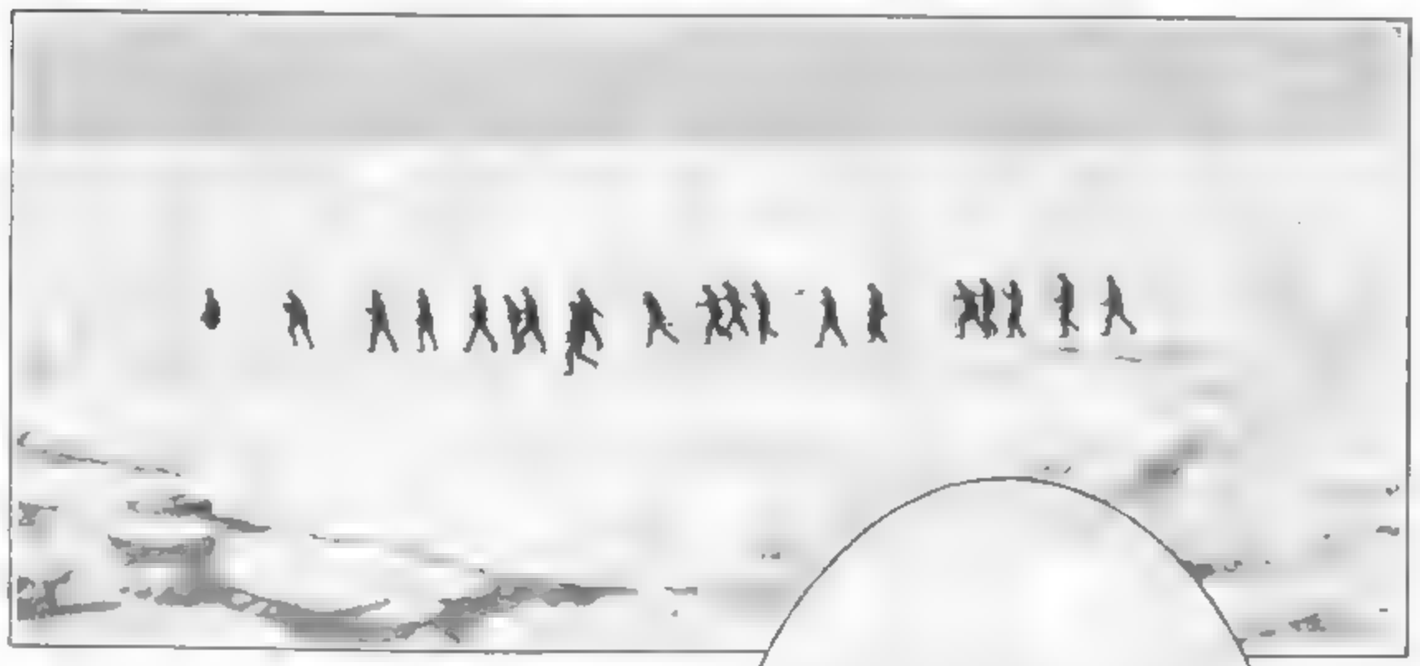
THE GREATEST HUNT IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 11)

and skillful, slog out through the ice pack.

Two or three usually go into the gulf; the rest to the front, where, roughly speaking, they operate in the drifting, snow-blinded and hurricane-swept world of ice, growlers and bergs between the Newfoundland and Greenland coasts. "Roughly speaking" is right too!

Young seals and old alike are slaughtered, but preference goes to the whitecoats, because their fat—fat means skins as well brings higher prices and is easier to be had. The young can be gaffed. In many cases the wary old ones have to be shot, and ammunition costs money. Seal shooting is dangerous work, too, as we shall presently see. The open season is from March fifteenth till May first, or till about a month after the young have rolled off their protective covering and dipped or plunged into the gelid sea.



They Looked Like Ants Crawling Over Frosted Cake

An enormous area is worked over. Day after day, week after week, the ships sometimes close together, sometimes out of sight of each other—grind, crash, shudder through the ice, blast their way through it with bombs, drift with it when nipped, free themselves and struggle on against every possible obstacle and hardship that Nature in her most terrible moods can fling against them. And ever they are killing; ever icing down the precious pelts. The only limit to the kill is determined by luck, skill and the capacity of the ships to carry fat both below and on deck. Coal, living space, everything is sacrificed to the fat sometimes even life itself, as Newfoundland well knows.

The Dominion's prosperity hangs largely on the annual hunt. A bumper fishery—for these people still insist that seals are fish—feeds thousands of hungry mouths ashore. A bad one brings misery in its train. The price of fat fluctuates sharply. During the war I believe it was up to some twelve dollars a quintal, a quintal being about one hundred pounds. This year it was only four dollars for whitecoats and three dollars for bedlamers, or older seals. Of this, one-third goes to each of three groups: Captain and officers, common hands, shipowners. All kinds of minor arrangements exist, bonuses, and so on; but the rough statement must do.

Trumps and Jokes

Luck and skill are trumps. Luck is the real joker. With it, the Wolf once brought in twenty-seven thousand in only eleven days. Without it, a ship may suffer weeks of misery and come home almost blanked. The high-line achievement of the fleet was made by Cap'n Kean in 1910, when he headed through the Notch at St. John's, aboard the Florizel, with more than forty-nine thousand sculps aboard. Cap'n Kean is known as a jowler, which is the reverse of a jinker, a jinker being, in United States, a Jonah.

These are all the statistics I am going to load into this article, so pluck up heart again. We shall get back to the killing almost at once; also to some very satisfying perils and disasters. I want only to say, here, that every spring all Newfoundland thinks and talks little except seal; and that the men themselves toil night and day, through hardships quite incredible to an outlander, with a daring zeal that one must see to understand.

I lived, as a kind of unofficial general-utility man, for some five weeks on board the historic old Terra Nova—the very ship, you remember, which Scott and Shackleton used in much of their antarctic exploration. Later I transferred over the ice to the Eagle. Thus I had experience such as no other American writer has ever had, on two old-time sealers. Marvelous, thrilling and all that—but never again!

Day by day and night by night, except when we were burned down-stopped—in the ice, the rugged ship fought her way on, in all directions and seemingly in none. And ever, sculps accumulated above: were tallied down, below. Time seemed lost. Sense of location vanished. It seemed only that we were somewhere in a limitless, frozen, dazzling, heaving, grinding wilderness of white.

Gales swept us, with a blistering cold that seemed to peel the very skin from my face. Fogs enfolded us. Snow wrapped up the whole world in a shroud. Black nights of ineffable, starry splendor bent over us. The northern lights' virescent and umber curtains waved above us more gloriously than words can tell. Sun dogs gleamed, mock suns glowed, the ice blink and loom shot the horizons far aloft in palisades of mystic white. Mirages lifted, floated. Bergs crushed, growling, through the floes. We jostled them familiarly, neighboring death with an indifference born of hard experience. A wonderland such as southern folk never even dream of—a wonderland of sights, sounds, colors indescribable—inwrapped us to the exclusion of all other life. Some day, by the way, an enterprising tourist agency will reap a fortune by outfitting a stout steamer to take American millionaires seal hunting. In common parlance, an expedition of this kind would have every other possible hunt faded. Yes, I could organize such a hunt. Trot out your millionaires!

The Death of a Whitecoat. At Left—Cap'n Abram Kean, Terra Nova, Shooting Seals

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY AERIAL SURVEY COMPANY, ST. JOHN'S

Over the Lines of Men Wound Forward, Among Crags and Confusions

Day by day, week by week while I engaged in poetic avocations of peeling potatoes for the cooks, helping load ice, emptying ashes overside as a member of the ash-cat gang, doing my bit at navigation, dragging in tows, standing long cold tricks at the wheel, counting seals' tails, cutting tally sticks, filing cartridges and Lord knows what else—all this time, I say, the ship battled on, on, eternally on through the white wilderness.

Thunders boomed through her, shocks and tremors threatened to rend her timbers. She bucked, reeled, staggered, rode the ice down, crushed it and ripped it, won through. Many and many a day no seals appeared. Again, luck favoring, multitudes unbelievable came to view.

Harps and Hoods

It was my very good fortune to get intimately acquainted with the seal herd at point-blank range, though I never did any shooting except with camera and notebook. It gives you a peculiar feeling, up there in those lifeless wastes, all at once to run into a spot of seals, probably the most graceful and beautiful of living creatures. To watch a herd disporting itself in a broad bay, golden with sunshine; to see the sleek, lithe, large-eyed creatures leap, dive, swim on their sides, fling themselves on their backs, revel in the very poetry of motion, is unforgetable. Little fear they show of man; they seem to regard this strange new biped with a kind of mild curiosity—usually to their undoing. Up and down in their bobbing holes they surge, watching the ship, the men. Often an explosive bullet puts an end, in a bloody lash and smother, to their investigations.

Newfoundlanders have a name for every age of both harps and hoods. Young harps, of course, are whitecoats. Their second year these become rusties, or rusty-jackets. These graduate into bedlamers, which in turn become saddlers or saddlebacks. Freshman hoods are young hoods; sophomores, bedlamers; juniors, curriers; and seniors, old dogs.

These old dogs, by the way, are not to be trifled with. The hood family is invariably three—dog, female and pup. Many a family I used to see basking on the pans; whereas, among the harps, the dog rarely concerns himself with domestic affairs. Usually the hoods will stand and fight, differently from the harps, which are runaways, or at best passive resisters. It takes two good men to kill a dog hood. He's called a hood because when angry he blows up a big skin bag over his head, which you may hammer with the gaff till you're tired—if he doesn't bite your leg off first—without in any way discommoding him.

Many a fearsome tale is told of sealers losing hand, arm or leg by doghood bites. Even the carcass, so they say, will bite you after the pelt is off. Newfoundlanders prefer not to mix it much with dog hoods. I've seen other animals than these six-hundred to nine-hundred pound monsters that I prefer as playmates. The winch has to puff hard to haul one of these slate-blue giants aboard. Hoods always waken lively but respectful enthusiasm.

Harps weigh from one hundred and fifty to three hundred; the young, three or four feet long, run thirty-five to sixty pounds. As playthings, you can't beat whitecoats.

(Continued on Page 126)

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(Continued from Page 123)

Heaven knows how many of them I fondled, much to the disgust of the hardboiled sealers. For general all-round furriness and softness, fatness, innocence, unsophistication and confiding childlike blandness, I commend the whitecoats to your attention. They're Angora kittens, plus.

I enjoyed trudging out over the ice, finding whitecoats and having a little heart-to-heart with them. They look up at you with a couple of perfectly ravishing brown eyes, continually suffused with tears, and need only a ribbon round their necks to fit them for prize winners in any beauty show. Brutal to kill them? Well, how about lambs? I believe even some kind-hearted ladies enjoy a nice little lamb chop. And besides yielding the very finest fat, each whitecoat has a couple of the most appetizing little fippers, as Newfoundlanders call them. Oh, yes, I've eaten flipper; and so would you if you could ever get a chance. You'd pass your plate for more too, no matter how kind-hearted you were.

These entrancing young beggars possess astonishing vitality—enough to make up for an almost total lack of brains. If their fond mammas have nursed them for a week or so they lay up fat at a tremendous rate, so that even when orphaned they survive till they can dip for themselves and go to fishing. Even the nogheads—that is, whitecoats whose mothers are killed when the young are just born—often plug along somehow and make a go of life. They're all head, true; but they live. And in due time they, too, take to the sea. Hardy babes! Life has to be hardy in those frozen deserts.

Incidentally, one of the most charming bits of domesticity in the world is a whitecoat at dinner, in some sheltered ice nook, while its proud mother stretches out on her side with an air of infinite content. The mother often refuses to abandon her child, even when death comes running and yelling with a gaff in hand. How many mothers I have seen sacrifice themselves in a perfectly vain attempt to protect their weeping, mewing infants! Yet, once the nursery days are over, Mrs. Harp incontinently deserts her offspring; and thereafter she will have nothing whatever to do with it. Away she goes, to ride the ice for a while and have a perfectly glorious time of freedom and play, while young Johnny or Susie Harp has to get into the swim for himself and paddle his own—flippers.

Once the young seal has dipped, unerring instinct bids him turn toward the polar star. He, who seems to know nothing, knows this at all events. Northward he must beat—he's called a beater now—and ever northward still, to join the great north migration of his tribe. Summer finds him with his kin at the mouth of Hudson Bay, and so begin the vast wanderings which are the portion of his race.

Instinctive Strategy

If you want to study animal instincts in all their wonder, wholly uninfluenced by man, go up into the north and watch the seal herd. There you will see the mother seal infallibly recognizing her own precious among whole acres of moon-eyed white pincushions, all exactly alike, fondling it and snappishly repelling all others that enterprisingly hump themselves near the maternal fount. Any old seal appears good to a young one; but the rule doesn't work both ways. And there, too, you will learn of the mother seal leaving her baby on the ice, sliding through a bobbing hole and going miles away to fish; then—while that ice pan has drifted ten or twenty miles—infallibly returning to the same bobbing hole, and up it, and so back to her darling. How's that for instinct? It's been proved by leather tickets fastened to mother seals' scutters. How can human reason explain a thing like such sense of location?

Again you will see a herd, close beset by enemies and caught in nipped ice where the bobbing holes and rifts have been closed up, gather in a bunch, fifty or sixty of them. Thus their weight breaks through the ice and they escape.

Who or what taught them that trick? I don't know. Does anybody, or can anybody guess?

The bawling of the whitecoats is one of the most eerily strange and compelling sounds you can hear. Out on the sealer's grimed or bloodied or snowy deck at night, I often used to hearken to it—an immense, far, hungry wail, usually of orphaned young; a kind of *nos morituri te salutamus;* for on the morrow they, too, must die. The nearest thing to it is a kitten's cry; and yet it's not that either.

Overhead, perhaps, blazes a full moon, pitilessly cold and clear. The stars are holes burned in a purple dome, letting the glory of heaven gleam through. At the horizon a milky-white gleam extends. Everywhere ice is shimmering like a hard glaze, while here or there the heaped-up pressure ridges glint with jet-black shadows. A world of ink and milk, all frozen. Merciless cold transfixes you, but you forget to feel it. Deep black lanes and bays of water gloom away. In the moonlight spars and rigging glitter, ice-incrusted. Stars shimmer in jetty pools, where sparkles of phosphorescent green flash up, then vanish. No wind; a dead world, save for the ship—and the whitecoats. For the illimitable black-and-whiteness is filled with a continuing cry, far, near; a call of life in death; sentience appealing to implacability of Nature and of man; and to the stars drifts up the universal hunger cry of helplessness.

The Northward Chase

No more of the whitecoats now. They pass. Another phase of the great killing draws our attention. For now the season is over when the young can be taken. They have gone, either into the fleet's reeking holds or into the Atlantic. Gaff work is ended now; the riflemen's turn has come. Wary at last, beating north and ever northward, the vast herd—decimated but still incredibly numerous—is on the trek to the far places where men shall not pursue them. Time is growing short. The kill must be made, the ships log-loaded, that the hungry at home may be fed and life on shore be plentiful.

So the chase is northward now, tracking the migration. Fifteen—twenty miles a day the Terra Nova must win, every day hitting the herd, hoping always for some luck that will bring wind, weather, ice conditions, seals and all into such happy accord as will full her up logy and bring her richly to port.

The matter of bucking arctic ice is none of the pleasantest, especially if you stand at the wheel. Backing up for a charge at the floes, the rudder is liable to strike a pan—and then all hands stand clear while the wheel spins. No four men can hold her. If she catches you you're lucky to get off with only broken bones. Once Peary was caught thus aboard the Kite—one of the sealing fleet—and had his leg smashed. You have to watch yourself every minute aboard a sealer.

In vast slants and tacks the Terra Nova fought northward through sheets, lakes, pinnacles, fantasias of ice, her mile-long shadow at morning and night creeping, crinkling over torments of ruin that now seemed fallen Parthenons and Troys, again the wasted surface of the moon. Sometimes, ghostlike, we moved through a world of white shadows. Sometimes we coasted along wide seas and rivers of open, gleaming water, where uncountable thousands of seals mockingly disported themselves, for in open water they were safe.

As we struck the heavy pack at full speed pans flew, ground and whirled, while torrents of water dashed aloft. The ship shook as if riven. Thunders boomed. But her stout ribs held. Swift cracks ran lightning-swift ahead. The Terra Nova's bluff shoulders thrust aside all the north had to give. And, guided by the scunner's musical cries from the barrel, she fought her way.

Betimes, though, she jammed fast. Then it was "Bombs out!" and stern work with blasting powder. Bombs were nailed to long staves, while the boson ordered, "Hot de poker fer de blastes!" With long stabber poles a gang swarmed on the ice. The red-hot poker was rushed overside. One touch of it to the fuse; then the bomb was thrust far under the ice, clumpers piled on and all hands scuttled away.

Boom! The ship quivered. Ice flew almost to the masthead. Last year a huge mass fell on Cap'n Kean, up on the bridge, and crippled him for a fortnight. Sulphurous fumes mingled with the smell of blood and oil that surrounded the ship like an aura. Then, yelling, the stabber-pole crew fell to work. If she loosened, well and good. If not, more blasts rent the ice. Thus she worked free; and away she churned, butted, groaned and indomitably fought along once more. Sometimes it seemed all in vain. No seals appeared. Again, luck favoring, incredible multitudes were sighted. Exultation, tense excitement gripped the crew.

Late one afternoon, as sunset was painting the ice world a most entrancing old rose, the barrel master sighted a vast string of seals that swept from horizon to horizon, dead ahead. Three hundred thousand strong they lay there, the cap'n said, as he swept them into view with his long gun. Never have I witnessed a stranger, a more thrilling sight than that incredible multitude of living things out in that frozen desolation. There they lay, lazy, fat, sleek, like cattle upon snowy plains, resting in a sunset glow which was itself a miracle not to be written down in words.

"Scun 'er up to 'em, Jacob!" the Old Man cried to the man in the forward barrel—he who spies out the leads and bays, and with lusty shouts of "Starbird! Stead-e-e-e! Port!" directs the bridge-master, who in turn bawls to the four helmsmen that right noisily yell back at him.

So we craunched and quivered nigh, and it was "Gunners and dogs, get ready!"

Dogs, by the way, are the riflemen's attendants, who carry cartridges in a canvas bag not slung over the shoulder. No, indeed! The cartridge bags are borne carefully in the hand, and there's a very good reason for that. You fall between two ice pans with a bag of ammunition over your shoulder, and first thing you know you're about a mile deep, on the Atlantic floor. But with the bag in your hand you can let go of it, and so you can scramble out on the pan with nothing worse than a sea bath in a temperature of zero—which no Newfoundlander thinks worth bothering about.

"Once de outside clothes freezes, you'm all wahrm inside!" You understand. This, however, is a mere digression.

Now the gunners and dogs were getting ready. Out came the riflemen from their nooks and corners, each with the rifle he knew and loved. Out came the batsmen, they of gaff and sculping knife, who must attend to skinning and panning the seals. Out came the dogs, eager to be away. For a great kill promised; better far than the scattered slaughter of small spots o' fat.

The decks filled with black-grimed men. Flags bristled. Torchlights were dealt round. Flags and torches alike are used to mark the pans. Tremendous enthusiasm burst out. With luck, here was the loading of twenty ships, let alone one! And no other ship was in sight. Two that had been jealously tagging the Terra Nova for days had at last drawn away, till now only a brown smudge on the rim of the ice world betrayed their hateful presence.

The Monster Herd

Such a swarming of sealers as filled the decks, all trodden to a slush of red and black! Poke a hornets' nest and you know what happens when the cry of "Big patch a'eed!" rings out into the frozen air.

Now, cartridge boxes were being broken open in the cabin-companion alley. Quickly the dogs loaded up. They thrust hard bread into their bags, too, for in case of having to spend a night on the ice such fare helps out a meal of fipper cooked over a fire of gaff-stick shavings and strips of seal fat.

"Run down the steam!" ordered the cap'n. The funnel must not smoke now; that might scare the herd. "Master watches, get all your men on the ice! Have ary man take two flags! All the crowds with their master watches now! Get on, me darlin' b'ys!"

The ship swung parallel to the skein of seals, perhaps a half mile from it, worked westward. By name—Skipper Joe or Skipper John, for everyone is Skipper here—the Old Man ordered the gunners out. One by one the gangs shinned over the rail, slid down, watched their chance and leaped to the rolling, grinding pans over which the sea was boiling. Fall in? Who cares? For the most part, the sparables, or calks in the Eskimo skin boots did good service. The men gained safer pans, and away they went, copying—jumping—from cake to cake, out over the slow-heaving ice, out toward the kill.

Making way over the ice is in itself no holiday sport. I've tried it; I know. Usually a vast swell is running. Up, up, up heaves the ice plain; then down, down, down, with a swing of maybe forty feet. You find yourself looking down an icy

(Continued on Page 129)

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You will find its comfortable riding qualities, pleasing appearance, dependable performance and all-round efficiency appeal to the pride of the man at the wheel.

We believe the two Ruggles units, Model 20 and Model 40, will handle any pay load between 500 and 5000 pounds more economically and speedily than you have ever before handled such loads—and with greater comfort to the driver. The ultimate in transportation.

Let Ruggles Transportation Units help you to increase your profits. You'll learn to love their sturdy habits.

Increasing numbers of good business men are securing the Ruggles dealer franchise.

Model 20—Capacity, 500 to 2500 lbs. $1195 (Chassis) f. o. b. factory **Model 40—Capacity, 2000 to 5000 lbs. $1795 (Chassis)**

RUGGLES MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, Saginaw, Michigan
Canadian Factory: Ruggles Motor Truck Company, Ltd., London, Ontario

The World's Greatest Truck Value

Luxeberry Enamel "White as the driven snow"

It's the NEW Idea!

"I didn't know Enamels could be so beautiful. I love these rooms!"

"That's the new Luxeberry Enamel, ma'am. Berry Brothers certainly made a wonderful success with it."

"But how did you get that soft light in it? I was afraid I might not like so many rooms in Enamel—so often they have a hard, icy glare."

"This new Luxeberry doesn't. It dries naturally to that deep, rich lustre. You can wash those panels, too, just like a china dish. Why, the Luxeberry they make now is so wear resisting it can be used outdoors as well as in."

"Will it stay white?"

"Absolutely! It will hold that snowy white for years."

"You surely must enjoy making rooms so beautiful."

"I'm proud of every job I do in the new Luxeberry. It is easy to handle, too. It flows out nicely, as painters say. It covers a lot of space and hides the old surface completely. It doesn't need rubbing, as most enamels do, but dries of itself to that soft, velvety finish you like."

Luxeberry Enamel also comes in six beautiful tints. Made by Berry Brothers, makers of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish.

Luxeberry

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Varnishes, Enamels and Stains.

Detroit, Walkerville, Ont. and San Francisco

(Continued from Page 126

hillside, immensely long; then all at once you're looking up one. It disconcerts you, this breathing of the world, as if it were some unthinkably vast animal. Then, too, the ice is always unexpectedly opening, closing, wheeling, shifting. You have to watch your chance for the floes to pendulum together, so that you can jump. Sometimes you mistake slush for solid ice. That's bad. The ice, too, creaks and sings, with the labor of incalculable pressures; the sound is of titanic wheels creaking over frozen snow. At any time you may find yourself out in the blue drop—open water—there to rock and drift till your pan grounds on solid floes. Entertaining! And for riflemen who at long range must put their dumdum bullets plunk through seals' heads—for a body shot damages the pelt it introduces some rare problems of ballistics. Rifleman moving, seal moving—well, you have to be an incredibly good shot to qualify.

One by one the gunners went away, each with his dog and his batsmen.

"Get away on the lee bow!" shouted the cap'n from the bridge, massive in fur cap and coat. "Away! Get alang, an' God bless you!"

Hastily they strode, ran, leaped. Flags, gaffs, torchlights followed. Gemsboks are clumsy beside these supermen of the ice. Such agility! A dozen bands went out, at quarter-mile intervals, streaming away toward the herd. Their bodies, all absolutely alike, became jetty silhouettes against the ice dazzle. Soon they looked like ants crawling over frosted cake. Sparks, our jovial young wireless man, picks up news that the two rival ships have sighted our men from their barrels and are turning our way. Well, curses on 'em, those interlopers!

"Get away, my sons!"

Presently, as I watched tensely from the bridge, the rifles began to speak out. Their hard little explosions began to drift in over the white emptiness like corn kernels popping. Through the glass I could see the gunners crouching behind pinnacles, aiming, firing, running ahead. I could see the kick of the gun, the flop and fall of the seal; then, after a long time, "Pop!" came the discharge. Always the gunner tries to bag the lookout seal first—the big, alert dog that guards the group on a pan. Once his head falls, the others lie quiet; but if he sniffs, squirms, wriggles for water, it's good-by that group!

I could see the huge creatures—all old bedlamers and saddlers, these—beginning to wallow off the ice, some trailing blood; but others thrashed, lay still. Ever the lines of men wound forward, among crags and confusions like Karnak wrought in rock candy. Now, all along the line, rifle fire was leaping. Faster, ever faster, the herd was dipping, scuttling to the sea, with derisive waves of the scutters saying good-by.

Roundly the carpenter cursed them and the ill luck that had run us into such a patch just at sundown.

"If us 'd hit dem swiles wid a hot sun," he explained, "dem would of bided. Dem loves to ride de ice, such times. But now ——" Disgustedly he spat.

Flags and Pinnacles

Luck was bad, indeed; luck, the one baffling equation of wind, fog, sun, ice and seals, all of which must be just right for a real clean-up. By the time the laboring Terra Nova had swung round to work back along the line again no live seals remained. Into the Atlantic they had all escaped, beating away into the mysterious north again, to make perhaps fifteen or twenty miles more toward Hudson Bay before riding the ice again.

Of such vast multitudes, however, all had not made their get-away. Already, as twilight deepened with an angry smolder along the ice horizons' jaggedness, pans of sculps marked the ice. Each was shown by a tiny flicker of flag. Sometimes, when flags run short, sealers smear a sculp over a pinnacle; such bloody pinnacles, as they are called, can be seen for miles. But there were flags enough that evening.

As the ship slowed to the panned heaps, gunners and dogs began coming aboard, each gunner to receive his meed of praise or blame, each dog with blood-stained bag drooping beneath the weight of cut-off seals' tails. By cutting tails they keep account of the kill; know how many pelts must be picked up. Many, however, are never recovered. The ice goes abroad, or what not; the sculps are often lost. One day we picked up seventy skins panned by another ship and lost by it weeks before. There was joy that day!

Up over the rail the gunners and dogs scrambled. Others waited on heaving cakes, leaped, caught the greasy ropes, shinned aboard. Down into the smoky, stove-heated cabin its white paint long since gory they clumped, down to interview the waiting cap'n and to deliver unto me their quota of tails. These, as usual, I well and duly counted, while begrimed and red-handed men watched under the gleaming old brass lamp. Blotched became our oilcloth-covered table. The bogy smoked as each counted lot of tails was cast into its glowing maw; and every gunner told his story of daring, peril, adventure—all merest commonplaces to them; and a babel of loud talk, in the half-comprehensible Newfoundland dialect, troubled that dim, stifling air. Oh, for some artist's brush to slap such scenes on canvas!

The inevitable tea and toast of the customary, continual mug-up divided attention with news of the hunt. Noisy, tea-whooping and toast-crunching sealers crowded the pantry. The Old Man, ruddy, white-whiskered and patriarchal, chided or approved. And I, alien scrivener, totaled the tails.

On frigid deck, in a lull of tail counting, I beheld far glimmers in the pale gloom far over jumbled ice. Torchlights, these, flaring smokily on pans not yet picked up. At some, dim figures waited; figures that, as they moved, seemed gnomes of an incredible ice world, unreal, anything but human. Some lights flickered miles away. Farther still winked the gleams of the other ships, laboring to force their way toward us—too late.

Notching the Tally Stick

We were stopped close beside a mound of sculps that had dyed the ice crimson; a mound to which many a snaky path of scarlet converged. Pelted carcasses sprawled all about. By the wavering glare of torches on the rail, a glare that reddened steaming breath or gushes of steam from the winches, masses of sculps were coming aboard.

"'Ave out dem straps!" shouted a hoarse voice from the ice. "Out wid dat whip line!" A black figure standing on the rail waved signals, shouting, "Walk back de winch!"

The sealers on ice stooped, strapping the pelts. Out sprangled the whip line through dim and pallid air. Men caught and hauled it, and the wire with it. They stooped, strove mightily over the black heap of skins, hooked them to the wire.

"Go ahead, de winch!"

With a rattling roar, a gush of ghostly steam, in sagged immense weights of quivering fat; in, over broken ice, sloshing through inky water, dripping up the grim side, swinging free above the reek and slush of decks not nice to picture.

A fling of the reverse lever by a half-seen, steam-enveloped figure. Plop! Another mass of wealth slumped and slid upon the mounds already sloping to the rail. The mounds steamed, quivered. At the other rail men were dragging chilled sculps away, flinging them down black hatches with cries of "H'under, below!" Down in dim, candlelit depths, someone was tallying cutting a notch in a squared stick for every five pelts, a groove for every twenty-one. In a country of few schools, the old-time tally sticks serve best for accounts.

Now the last men on the pan scrabbled aboard

"Full speed ahead!" the telegraph jangled.

"Thud-thud-thud," the engines groaned into reluctant life.

Once more the Terra Nova's iron prow crashed into the pack. Away she trampled toward the torchlighted pans that still waited, dingy red stars along the level of the arctic world. Half the night or all of it might pass before all the pans should be picked up. No matter. It's all in the day's work—a day that often lasts twenty-four hours. And on the morrow it would be northward, ho! again, to hit the fleeing herd.

Far as this white wilderness is from the world that Americans know, progress has invaded it. This last spring an air service was organized to spy out the herds. An Australian aviator, Major F. Sydney Cotton, Royal Flying Corps, has started the Aërial Observation Company. It has a flying base at Botwood, whence it sends

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A Racquet as Good as the Game

out planes to scout the ice fields and report on sealing conditions. Hardy men those be who fly over the perils of the frozen ocean where any mishap may mean death!

One day a great outcry on our ship, supplemented by shrieks from the siren, announced the sighting of a plane. You never saw people more excited than those sealers, most of whom had never beheld a plane before. Skimming over the ice like a midge, looming nearer in the blinding glare, the plane drew swiftly near. To her, yells and cheers ascended as she swooped twice about our barrels, her ice skids—in place of wheels—almost grazing our spars.

Down fluttered a tricolored bunting, weighted with an iron bar. Old Absalom Gaulton, our gentle-spoken pantry steward, was first overside and away to pick up that the first message ever dropped by a plane to a sealer. Proudly, as the plane dwindled in the dazzle, he brought the message "ashore," which in Newfoundland parlance means aboard. Ceremoniously the Old Man received it, read it out:

Largo quantities of seals about three to five miles ahead of you, about one point to port.

Roughly penciled that message was; but an imperial rescript, embossed on vellum, could not have produced a more profound impression.

That was a seven-days wonder, right enough. I thought the men would never have done talking over the "hairplane."

"Not t'irty yard above de hice, she come!"

"Dat's de rig-out she drapped de message in!"

"Went roun' us like a corkscrew, turned aft, to de loo'ard!"

"She say t'ousands of 'em, nareast be east!" And so further, *ad inf*

Never was there a livelier discussion than Major Cotton's Martynside plane produced. It ended in our trying to reach the seals indicated. Alas, impenetrable ice barriers reared themselves in our path. We got no good of the message. Later, Major Cotton reported the main patch, Mecca of all sealers and which none, this year, ever reached. This came to be known as the Cotton Patch, and caused oceans of talk. The Cotton Patch was there, right enough; but it happened to lie in a difficult knot of ice, and none of the ships would seriously try for it. Thus the main herd escaped one year at least. Ice masters are conservative. Where seals have always been, they must always be. Another year, perhaps, better success may attend Major Cotton's efforts. He and his men deserve all they can get. Hardy? No name for it!

There's no more dangerous trade than sealing. That's flat. Personally, I'd rather be a parachute jumper or an oil-well shooter or any old thing than follow sealing. The sealers of Newfoundland are the hardiest, bravest, strongest bunch of men I've ever run into, and I've seen many kinds of men in an all-too-disordered life. All the conditions of sealing are such as to make this not only the greatest but also the most perilous hunt in the world. Your African big-game hunter, true, faces fever and natives and wild beasts. Your whaler confronts whales and storms. But, by the Lord Harry, your sealer has them all beaten forty-seven different ways!

I'm not going into his living conditions, here. Later, I shall have something to say about those. For the present, just consider the active dangers. In the first place, drowning is always a very present risk. Jumping around on loose ice, hundreds of miles from land, doesn't make a man a good life-insurance risk. The dog hood, too, is an agile and fearsome foe. Ice blindness always threatens. If you aren't mighty careful, it'll get you sure. And the ships are nothing but floating oil tanks, with lots of powder aboard and no fire-preventive apparatus that's worth a hoot. If one ever caught fire—good night!

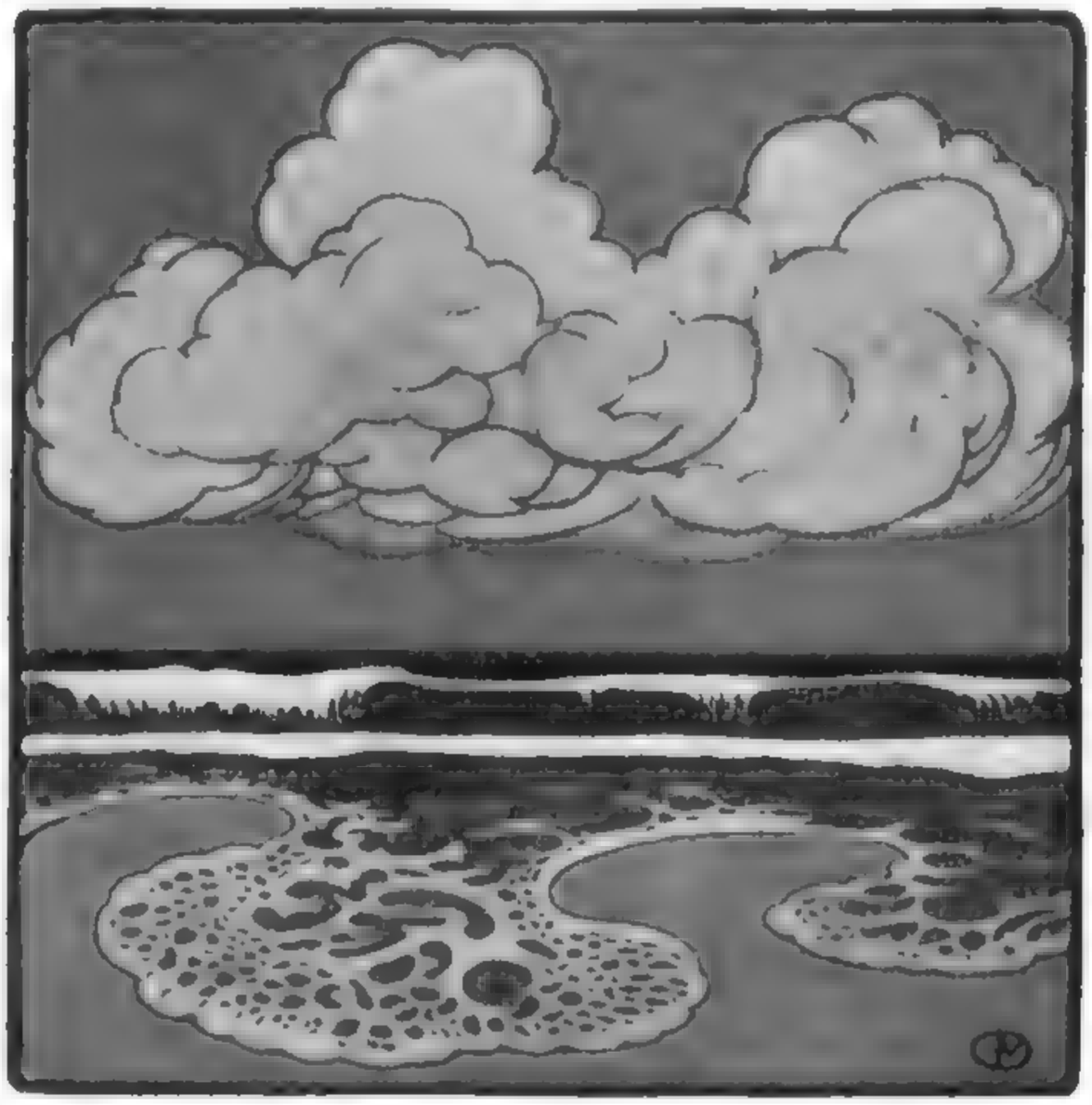
The ships are usually underengined, often with defective machinery and boilers. Staunch though they be, they cannot always cope with the cruel might of the north, especially as no effective regulations govern their loading. The idea is to grab all the fat possible and trust in God to reach St. John's. Sometimes the result is a shocking disaster—witness the Southern Cross. In 1914 she was coming in from the gulf with a full load and one hundred and seventy-five men. The Portia spoke her off St.-Pierre, Miquelon; and after that she vanished. Maybe she was overloaded; maybe her fat shifted below—who knows? She may have burned up or exploded. Mystery. I was told that one of her life belts came ashore in Ireland. That was the end of her, and bitter mourning filled the land.

Still, the overloading goes on, if the swiles can be had. "Take a chance" never had more devoted advocates in the States than up there. One of the Terra Nova's officers jovially remarked to me last spring:

"Full 'er up, b'y! The more, the better. Plims'll mark? If I had my way, I'd paint the Plims'll mark on her funnel!"

Ice-coated rig and ratlines are by no means the safest kind to clamber over. The pack ice always hungers to try conclusions with hulls, rip off propellers, disable rudders and otherwise jest grimly with the fleet. No hull fashioned by human hands will endure all the pack has to give. Crashing through the floes is always liable to open a seam, burst an intake pipe or work some fatal damage. Bergs and growlers continually menace. A nip may crush

(Continued on Page 133)



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The Sedan is but $1795

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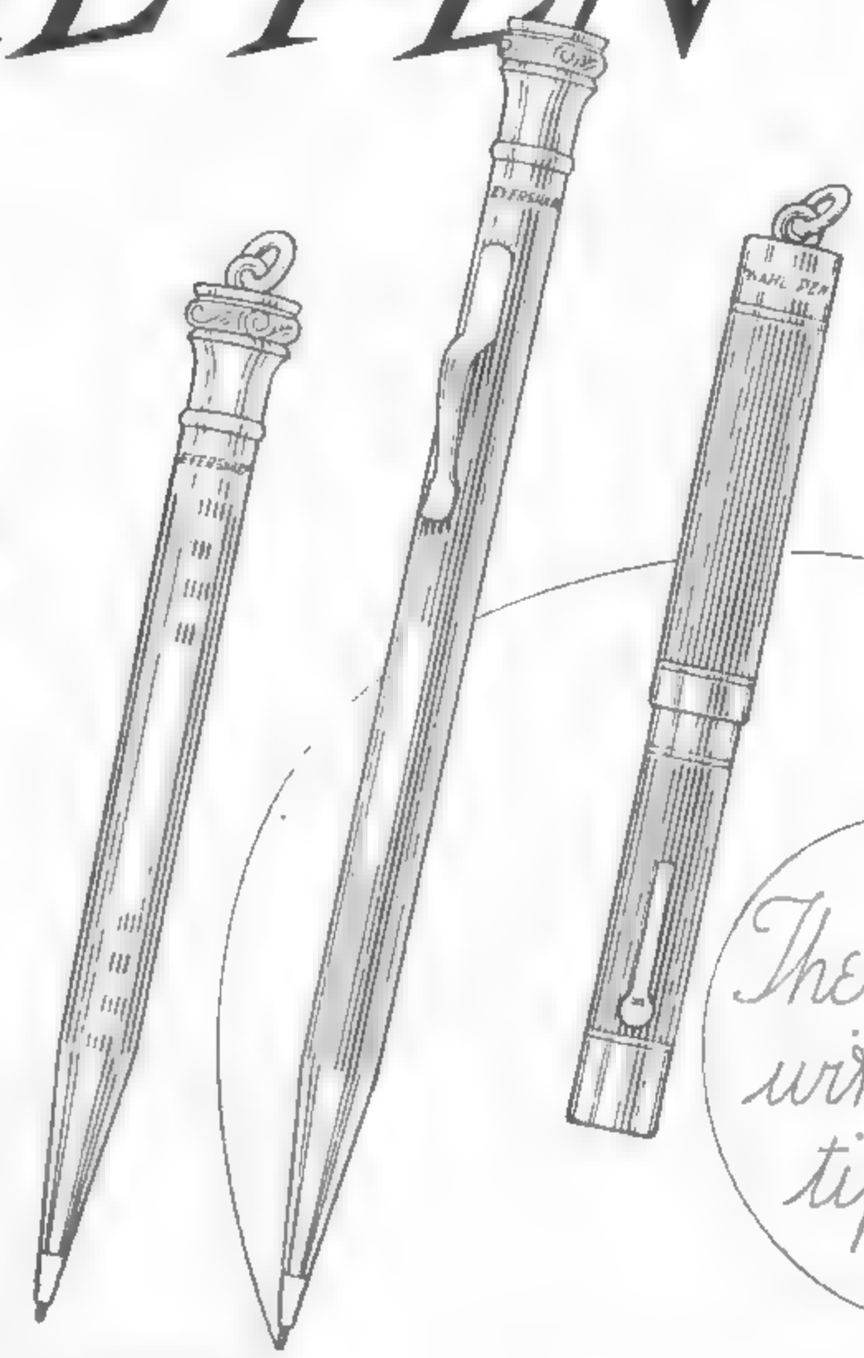

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(Continued from Page 130)

a vessel like the proverbial eggshell. More than one ship has been flattened and its crew unceremoniously dumped out on the ice. Joe Stirge, one of our crack gunners and a rare good man, told me, one ice-jammed and pitch-black night, the most encouraging possible story about how he was in the Wolf when she got nipped.

"De ice bust her like a paper bag," said Joe. "Her deck bent up like a bowl, an' she went down starn first, wid her bowsprit straight up. Us all had to walk to land, but anyhow us saved our guns, so it didn't matter none!" Certainly not!

"Dat'm why us kip de lamp burnin' in de cabin all night," chipped in another case-hardened son of the north. "Come a nip, sir, an' ain't nar time to be lookin' fer matches ner lightin' lamps. When doze uns goes, in a jam, dem goes sudden!"

How I enjoyed that thought, in the endless, inky nights when furious gales went shrieking through the frozen rig, driven snow shrouded the decks, bergs ripped the floes, ice sledges thundered against our sides and every plank and beam groaned, quivering!

Sudden blizzards, that catch the men far from the ships—for often the hunters fare miles and miles away—wipe out many a life. At first sign of fog or snow up goes the signal flag and out shrieks the siren; but sometimes too late. Newfoundland still remembers the Greenland disaster of '98, when all four watches were out, and all in different directions. At six of the evening darkness fell, with high wind and a blinding snowstorm—"a living starm," as those folk say. Only one watch could get aboard. Forty-eight men perished miserably, and Newfoundland wept.

Tragedies of the Arctic

In 1914, same year in which the Southern Cross went down with all hands, the Newfoundland's men—one hundred and nineteen of them—were caught on the ice by a blizzard. The storm lasted two days. It cost seventy-seven lives. Sixty-nine men were found frozen on the ice, and eight were so severely frostbitten that, though alive when picked up, they later died. Forty-two more lived, but mutilated and crippled by frost.

Dramatic, terrible stories lie in the finding of those bodies. Men were discovered huddled in groups, frozen solidly together as they had tried in vain to warm each other. Some were found kneeling as if in prayer, others in attitudes as if crawling; some crouching behind clumpers of ice, others under rude shelters of ice they had tried to build. One father and his son were brought in, the stiffened arms of the father still clinging to his boy, trying till the very end to shield him. A few escaped—oddly enough, so I was told, some of the weakest and most thinly clad. Who can explain this? Some of the survivors told terrific tales of suffering and of delirium—of men, gone stark crazy, mistaking open water for houses and rushing to death in the mad sea.

It was a hard day for the Dominion when those stark bodies were brought in on the hatches of the Bellaventure, under tarpaulins, unloaded at the wharf and carried up to Doctor Grenfell's King George V Institute. There they were thawed out in bathtubs and in the swimming pool, then laid out for burial. The double tragedy of the Newfoundland and the Southern Cross profoundly shook the country. But next spring the fleet put out again to the ice, fully manned. Nothing, short of complete annihilation, will ever quench the indomitable spirit of these heroic men.

From terrors such as these I prefer to turn, in thinking of my long stay among the sealers, to pictures of ice and sea and sky, of sun and stars, bergs, floes and wild horizons that not even the brush of a master could ever adequately paint. What lingers with me is the recollection of a kind of ecstatic torment which in those far places possessed my soul. The shouting and the slaughter vanish, the redness and the terror of it; and in their place sometimes I see again the solemn suspiration of the floes, the lift and heave of the Atlantic's immeasurable frozen breast, the sparkle of blue lakes purer than any turquoise. I see the milk and absinth of the downthrust pans; the emerald surge of swirling waters; the fading rose pink on ice pinnacles, millions and millions of them, flung all across a sunset world

The Colorful North

I see the great Atlantic herds, here playing in frigid waters with a supremely gracious abandon, there lying at rest along Saharas of carved ivory. I see the motionless silhouette of a watcher, a solitary rifleman, waiting beside an arctic pool of *lapis lazuli*, ringed round by ice crags, dazzling white, with heart-arresting blues and greens splashed into their shadows. I see pictures which would make any painter famous, yet which can never be painted, because men of the brush and palette would not live, as I lived, on board a sealer to behold these marvels. I see a falling star that shoots down through the northern lights, miraculously, trailing fires of heat through fires of mystic cold—fires that melt, fade, blaze up and wave in curtains and soul-shaking spears, swift from the pole. I see black waters imaging the quaver of the crescent, of Aldebaran and Cassiopeia's Chair, while infinitely all about and to world's end the ice loom stretches to ghost horizons. Or it may be I see pearls and fading grays behind which a furnace of molten gold peeps out; and from that furnace shoots up a crimson band to form another sun whence crossbars of quite ineffable glory fling themselves along the distances of vague mirage

To me my sojourn in the ice gave more than a knowledge of the fearless, hardy and loyal Newfoundlanders or of the multitudinous quarry they pursue. It gave me, more than this, overmastering impressions of a world not like our world, a life totally unlike ours.

I won't say I felt any invincible regret at being the first man to leap ashore as the Eagle—which brought me back to St. John's—made fast. Greasy, black, bewhiskered and with more than one young visitor upon me, comprehensively untidy in person and temporarily reverted to the primitive, mentally, I felt with an exceeding great joy the solid earth once more under my skin-booted feet.

The chase? Yes, it was hard, cold, rough, perilous; but it was sublime! I wouldn't do it again for a million; and I wouldn't have missed it for ten; that's the way I feel. For to have played even my small part in absolutely the greatest and most gorgeously spectacular hunt in the world is an achievement which I prize above all telling.

THE BOOTLEGGERS

(Continued from Page 5)

places in this town where he could be, and he's liable to be in any one of them, except two."

"Meanin' what?" I says.

"Meanin' this room here, and down where The Works is."

Just then the phone rang, and Sophie answered it. "What's that?" she says. "I don't get it. Oh—now I get it. Come on up."

Sophie turned round to me, sort of blinkin' her eyes. "Charley Semmler's downstairs," she says.

"The hell he is!" was all the come-back I could think of.

"Yep," says Sophie, "that was him."

"What's he want?"

"Gee," says Sophie, "but you're talkin' at random. How'd I know what he wants? Maybe he's goin' to make us a present. You never can tell."

The buzzer rang on the door and Sophie went out to let him in. In a minute she was back in the room, with Charley Semmler followin' her.

"Hello, Tom," he says. "How's every little thing?"

I sit and look at him, popeyed. Some nerve, I'll tell the world, comin' around where we were after holdin' out seventy-five grand on The Works. Some crust, I'll say.

"Fine and dandy," I finally says. "How's it with you?"

"Can't complain," he answers, takin' a chair. He was cool as the bronze dame on top of Madison Square Garden. He lights himself a smoke, looks over at Sophie and me in a I-suppose-it's-my-move way, and says, sort of explainin' himself: "I got hold of your missus, Tom, and she tells me

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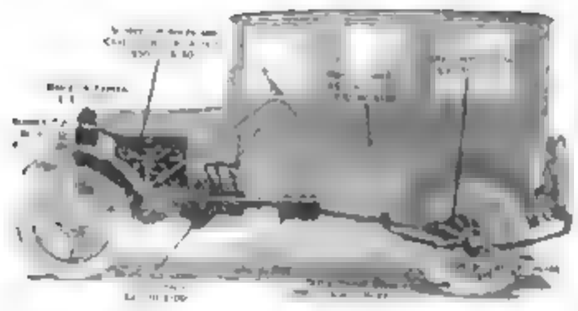

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you are over here to Sophie's, so I come here. Seen The Works lately?"

"Saw him this mornin'."

"How's he feelin'?"

"Not so good."

"That so? What seems to be bitin' him?"

"Well, Charley," I says, "to come right down to cases he claims you are holdin' out them seventy-five grand on him you got in Pittsburgh."

"You don't say!" answers Charley, not a leaf stirrin' in the way of bein' surprised or nothin'. "How come he has any such bug as that?"

"Well," I says, "there's pretty fair circumstantial evidence to that effect."

"How come?" he asks again.

"You got the money, didn't you?"

"Sure."

"And you didn't turn it in."

"Not yet."

"That," I says, "concludes my part of the entertainment. Now it's up to you. Do your stuff."

"I ain't got much to do," Charley answers. "I got the money, and I got it now, and I'm goin' to keep it. Where does he get off sayin' I'm holdin' out on him when he's been holdin' out on me and you and Sophie here ever since we was in the game with him? We've made him enough to choke the Subway with ten-thousand-dollar bills, and all we've got is rolls you could stuff into a fountain pen. We've taken the bulk of the risk and done all the dirty work, and he's sit back there and raked in the iron men and split off little chunks now and then and thrun them to us. I'm through with that stuff. I got a chance to cash in, and I cashed."

"But ——" I begins.

"I got it," breaks in Charley, puttin' his hand inside his coat, "and I got it here on my person."

"All right; all right," I says, as agreeable as I could, not knowin' whether he would pull out a bundle of yellowbacks or a gun. "It don't mean nothin' in my life," I says. "Nor Sophie's."

"Don't it?" he asks, kind of curious. "I ain't so sure of that. It might mean a heap."

"I don't get you."

"Nor me," puts in Sophie.

"Listen here, then," Charley goes on. "I was only waitin' for a chancet to get a stake to make this play to you two birds. You and me, Tom, and Sophie here, knows the way inside of The Works' game. I ain't in so far as you two, but I'm in far enough to know that it's a bigger money-maker than the Philadelphia mint. You all got me sized up as a boob, and you may be right, at that, but I ain't boob enough to go along workin' for 5 per cent when I can get 33."

"I don't get you yet," I says.

"Why, it's simple enough," says Charley. "Let's me and you and Sophie go into the bootleggin' business for ourselves; take all the money and split it three ways."

"Fight The Works?" says Sophie, with a kind of a look on her face as if it might be a big idea.

"Sure, fight The Works; and fight all the rest of them. Why not? We know the ropes. Our money's as good as anybody's. We got the market sized up. We know where the fixin's to be done. You two can rustle as much as I've got to stake the game, and with one good turn we'd be on velvet. Why not?"

"Why not?" says Sophie, her eyes gleamin'.

I thrun the old bean in high and done some quick thinkin'. What Charley said was right enough about The Works bein' a mean distributor. He was all that. Also, what he said about the profits was right. And they wasn't nothin' about the game that the three of us didn't know. But there was The Works. He was a hard-boiled egg. He'd croak us in a minute if we got in his way. Happy as I am with money, I knew it'd be no use to me in a cemetery.

"It's too dangerous," I says, stallin' my way along. "The Works would ——"

"He won't do nothin' that we can't lay off," says Charley. "I ain't been stickin' around his game all this time without keepin' me eyes open. I've got enough evidence on that bird to send him to Atlanta for two hundred years, and it's planted where if anything happens to me—or you either if I fix it that way—it will go to the United States district attorney and the prohibition commissioner in fifteen minutes. The Works has got that word already. He'll holler his head off, but he'll be careful what he does. He ain't got no appetite for a Federal grand jury, I'll tell the world. Are you game, Sophie?"

"That's my middle name," says Sophie.

"Come on, Tom. Climb aboard. We can make a million in a year."

"All right," I says. "I'm in," and all the while I kept lookin' at Charley and thinkin' how I had held him to be nothin' but a boob.

IV

WELL, it didn't take no time to get the game framed, once we was all for it. Charley figgered he could put in seventy of his seventy-five holdout, and me and Sophie had that much apiece stuck away in our safe-deposit boxes. So that would give us two hundred grand to go in, and knowin' what we did it was a good stake for a outfit that didn't have no fancy notions about goin' out and handlin' all the booze in the world, but was content to work up a nice respectable bootleggin' trade.

Sophie come in strong on the frame-up. Of course Charley had to lay off all the old gang, and I was for cuttin' out, too, but Sophie thought different.

"Nix," she says. "You and me, Tom, will stick around just as if nothin' was on. They's no use gettin' in bad with The Works until we have to, and, besides, we can get next to stuff that will help us in our game. They might be a chance to cop some of the stuff that is comin' to The Works without payin' much for it."

"You mean hijack it?" I asks her.

"I do not," she says. "They's nothin' to hijackin' for parties that has a bootleggin' future before them. That's Condorelli stuff. I never could see no sense to hirin' a bunch of thugs to go out and hold up trucks with booze on them. In the first place somebody nearly always gets killed, and that makes it messy, and in the second place them thugs ain't got no sense of honor or decency. They take your money for goin' out and gettin' the stuff for you offen some booze-runnin' gang that's bringin' it in, and then they's no tellin' whether they will respect their obligations," she says, "and deliver it to you which paid them for grabbin' it off the other outfit, or take it and sell it themselves and have your good money for the job into the bargain. They's nothin' to that," she says.

She was right too. Hijackin' is a tough game. In the first place the gang that brings the stuff in on trucks—the ones hired by the bootleggers to do the transportin'—ain't no sissies. They're hard guys. Has to be to get by. Now it stands to reason that a gang that will go out, wait for the trucks to come along, hold up the truck drivers and take the hooch away from them ain't no Sunday-school kids, neither. And they pull some rough stuff. They's a good many killin's, like Sophie says, and it's about a seven-to-five shot that they won't deliver the hooch to the ones who has honestly paid them to get it, but will sell it themselves and get all the dough.

You never seen such a bunch of double-crossers as they is in this bootleggin' game. Seems like a square guy ain't got a chancet. Me and a friend give a bunch of gunmen a thousand bucks once to go over in Jersey and stick up a truck of Scotch we knew was comin', and deliver it to us. They stuck it up, all right, but did they deliver it to us? Not that nobody knows of. They run it into Trenton and sold it right there, and made a get-away with all the dough, leavin' me and my friend—who was two young fella's tryin' to get along in the business—to hold the sack.

Of course if you're thinkin' of havin' some hijackin' done you can go along with the gang, but they ain't much nourishment in that, because nearly always they is some shootin', and the only way you can do is to make a bet on what will come off. You might get a bunch of honest hijackers. You might find a flock of white blackbirds too.

I'm off hijackin' until what Sophie, who can sling language when she gets goin', calls the moral of it is improved.

"Well," I asks her, "what you got up your sleeve, then?"

"You wait," she says. "Let's see how the play lays with The Works first with regards to Charley here," she says, "and make sure he don't suspicion us none, because Charley and you and me kind of trained together, you know."

So we done it that way. We fixed it with Charley for him to hide out for a few days until we could see what sort of hands The Works was dealin' to us, and next mornin' I went down to talk to him.

He was busy riggin' up a deal to get in a cargo of Scotch from Nassau, and didn't seem like he was worryin' half so much about Charley Semmler as he was the day before.

"Hello, Tom," he says. "How you feelin' today?"

"Fair," I tells him, and then thinkin' to get a line I says, "but not so good as I would be if I could of got my mitts on Charley Semmler."

"Didn't lamp him, hey?"

"Not a sign of him."

"Well, forget it for a while. He'll show up some day. Them birds can't keep away from the scene of the crime," he says. "No hurry about it. Hate to have him get that dough, but it'll all come out in the wash. Don't crimp us none. Plenty more in the sock. Sit in here and we'll route this stuff up from the landin' place, and then you can go out with the salve."

I seen in a minute that The Works had had his word from Charley Semmler. And it had come out as Charley says. The Works would of as soon lost his right eye as them seventy-five grand, but here he was tellin' me to lay off and all this and that, and the reason he done it was because he knew Charley had the goods on him, and they would be a squeal if he done anything to Charley. He didn't fool me none. All that bird was doin' was layin' off temporary. He'd never forget that dough, and whenever he thought it was safe he'd start somethin' agin Charley.

He was feelin' good. This cargo of Scotch was comin' in in a ship The Works was wise to, that was makin' a voyage from Nassau to Halifax. The plot was to have her run in close to shore on a certain night and slip the stuff to a tug that would be there, sent by The Works. Then the tug would put it ashore at a place we knew, and the trucks would pick it up and bring it to the big town, runnin' at night and hivin' up in friendly garages in the day. As usual, the booze was to be sewed up in sacks, a dozen bottles to a sack, for the purpose of easy handlin' and countin'.

By this time the bootleggin' game, the real one, was sort of off the wood-alcohol stuff and the forged-permit stuff and the withdrawal stuff, and so on, because the Government was tightenin' up and some of the mob had got caught. Besides, that stuff was so rank any self-respectin' bootlegger would rather handle better grades, leavin' that junk to the foreigners, and so on. Of course they was a considerable business in forged stamps and faked labels and crooked withdrawal permits, and such, and I'll say that some of the ship stuff was pretty raw. But take it all ways, smugglin' was the best lay.

The trouble with a good deal of the stuff that come in by ship and across from Canada and Mexico was that it was too new. They was some exported and then reshipped and smuggled rye and bourbon that was good, but they was a lot of that doctored, too, before it was sent back home. Then the Scotch wasn't what the label showed, mostly. You see, before they got to sendin' it in so heavy the Scotch distillers used to let their stuff age for five years, but now it was sent from maker to wearer, direct. They made it one day and shipped it the next because the demand was so heavy, not forgettin', however, to put on labels they used to put on the old, aged stuff. So a lot of it was raw as turpentine, and the only license it had to be called Scotch was that it smelled smoky.

That wasn't our lookout. The demand was bigger than the supply. I used to wonder where it all went, until The Works showed me the figgers on booze drinkin' in this country before prohibition. He shows me where we used to sop up enough stuff in this country before prohibition to amount to almost twenty gallons a head a year of all kinds, and then I see; because most of that was made here, and with our makers shut down we gotta get it somewhere, and there was where we come in.

Well, me and The Works went over the hull thing. The ship was due off our pickin' up place in ten days, which give plenty of time for assemblin' our trucks and for fixin' things along the line. Them officers ain't got no decency. You'd think that once you stake them liberal that would go for a spell, but not with them birds. They have to be fixed all over again every time, and they run in new ones on you, and the prices—oh, boy! It's got so now that a

(Continued on Page 137

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69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 134)

constable or a sheriff or a inspector that used to be satisfied with a ten spot and a bottle of hooch wants a hundred bucks a throw and his hooch by the case.

The dope is, when you meet up with one of them birds, to ask him what time is it? Then he says it's one o'clock, see, and you slip him a hundred-case note; or if he says two o'clock he gets a two-hundred spot. That's the way it's done. Well, it looks like them officers of all kinds has forgot entirely they is any such hours on the clock like one or two, and can't think of nothin' but hours way 'long in the forenoon or late at night. Nothin' before six o'clock in the afternoon or six in the mornin' seems to be on any of the clocks them crooks goes by. The Works tells me that it's so all along the line. They seem to think that we ain't got no rights. Why, some of them politicians and high officers would take it all if they had the chancet.

I got the plans all safe in my nut, and havin' nothin' else to do I went up for a spiel with Sophie.

"Well, Tom," she says, "how'd you find The Works?"

"Kind and gentle," says I. "He's lost his yen for gettin' Charley entirely. Says to lay offen him for a spell. Seems to have had a change overnight. Ain't yellin' for blood nor nothin' like that. Says to forget it for now."

"He got the office from Charley," says Sophie. "That bird would rather have both legs cut off above the knee than lose that much cash. He'll wait until he thinks Charley's squawk plant is dead, and then he'll weigh in on him. But," she says, "Charley ain't no hick."

"Not any," says I. "I been doin' him wrong."

Then I turns to and tells Sophie about the comin' play we was to make, and I noticed Sophie was pretty keen about it. She asked some questions and got it all straight as to how it was comin' off. Sophie's got a lot of savvy.

She kept gettin' more and more lighted up as I was tellin' her and finally she busts in with "That's our play."

"What is?"

"That booze is."

"Come again."

She was all excited, with her eyes shinin' and her cheeks reddened up, and I'll broadcast the universe that Sophie's a good-lookin' dame at any time, but when she gets worked up about anythin' she's a queen. She's one of them black-eyed and black-haired ones, with a darkish skin and a good figger. She's a swell dresser and she can pull the real society stuff when she wants to as good as any of them. Sophie spills language I ain't never heard before when she's on that lay.

"Why," she says, "what's the matter with us goin' down and gettin' that stuff—you and me and Charley?"

"You mean pirate it?"

"Sure, I do. It's been done before, ain't it?"

"Plenty, but it costs money."

"Well, we've got money."

"And somebody's liable to get killed."

"Yes, and somebody's liable to get killed walkin' across Broadway; almost anybody, so far's that goes."

"But"—I begins, kinder razzed by what she was talkin'—"but ——"

"But nothin'," she stops me with. "That's the idea I had in the first place. We kin hire ourselves a boat, and a bunch of pirate hijackers that can't double-cross us because they can't swim away with the stuff, and go down there, now we know all the set-up for it, and just everlastin'ly spill all Mr. The Works' beans. It's a great chancet to get a big piece of change," she says, all stoked up and goin' good, "because we won't have to make no investment but what the boat and the men cost us, and I know a place where we can sell it for spot cash if we can get it ashore, and let the buyers move it."

"Who to?" I asks.

"Never mind," she says. "You know me well enough to know I don't put out no prospectuses I can't live up to. How about it?"

Well, it looked pretty good to me. Piratin' was bein' done every day off the coast, and they was no doubt we could get some done for us. Of course it wasn't so easy now as it used to be. The first booze pirates had it pretty soft. The crews on the ships they stuck up wasn't expectin' anythin' like that, and they was easy meat. Now that it was gettin' more common the crews packed guns, and they always was some shootin' and some killin', but not much of it got into the papers. It was pulled off out to sea a ways, and the outfits concerned just let the matter drop and waited to get even some other time.

Even at the present high cost of bootleggin' we ought to be able to put over a game like that for ten or fifteen grand, and we had two hundred thousand in our kick. And if we got them two thousand cases for that money we'd clean up a hundred thousand good American dollars, which would give us a fine start in business.

The more I thought over it the better I liked it, and I says to Sophie, "I'm on."

"Fine and dandy," says she. "Now let's dig up Charley and see what he says."

We got word to Charley's hide-out, and he come over that night. He declared in almost before Sophie had got the words out of her mouth.

"Noble!" hollers Charley. "Can't be beat. The way of the transgressor is hard," says he, "and we'll pin the truth of that onto The Works," says he. "I'm in a million," he bleats, dancin' around. "Let's go!"

"We're off," says Sophie, all excited, too, and she cuts in on her educated stuff and says kind of like an actress, "Once aboard the lugger and all will be well."

I didn't get what she meant, but Charley comes back at her with "Harkee, Bill; no wiolence!"

"Not no more than necessary," says Sophie, "but virtue must triumph though the heavens fall. This contempt and violation of the law by The Works must stop," says she.

"Right," says Charley, "and we're the guys that's goin' to stop it."

WELL, it's interestin' the way things works out. You'd never think in a thousand years that Charley Semmler's goin' south with a piece of change would start us in the bootleggin' business, but that's what it done. They was no new stuff in what Charley pulled, not a-tall. Anythin' you can get and keep is yourn in that game, and what the bootleggers do to the public ain't a marker to what they do to each other. A man has to be out for the money any way she comes in bootleggin', without no considerations of nothin' but himself, and, believe me, that is where the bootleggers is strong. Bootleggin' money ain't got no regular home anyhow, and gettin's keepin's from top to bottom, if you can get by with it.

But this here Semmler play landed at what Sophie called the psychologicac moment, or somethin' like that, one day when she was talkin' highbrow, which didn't mean nothin' much to me.

"It's opportunity," says Sophie, "that knocks oncet at every man's door," and she pulled a line from a piece of poetry a guy wrote sometime that was to that effect.

Maybe so, but all they was to it like I see it was havin' a chancet to take a few breaks and takin' them. I knows a old Chink down in Mott Street and he tells me the Chinks have a sayin' like this: "Even a monkey falls out of a tree sometimes." Ain't it the truth?

There was The Works—a smart guy and wise to the hull game, and holdin' the idea that nobody ain't honest, and suspicionin' everybody, includin' himself—and he falls for our play like the Metropolitan Tower bustin' down into Madison Square. Of course you've gotta give him some excuse. He had considerable on his hands at the time. A bonehead from Halifax, who has a bunch of Condorelli hooch aboard a boat, gets all fluffed up with himself right then, and instead of makin' his station down the coast where he was told to go, puts into New York Harbor, and The Works gets wise to it.

Condorelli has to do some quick fixin', but he done it all right, except he didn't fix The Works. So The Works sees a chancet to grab off some cheap hooch, and he sends a gang of his handy men down to the landin' place to stick up Condorelli's bunch, and they is a gun play up and down the water front that looks like the fight between the outlaws and the Canadian Mounted Police in one of them cold-feet movies, only these guys was shootin' bullets and not firin' blanks. Well, the bulls have to take notice of a play like this, and they is a wholesale pinch that sets The Works a job of gettin' his men bailed out, and so on. Now it happens that Condorelli was down there himself, and he stops a couple from a automatic, and they take him to a hospital. Nothin' serious, but enough to make him good and sore.

So Condorelli, sieved up a couple of times and losin' his booze too, sends word to his gang to get The Works, and The Works doubles his guard, and has to move around kind of careful. Right on top of this he gets himself into a jam by makin' a holler because one of his warehouses he has reason to think is as safe as a church is busted open one night and a lot of his stored booze carted away, and next day he gets word he can have it back at a price. The Works goes up in the air and starts a few things, and next night after that the rest of his booze in that warehouse disappears like the other, and he gets the office to come across, which crimps him good. Then they was a bunch of outsiders buttin' in, too, and they worried him a lot. The Works claimed to the higher-ups that outside competition wasn't fair, and that he was bein' double-crossed, and he was bein' kidded along on that.

All this was happenin' when The Works was busy arrangin' to get that stuff in from Nassau. Maybe it wouldn't of been so easy for us if The Works wasn't so busy, but anyhow that's the way she broke. It was like findin' a six-carat rock in a piece of custard pie. About a week before the stuff was due down the coast I was in his office, and The Works says to me, "Tom, ain't it hell they's so many crooks in this business?"

"It sure is."

"You can't tell what way to turn," he says. "No sooner have you got things all greased than some new guy comes along and throws sand in the box, and then it's all off until you do some new greasin'. Seems like they ain't no honesty in business no more. Not one of them guys will stay bought more than overnight, and they's a new crop of grifters fresh every hour."

"They've been gettin' to you plenty lately, ain't they?"

"You said it! They've took me apart leg from limb," he says, "and that's why I can't slip up on gettin' in that stuff that's comin' next week."

"Well," I says, "if they's anythin' I can do ——"

"They sure is," he breaks in. "Tom, I'm going to send you down there to see that it comes through."

Now that was about the same to me as pickin' up a royal flush in a poker game. It was like handin' me and Sophie and Charley Semmler the Subtreasury and tellin' us to go as far as we like. It give me a warm feelin' inside, but I kept a cold mug and says, "All right, boss, I'm on. I'm glad you trust me that much."

He looks me over with a long up and down, and I give him the innocent eye.

"Don't kid yourself," he says finally. "I don't trust nobody, but I gotta take a chancet. If you run straight with this you'll get a good split. If you cross me you'll never cross nobody else. Do you get me?"

"I get you," says I.

"Then nothin' more is needed," he tells me, and we go to work fixin' things up.

As soon as I can I make a get-away, and quick as I hit the cement outside I finds that they is a shadow on me. The Works has put him there, most likely, just to check up on me until it is time for me to go after the booze. That he don't trust nobody is right. I drops into a cigar store and stalls around talkin' about buyin' a pipe, and gettin' an eyeful of the shadow, who is across the street. He's a fella I never see before, a flatfoot that couldn't shadow the Woolworth Building. "Gee," I thinks, "the old man must have his mind off his number to set any such stiff as that after me."

I lose this stiff in six blocks, with a little doublin' and Subwayin' and a office buildin' that has two sets of elevators and opens on two streets; and as soon as I am sure I am clear of him I beats it for a place I know, and pretty soon Sophie and Charley is there too.

"It's like takin' candy from a baby," I says. "He's goin' to send me down in charge of the gang."

Both Sophie and Charley give what amounted to three cheers with a muffler on, for it was breakin' better than we had any license to expect. It looked like a push-over now.

Well, we got our heads together, and, to make a long story short, here is what we doped out: The Works' plan was for his boat—a big, ocean-goin' tug—to clear for Norfolk with the usual crew, only hand-picked by the captain, who was a man who's

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been doin' business with The Works for a long time. The captain would come in at a certain cove down at the lower end of Jersey, and I'd come aboard with some gunfighters for protection against pirates. Then when we got the signals from the ship with the stuff we'd go out, transfer the stuff, and beat it for the place where we was to unload it, and where the trucks was to be. It don't take long to tell it, but it took time to fix it. But The Works knew the game, and he was gettin' it done all right.

Of course, bothered as he was, The Works wasn't boob enough not to figger on booze pirates. They was plenty of them babies operatin' along the coast, and it was meat to them to run up when a shipment was bein' transferred or when it was bein' shifted to the beach and make a gun play for it. They was tough birds, them pirates. They done pretty good for themselves, and booze-piratin' was gettin' to be a favorite outdoor sport, especially as the big bootleggers was dependin' more and more on smugglin' for their supplies.

Charley and me knew a bunch of these birds, who had started as hijackers and got to be pirates because they was more in it, and this was what we aimed to pull: We would get ourselves a boat, havin' knowledge through me, of course, where The Works' boat would be waitin' for me and my gang, and our boat would slip in and grab off that boat before I got there. That would mean some shootin', maybe, but we'd have them two to one, anyhow, because only the regular crew would be aboard, but it wouldn't be no peaches and cream at that, because that crew was hard guys too.

That put it up to me to lose the gang I was bringin' down with me to put on the boat as a protection agin pirates while the shift was bein' made, so we doped it out that I was to herd them at some place in the bush and go ahead to see that it was all set, and leave them there, which would take more doin' than the tellin' of it shows, but I figgered I could put it over. Anyhow if things broke right our gang would have The Works' boat stuck up by the time I got there, and I could get aboard and go out to the booze boat and make it all regular with the main guy there, because I'd have the tore piece of paper that fitted hisn and would know all the right talk and plans.

We'd get the stuff on the tug and beat it, and the booze boat would go on its way, because it wouldn't mean nothin' in the captain's life. All his orders would be was to deliver to the guy who showed with the piece of paper that fit into hisn, and to fight off pirates if any come. The money for the booze passed between The Works and the Nassau handlers. The Works was givin' up thirty-five bucks a case for the stuff, includin' freight, and had himself protected by some escrow game so that the Nassau handlers wouldn't gyp him, nor send him phony stuff, nor anything like that, which has been done before now. What The Works stood to lose was the cost of his arrangements and his profits, because if he didn't get the booze the Nassau handlers would be stung, as they guaranteed delivery; and that was all right, for them Nassau handlers is foreigners anyhow. If The Works would lose the booze it would set him back about thirty thousand or so for expense, and maybe a hundred and fifty thousand profit.

This looks pretty good to Charley and me, but when we begins talkin' about the boat we was to get and all that, Sophie butts in and says, "What's the idea of blowin' ourselves like that for a boat? We ain't goin' into the shippin' business, are we?"

"We gotta have a boat," I tells her. "Else how we goin' to cop the hooch?"

"Don't seem necessary to me," she says.

"Why not?" I asks her, wonderin' what she's got up her sleeve. "How we goin' to pull it off unless we have a boat and a bunch of guys on it to do it with?"

"Well," she says, "they's a boat in it already, ain't they, with a bunch of guys on it?"

"But them will be The Works' guys," I says, kind of peeved, for Sophie ain't usually so thick.

"Solid cement from the neck up," she says, lookin' at me kind of pityin'. "Why not have them our guys?"

I made her then. It knocked me for a gool. Why not? We could shift the cut on The Works and instead of puttin' a bunch of his pirates on the tug we could put on a bunch of our own personal pirates, and save us the expense of the boat. Then when we got the booze aboard we could give the pirates the word and they would stick up the tug, and do whatever happened to the crew, an' we'd run the tug to our landin' place, and shove the stuff ashore for our trucks.

It was so simple I felt kind of sore for not havin' thought of it myself. The less gun plays the better, and this way we could do what shootin' was necessary out to sea instead of off shore, and safe from any rubberin' and spyin'. It looked good to me.

"All you gotta do," says Sophie, "is for you to take them gents The Works hands you and lose 'em some place, and Charley will show with our gang at the place picked for you to meet the tug, and you can take our gang and stick them aboard easy, because the captain won't know who his guests is to be on the trip, and one thug looks pretty much like every other thug anyhow."

"Can we get some, Charley?" I asked him. "I mean, the right kind."

"We can get a hundred," says Charley, "or a thousand. The burg is full of them."

"But we've got to have somebody who can run the tug," I says.

"I know just the very man," says Charley. "He kin run anything from a rowboat to a battleship, and all he wants is the coin. He'd take a skiff out and fight a torpedo destroyer," he says, "if he could get what he figgered was good wages for it. I kin get him, and five or six more like him, and it will be a pipe."

"I dunno about that," says I. "First place this regular crew on The Works' tug is no Sunday-school students, and they won't let go that stuff without puttin' up a fight; second place we gotta be careful or we'll get stuck up, too, and this gang we put aboard will make a get-away with the stuff. You can't depend much on them guys shootin' square."

"True enough," says Charley, "but we can declare them in on the play, and they wouldn't be much help to themselves wanderin' around in a tug loaded down to the water's edge," says he, "with hooch they couldn't sell, nor couldn't drink all of in forty years," he says.

"Declare them in?" says I. "Forget that! The cut ain't goin' to be any too big as it is."

"Oh, plah!" says Sophie. "If we ever get that booze ashore we can handle them gents all right. All we gotta be afraid of is that they will bust loose on the boat," she says.

Well, we talked back and forth, and looked the ground over, and decided it was worth takin' the chancet on and cheaper than to hire a boat ourselves. And Charley picked out seven birds that was both bored and broke, and promised them excitement and good pay, and they said they was on, and to tell them when and where. Charley says all in good time and stick around until they get the word.

By the time The Works was all set we was all set, too, and I had been walkin' right out in the open and seemin' all square to The Works, and not givin' his shadow any chancet to get onto me, and it looked good. Things went along smooth between him and me, and I got wise to every little thing.

He was kind of desprit, what with bein' hooked the way they was hookin' him all over the place, and had the idea that they was a combine against him to break him and drive him out of the game. So that made him stronger than ever to get this stuff in, and he spent money like a drunken sailor all along the line. I tell you bootleggers has their troubles same as any other business men.

As I said, our tug was to go down and wait for the signals from the booze boat, which would be two long white flashes, two short whites, a red flare and a long white. Then we was to run out, and after the captain and me had proved up and the stuff was shifted to our boat we'd go full speed ahead to the place on the coast where we was to unload it, and the trucks would be there.

"If any of them damn pirates try to stick you up," says The Works to me at our last meetin', "turn loose on them and don't show no mercy. Kill the crooks. Things is comin' to a pretty pass in this country," says he, "when crooks like them can interfere in a man's legitimate business."

"It sure has," I tells him, sympathetic, and then we shook hands and I quit my job right there—only he didn't know it yet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE REWARDS OF JOURNALISM

(Continued from Page 27)

the people. It puts the Government into instant communication with all its vast territory.

Even the men who founded this nation did not anticipate that the Government could extend its jurisdiction far beyond the Alleghanies, much less to the Pacific Coast. The plea for states' rights was founded on the belief that it must be impossible to bring so large an area as the original thirteen states under a single form of government. Without the telegraph, without railroads, in the early history of the American nation there was no way of keeping the mass of the people in close touch with the Government, of supplying quick information on current events without which the people are incapable of forming correct opinions.

Today the newspapers, with their simultaneous publication all over the continent, their fast printing and quick delivery, keep all the people instantly informed. They are able immediately to reflect public opinion, thus making themselves indispensable to the Government. Vast though our distances may be, we have the healthiest kind of public spirit and response. The sentiment of the nation is at the Government's disposal in a jiffy.

This was strikingly illustrated after one of President Wilson's intimations to Germany that unconditional surrender must be a condition of armistice. The same edition of a New York newspaper that contained the President's declaration also contained comments on that declaration made by more than two hundred different publications from Maine to California, and every one of them insisted on unconditional surrender. The President knew instantly that the people were with him.

For very many years it has been the practice of governments—and yet more persistently the practice of political leaders—to put out feelers through the press. A new policy, a questionable nomination, a new plan of taxation, may be contemplated. The Government seeks to feel the pulse of the people on its desirability. Hints are given to the Washington correspondents that the policy or the plan has been suggested and is under consideration. The correspondents pass it along to their newspapers, well fortified with those stale old prefixes, "It is said that" or "Rumor has it that" or "A person high in authority who does not wish to be quoted hints that," and so on—giving an outline of the proposed action.

This is followed by another feeler passing out a little more information, saddled also on some fictitious persons. On any important question the public flashes a quick response. The proposal in Washington, for instance, to double the tax on theater tickets and admissions to places of amusement drew a howl of disapproval that defeated the plan. The people didn't want their pleasures taxed additionally.

Wartime Achievements

The government or the political party that deliberately defies public sentiment as expressed in the newspapers is put out of business, usually at the following election.

Throughout the World War the newspapers were of the utmost usefulness to the Government. They stood between the Government and the people. They made and reflected public sentiment as never before. Government announcements were read in every city in the nation and in most of the villages within six hours of their release. The Government spoke to the people in almost instantaneous speech.

The newspapers urged and sustained and stimulated the bond sales, the thrift-stamp drives, the activities of the Young Men's Christian Association and like organizations, the merciful ministrations of the Red Cross, the vast collection of money for the relief of stricken peoples, the food campaigns, the conservation of heat and light, and a host of other material things. It would require pages of print to tell the half of it. It would require hours of constant thought to appreciate it. Recall, if you will, what your own favorite newspaper did, and then be assured that thousands of other daily sheets did the same thing!

Newspaper influence had perhaps its finest recognition in the various propaganda of the war. All governments used the press lavishly with intent to guide, to conceal, to accomplish. They felt the pulse of the people constantly and subtly. Proposed policies were tested out. Often they were suggested to direct attention from the real policy or to take the sting from it.

The French press under the immediate inspiration and control of the government held the people in compact unity. It stimulated the morale and intensified the purpose of the soldiers, for it was possible to strew the trenches with newspapers within two hours after they were printed. This was of inestimable patriotic service. Not any other government used the newspapers with such skill or with greater beneficial results.

Newspaper influence was sought in the process of the censorship. The object of censorship was not alone to prevent information from reaching the enemy but also to influence public opinion. All warring nations seek the good opinion of the neutrals—seek to have neutral nations convinced of the ultimate success of their armies—hence the impulse to suppress the news of defeat and to exalt victory. Early in the war this was the pronounced attitude of Germany and Great Britain toward America, much to the annoyance of the American newspapers.

The Basis of Public Opinion

Germany's efforts to influence the American public through our newspapers were so constant, so vociferous, so transparent, that everybody recognized the purpose. Yet she continued to spend great sums of money on propaganda to the very end of the war. Germany worked the press of every country. To do so was a part of her war plan just as much as was the making of bullets or asphyxiating gas. It was thought out and arranged for and practiced before the war broke. It was depended on to create sympathy and to establish justification; and it was exceedingly efficacious in the early periods and influenced greatly to postpone our entrance into the conflict.

Present-day quick communications with the people is in marked contrast with olden times—despotic times, in Greece and Italy, let us say, before newspapers existed. Then people gathered in public places to listen to government proclamations and whatever news the rulers were pleased to give out. The information was proclaimed by heralds or was placarded on market walls. The usual policy was to keep the people in ignorance of what was going on. No public opinion existed, for the public had no information on which to form conclusions. Many governments prevented gatherings of the people, knowing the power of the people to create sentiment and rebellion. Not for weeks or months did remote regions get important news that the government wished to conceal. No means of quick communication existed. The concealment of news and the suppression of public sentiment helped to strengthen despotic government. The rulers might circulate false news as well as the truth, and frequently did so. Our present-day censorship is a hereditary relic of this ancient-day concealment.

The public can be led easily into a whirlwind of interest over an approaching sporting event. It has been done an unguessable number of times. Many sporting events are commercial enterprises and the bigger the crowd the bigger the profits. Crafty managers well know that the newspapers render vast service in gathering crowds. When John L. Sullivan was in the glory of his pugilistic career a new would-be champion was announced. He was absolutely unknown to the public. Except to a few writers on sporting topics no one in America had heard of him. Yet he was the champion fighter in a far-away country and he was coming to annihilate the great John L. He was six feet three tall and perfectly proportioned. The public began to be interested. The newspapers fed a little more information. This wonderful man was the greatest fighter Australia ever had known. He was a giant in appearance, a marvel in skill, a perfect boxer. Sullivan was the hardest hitter we had known, but this Australian could take punishment with nonchalance—a battering-ram could not make him blink. Next heard, he had started for New York. His progress was noted; his words were quoted; he was sure to whip Sullivan.

The Sullivan crowd replied that this Australian, Slade, wouldn't last six rounds. Sullivan would kill him. No living man could finish Sullivan.

At length Slade reached New York. His great strength was described. Columns of interviews were printed. Nothing else was talked in sporting circles. Three weeks of training followed, with daily reports of it in every newspaper; his diet, his habits, his sleep—everything the reporters could gather. At length the fight! Every ticket in the great Madison Square Garden sold at from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars each—hundreds unable to enter!

First round: They danced around the ring just out of reach of each other. Second round: They make a few careful passes at each other. Third round: Sullivan glares at Slade, slams him tremendous blows right and left, and then with a mighty smash knocks him through the ropes to the floor below the ring platform.

End of the fight, Slade completely knocked out, unable to climb back into the ring. Slade disappears from public view and virtually has not been heard from since. But he attracted the attention of the world while the newspapers boomed him.

In similar ways public interest is excited in the football games, the yacht races, the polo contests, the horse racing, the baseball matches. Newspaper publicity lavishly extended is sure to attract a multitude to the event. There are symptoms of another Sullivan-Slade affair in the announcement from Montreal of the discovery of a Canadian woodsman terror—a giant six feet four and a half inches tall and weighing two hundred and forty pounds, who "has whipped all comers in the lumber camps," and whose endurance is "beyond belief." He is being groomed secretly to whip Dempsey, this preliminary announcement assures us, and his name is Rioux. It will be easy enough to fill the Garden with spectators at the maximum legal price per ticket to see this fight, for unquestionably the public enjoys a contest; not any other kind of news is read with more interest than descriptions of contests—any kind of a fight.

How Readers are Influenced

The newspaper's greatest influence is not in persuading persons who have learned to think for themselves. It is exercised on that great mass of our population that has no other source of information than the newspapers. In thousands of families not more than two or three books are purchased in an entire year, and these are likely to be books of fiction. Yet few families are without a daily newspaper. Usually one paper only is taken, and how could it happen otherwise than that the household should come to the editor's way of thinking when no other thought than his comes to their attention? This condition applies to people in moderate circumstances, employes helpers, those who live by physical toil or who do the simplest kind of clerical work. They are easily influenced because they have not been trained to think or analyze for themselves. They depend on the newspaper for information, explanation, suggestion. They have little inclination or time to study with diligence the great questions of the day, and have few or no facilities for doing so in any event. They are not interested in profound argument, but they accept conclusions readily. If the editor be wise he will seek to know what proportion of his readers are of this type.

The average newspaper reader does not think overmuch of what he is reading, but he is highly receptive. His conclusion is likely to be affirmative. It is his nature to believe rather than to distrust. He is easily led by artful groupings of fact—rather more easily led thus than by argument requiring much thought. There is not time in these strenuous days for the old-fashioned kind of thinking. Quick conclusions are the vogue, and they are not the result of profound thought. Rather are they the result of hasty thought. This is attested by the rush from one party to another by the so-called independent voter, or the sudden dethronement of a public idol, or the restoration of a discarded hero to public popularity.

These quick changes in public sentiment have enlivened the history of all times. The poet Byron in the beginning of his literary career was praised by men and petted by women until the entire British nation was chanting adorations. Then with the suddenness of a whirlwind it turned against him and with furious persecution drove him into exile. The American hero of Manila Bay was escorted up Broadway by shouting thousands of admirers. Within a year he was no longer a hero. We resisted woman suffrage for scores of years and suddenly accepted it.

The newspaper's unconscious influence over the casual reader must be recognized. It is an instructive influence usually, of wide scope, covering a multitude of topics that do not come to the reader's attention in any other way than through the newspapers. Information does not get into the magazines or books until weeks or months after the event, but the newspapers print it on the instant. The casual newspaper reader, for instance, reads that the new Roentgen ray has been discovered, by means of which the interior of an ordinarily opaque substance may be disclosed in photograph. He reads enough to establish that fact, but as soon as the description begins to become technical the casual reader abandons the article. Nevertheless he has absorbed the fact and a crude notion of the discovery, and has added just so much to his fund of information. He may study it out in detail if he chooses to.

Again, there is no other quick source of information on new developments in politics, in finance, in the fluctuations of the commercial market prices.

Newspaper Crusades

Almost all of us feel that we must know about the artists, the singers, the actors, and we love to talk about them, yet what we say we almost surely have read in some newspaper. You get an intelligent idea at your breakfast table of the new opera that did not end until midnight, of the new play produced on the night preceding, of the speeches and the spirit of the banquet that did not end until after you were in sleep, of the conflagration that destroyed some well-known building during the night, of the railroad accident that involved scores of lives. And these are the things that you talk about during the day. They unconsciously influence your thoughts and your actions, even when read casually.

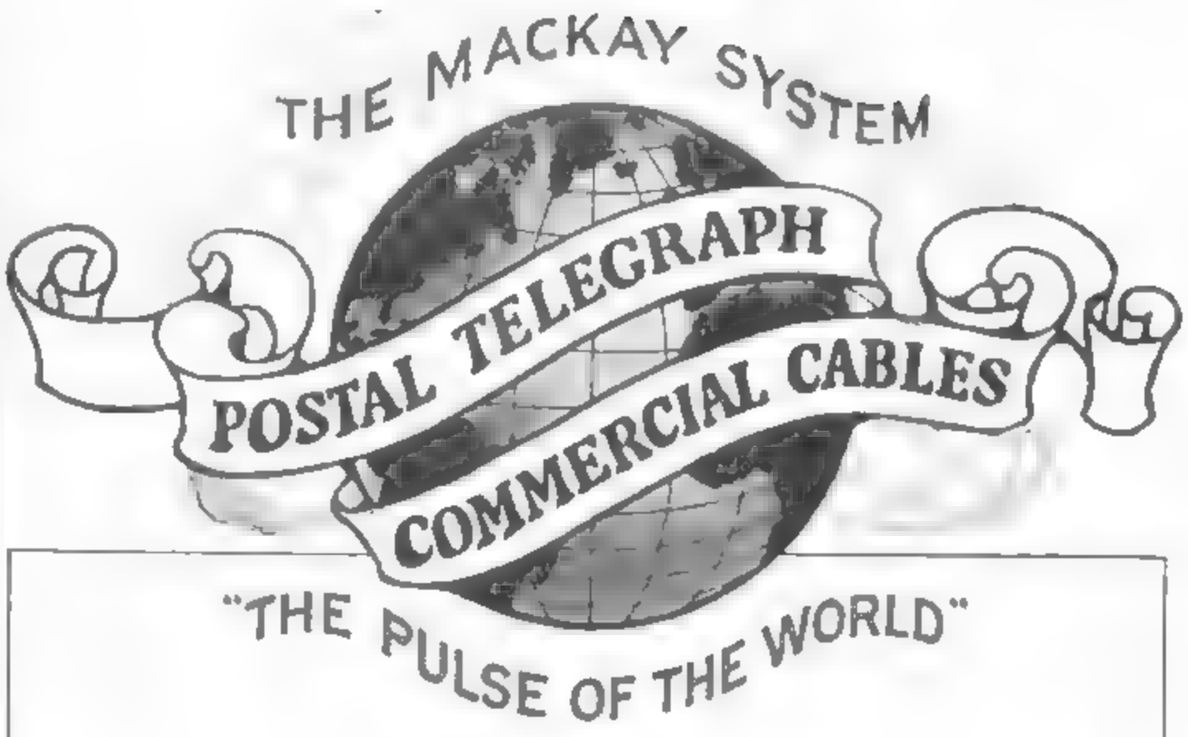
Almost all newspaper editors appreciate the benefits of a crusade—a continued demonstration against a public evil or in favor of a reform, an exposure of wrongdoing, a campaign for a public improvement or community betterment. The New York World raised the money for the building of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, the greater part coming in ten-cent contributions from World readers. The same sheet has just now exposed the Ku Klux Klan.

The New York Times has had great influence in helping to preserve New York's Central Park. It has fought all attempts to erect new buildings in the park, to allow plots for special purposes, to make it more common. The influence of the Times has been against any encroachment and its efforts have been very successful. The Times is not a habitual crusader, but its exposure of the Tweed Ring frauds cannot be forgotten.

It would be quite impossible to enumerate the many instances of newspaper influence developed in this way. George B. Mallon, the excellent city editor of the old Morning Sun, was the first, I believe, to start a crusade against the get-rich concerns that infested the New York financial district. He had his smart reporters chase down more than sixty of them, sent half a dozen men to jail, and put nearly all the sixty firms out of business; and it was done with such accuracy that not a suit for libel resulted.

Mallon was a mirthful newspaper worker. He had hired as reporter a young man just graduated from the University of Michigan and sent him to describe the finding of a nude body washed up on Coney Island beach. For weeks afterward Mallon carried in his vest pocket and showed with glee a sentence the young man wrote: "From the appearance of the corpse he had been a perfect gentleman in life." "This proves," said Mallon, "that clothes do not make the man."

The busy man is rather easily led along or into the editor's way of thinking, especially when the topic is new to him. He is not a trained or analytical thinker at best; hasn't time to reflect much on the subject; cannot invent a new line of thought in opposition to the editor's because of unfamiliarity with the subject; has no quick way of getting additional information. Maybe



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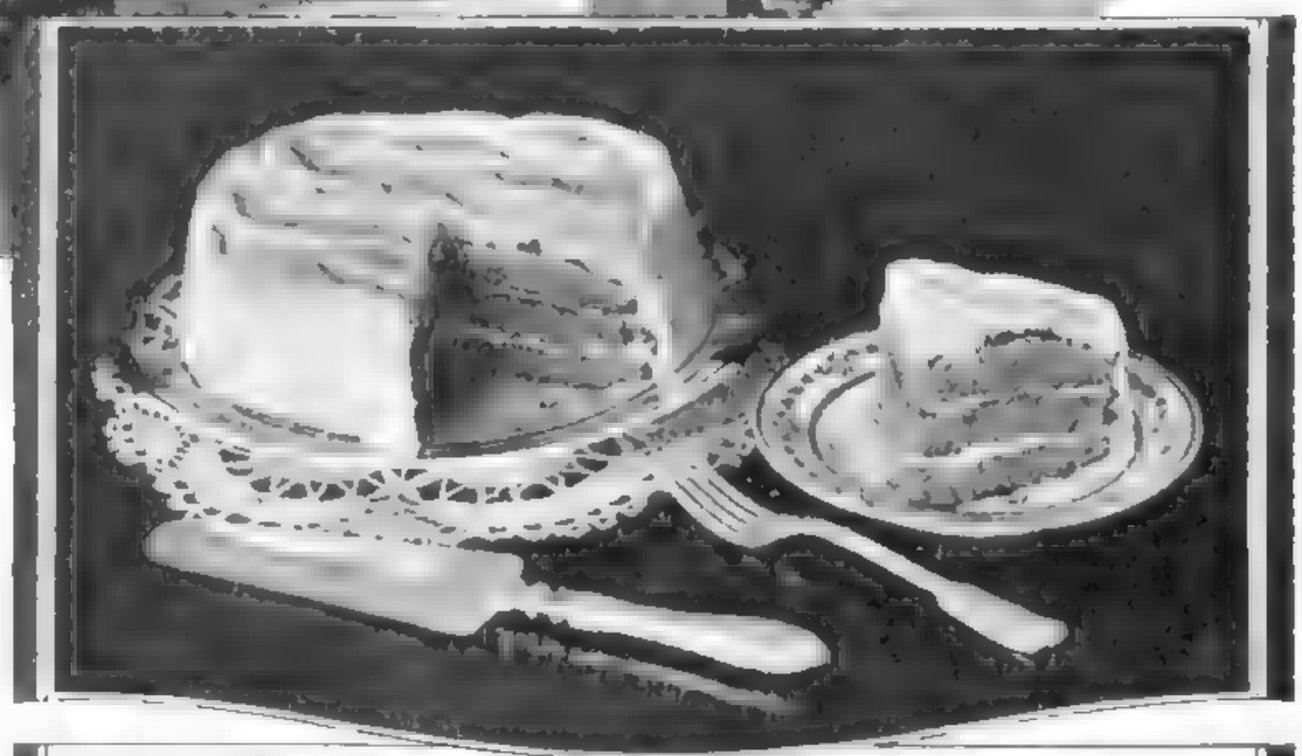
Lorain Layer Cake

One easy turn of the Lorain Regulator will give you the heat for any kind of cooking or baking



Recipe—CAKE
4 eggs
1 cup powdered sugar
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
½ cup bread flour
1½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt

Bake 30 Min. at 325°

Recipe—ICING
2 cups sugar
½ cup boiling water
2 egg whites
½ tsp. vanilla
pink coloring

These recipes especially prepared for American Stove Company by Modern Priscilla Proving Plant

To bake cake without ever a failure

CAKE—Chocolate Cake, Spice Cake, Angel Food, Jelly Roll, Molasses Cake, Sponge Cake—surely this favorite dessert is welcome at any table, any time.

And, when it comes to making cake, truly "There is no place like home". Fresh eggs, pure creamery butter, thick spreading of filling and frosting—everything you want and just as you want it. And yet—

Why do the cakes in the bake-shop windows always look so much more appetizing than your own? And why do so many housewives prefer to serve store-cake rather than make their own of purest ingredients?

With the aid of a cook book every housewife can mix the ingredients of a cake perfectly. Why then should she hesitate to bake all her own cakes?

You know the answer. It's just this: Even the best home-cooks feel they are "taking a chance" when intrusting the carefully mixed ingredients to an uncertain oven. Then there's the peeking, inserting of broom straws, and what not—poor and provoking methods at best to tell when the cake is "done".

The fear of another baking-failure is natural. It's born of many failures, many more "just middling" successes, with here and there a crowning achievement that tempts one to try again and again to duplicate that one "lucky" success.

To banish these baking-worries forever thousands upon thousands of housewives have discarded their old cooking stoves and have bought new Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges that bake any kind of cake *perfectly—every time.*

Furthermore, the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator makes it possible to can fruits and vegetables in the oven or to bake, roast and boil any food in the oven without ever a failure, because Lorain not only measures the heat of the gas oven just as scales weigh ingredients but controls the heat as well. *Think* what this means in gas-saving, labor-saving, time-saving, food-saving, worry-saving!

The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator is endorsed by leading cookery experts. Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges are used by America's finest schools and universities in the teaching of domestic science. In fact, Lorain has revolutionized cookery, changing it from an inaccurate art to a very accurate science. That's why you'll find the exact "time and temperature" for cooking and baking now included in all good modern recipes.

Wherever gas is used, you'll find dealers who'll be glad to demonstrate a Lorain-equipped Gas Range to you. You'll recognize these wonderful stoves at a glance by the brilliant red wheel. Mail us the coupon and we'll send you an interesting booklet.

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CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Company Div., [illegible] Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Company, Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Company Div., [illegible]
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div., [illegible]

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 19 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest makers of gas ranges in the world

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain Regulator" cannot be used on these.

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OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

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Please send me free copy of your latest booklet.

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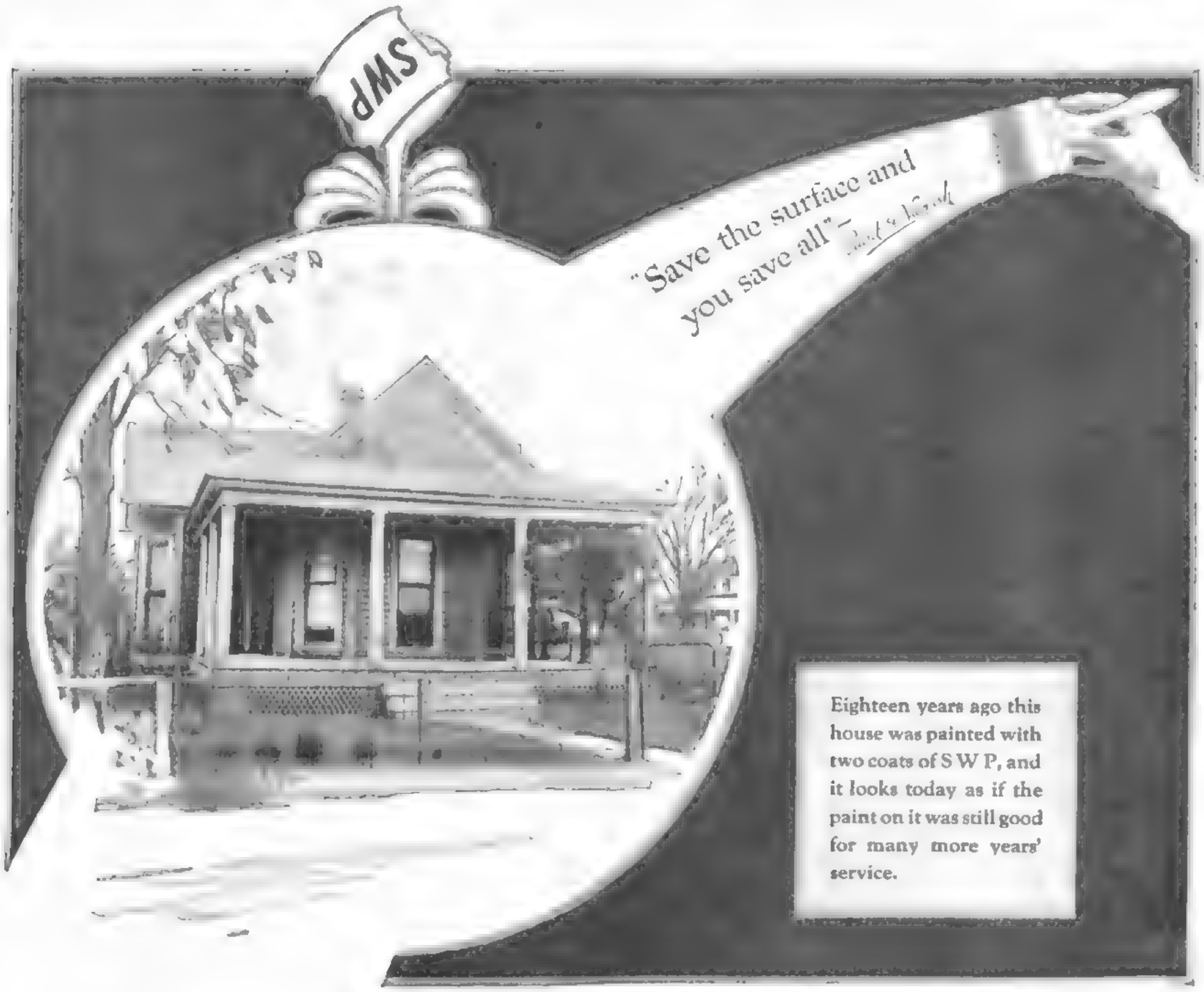
Address
City
State

Check your favorite stove

Clark Jewel | New Process | Dangler
Quick Meal | Direct Action | Reliable


SWP
"Save the surface and you save all"
Eighteen years ago this house was painted with two coats of S W P, and it looks today as if the paint on it was still good for many more years' service.

Remarkable Durability of SWP

T. L. Moore, of Poplar Bluff, Mo., writes:

"I BUILT the house 18 years ago this summer, and it was painted two coats Sherwin-Williams Ready-Mixed Paint, the paint being put on as soon as the building was completed.

"The house has never been repainted since that day, and except for the joints, where of course the paint shows a trifle opened up, the main body and plain surfaces of the building and trim are practically as intact as the day it was painted, and the colors about as good, except of course they are not as glossy, but this is the most remarkable job of durable paint I ever knew of.

"It being my first home after I was married twenty years ago, I naturally have kept an eye on it and noted with amazement how well the paint has lasted, and retained the original colors."

Dealers everywhere
Portfolio of color plates free. Send 50 cents (65 cents in Canada) for Home Painting Manual. Department B 435, 601 Canal Road, N.W., Cleveland, O

Sherwin-Williams make finishes for every surface, including:

S W P Exterior House Paint	Floorlac Varnish-Stain	Rexpar Exterior Varnish	Automobile Enamels
Flat-Tone Wall Paints (oil)	Mar-Not Varnish for floors	Porch and Deck Paint	Industrial Finishes
Old Dutch Enamel	Scar Not Furniture Varnish	Inside Floor Paint	Insecticides

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PRODUCTS
PAINTS AND VARNISHES

(Continued from Page 142)

relatively as great as that of the bank presidents and professional men mentioned above—may be numbered by hundreds. Newspaper salaries are very much larger than they were forty years ago, double as much in some departments, yet despite this the pecuniary rewards have no comparison with those of many other professions or businesses.

Since this article's intent is to tell the young man just what journalism offers we may say that in New York City, at this writing 1922 the salaries of editors in chief, for morning and evening newspapers, range from fifteen to forty thousand dollars; those of managing editors from eight to thirty thousand dollars; city editors, four to ten thousand dollars; copy readers, two to four thousand dollars; dramatic and music critics, five thousand to seventy-five hundred dollars; staff writers on finance and politics, five to ten thousand dollars; reporters, one to seven thousand dollars.

These, then, are the pecuniary rewards of the business to the men who do not achieve ownership. In other cities they are much smaller; in the small cities not half so much. They are wartime salaries and are likely to be reduced rather than increased.

Prices paid for newspaper work differ materially in different offices. For reasons of policy or poverty some pay much less than others. The higher sums just mentioned go to the few only, for it should remain in mind that there is one editor in chief only, one managing editor, one city editor, one dramatic critic, on each sheet, and the daily newspapers under consideration number twelve or fourteen only in the metropolitan district. Three-quarters of the newspaper writers on these journals earn less than five thousand dollars a year. The man who earns five thousand dollars a year in a New York office is rated as successful and desirable, and usually his services are in demand in all other offices, for good men in journalism are scarce. To the youngster just entering the business these salaries may look attractive; indeed, one of the magnets of the newspaper calling is the fact that from the first the beginner is paid fifteen or twenty dollars a week, or enough to live on. Physicians and lawyers frequently make very little for a year or two after they begin. And many newspaper men seem satisfied to work along through life on what they can get. In all offices may be seen the pathetic spectacle of men with silvered locks who have sat at the same desk for more than a quarter of a century.

Brains Without Capital

To the ambitious man the average newspaper salary means little. Any possible savings from it must be insufficient to make him especially prosperous. They do not insure against a pinch in old age or against misfortune. They do not permit of the accumulation of property or of capital. They furnish a feeble inspiration to the ambition that seeks the comfort of leisurely life, the stimulation of extended travel, or the luxury of intellectual repose and freedom from physical exertion that everyone hopes may bless his declining years.

And if these conditions be true of metropolitan workers, how much the more of writers for newspapers in the smaller cities and villages. It is not the ideal of the American boy either in country or city to live forever in a rented house or on a small salary, or indeed to live the simple life; but small-city journalism offers little else if the young man cannot become a newspaper owner. To the man who owns his sheet the rewards are abundant. But ownership involves the possession of capital, and usually the young man just through with student life has no capital except his brains. In other callings the capital of brains commands success, notably in the law, in medicine, in engineering, in architecture; but in the newspaper business, though brains are absolutely essential, they advance the young man only so far, give but feeble reward, unless reenforced with capital with which to buy a newspaper property.

It surely is a discouraging factor of the calling that however intellectual or learned a man may be, he rarely achieves more than moderate pecuniary success as long as he remains an employe.

In the big cities the big newspaper properties have a money valuation measured by millions of dollars. They are owned usually by very rich men or families, and ownership rarely changes. To possess one of them has been the ardent and unaccomplished ambition of thousands of men—capitalists, statesmen, reformers, philanthropists, cranks. The chances of the young journalist getting one are infinitesimal. And in the small city the price put on a newspaper that by chance happens to be for sale is far beyond its earning value. There seems to be some mysterious ingredient in newspaper properties that gives them a fictitious value in the mind of the owner. Whether it is prospective influence or prospects or what, nobody is able to explain, but the sheet is always "worth much more than it is earning."

It is a curious fact that, whereas a factory or a store or a farm or a railroad that has not made a cent for five or six years will sell for no more than its old junk represents, nevertheless a newspaper with the same poverty of profits commands a price based on a prodigality of profits. The very great success of some newspapers seems to have inspired the belief that any sheet may be made profitable if properly managed; but it should not be forgotten that business ability counts for quite as much as editorial excellence on the newspaper balance sheet. Indeed, it may count for more, for have we not seen excellently edited sheets fail utterly? And do we not know of others devoid of editorial worth in which the joy bells of prosperity tinkle a cheerful chime?

Since, then, the savings from the salary of even the successful newspaper writer are insufficient for the accumulation of property or the establishment of any considerable prosperity, and since newspaper ownership involves the investment of capital and smart business ability as well, it follows that our young man must look beyond mere pecuniary gains for the rewards of journalism.

The Stimulus of Power

Now the joy of living is found in congenial employment—in work that inspires and educates and delights. If we are so fortunate as to select a vocation that fascinates us we have made a distinct advance toward success in life. Such interest or fascination hastens achievement, for it inspires constant study—and constant study of a subject we love gives mastery over it. Horace Greeley was indifferent to the pecuniary results of editing, but he was proud of his editorial influence. He accumulated but little property. Charles A. Dana printed articles repeatedly that he knew must decrease the circulation of the Sun, but he had great joy in them. Raymond, Bowles and Watterson accumulated moderate fortunes only, but they enjoyed the influence of their editorship. Thomas A. Edison has let thousands of dollars escape him rather than direct his mind from the fascinations of invention and discovery.

The editor may exercise his gifts of persuasion in unnumbered directions. The important activities of the world pass by him in daily review. His mental vision may survey the field of human thought, furnishing delightful subjects for consideration, for study, for exposition. In all modesty and without vainglory he may rejoice in the satisfaction of well-directed influence; may find pleasure in the responsibility of influencing public opinion; may take pride in the endeavor to aid in the uplift of his fellow men. What greater reward hath man than this?

He may pulverize presidents, cremate cabinets, scalp senators and sandbag sin and superstition. There are no problems of statecraft, science, society or religion that he may not undertake. Everybody likes to tell his neighbor the latest news and gossip, and especially likes to add what he thinks about it. The newspaper editor tells his information to thousands and he finds additional satisfaction in telling it well. To take a hand in every political shindy is uproariously good fun; indeed, notwithstanding all its importance, its responsibilities, its dignities, there is more fun in the newspaper business than in any other occupation known to man.

Neither are the joys and the advantages of a newspaper connection confined to the editorial desk alone. In consequence of his knowledge of current events and the ways of the world, the editor is asked to participate in all sorts of public events. This is particularly the privilege of the editor in the small city, where he is well known and where everybody seeks his good opinion

TEPECO Water Closets
FOR EVERY PLACE AND PURSE

DISEASE Germs, Foul Air and Defective Plumbing Systems are very closely associated. Poor quality plumbing fixtures no more pay than poor quality clothes. Sooner or later they will have to be replaced.

The Trenton Potteries Company has developed a water closet of the four recognized types—each in its class the best that can be made. The Quiet Si-wel-clo is the leader of this group, but for those who cannot afford it we make other closets with all its sanitary qualifications excepting the extremely quiet operation.

When you buy these "Tepeco" Outfits you will know you are getting Tepeco China Tanks which have no linings to ever wear out. They are made of glistening white china, with surface unaffected by stain, acid or soil and with *trouble-proof* working parts. You will know that every measure has been taken to make the water-seals stronger, the surfaces larger and the passage-ways ample. Si-wel-clo, Welling, Merit or Saxon—be sure your plumber supplies one of these outfits.

Our new booklets tell how to distinguish between the different types and why some are better than others. Write for Edition D.

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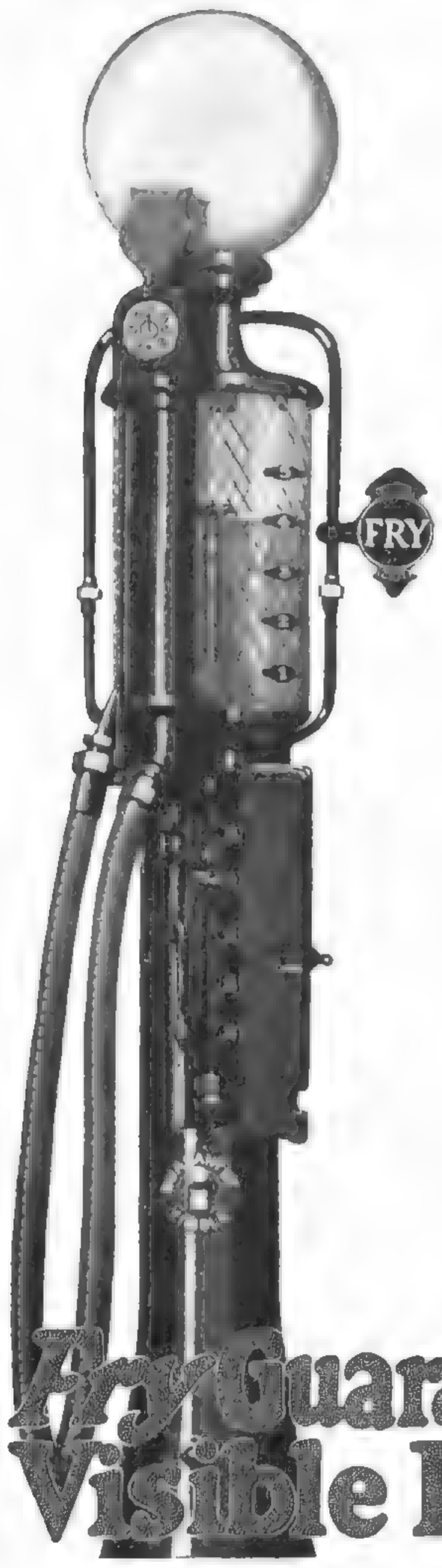

Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

Accurate! The next time you need gas drive up to this pump. It is the Fry Guarantee Visible—a pump that automatically measures every gallon of gasoline accurately under all conditions.

Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one
Fry Guarantee Visible Curb Pumps approved by Underwriters' Laboratories
Write for descriptive literature and dealers' proposition at once

Guarantee Liquid Measure Co.
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and good will. There he is found in meetings and council and all social gatherings of any account, taking active part in the speaking and the disposing. There, too, he is an active party in politics, in community interests and in the town's public life. In the big cities he is less in public gaze, yet if he has reached editorial success he finds himself welcome wherever people gather. If perchance he can speak pleasingly he is asked for addresses to all sorts of audiences and for after-dinner speeches at public banquets. His long experience in mingling with public men gives him ease of manner in social gatherings. Constant practice in writing usually gives him the gift of ready speech—one of the most useful accomplishments that can come to man. The editor is asked to consult with citizens' committees, to sit with advisory boards, to take membership in all sorts of organizations and clubs. He has every opportunity to participate actively in the social, the political and the intellectual life of his parish. And the wise editor does all these things, appreciating that it is to his business advantage to mingle with the people to know what they are talking about, what interests them and what may be their opinions.

Nor can it be denied that the editor of importance finds satisfaction in the acquaintances he makes. No other occupation offers better opportunity for meeting public men, for intimacy with those who are influencing the intellectual and the commercial world. His very environment brings him in contact with them. He has the instruction of their wisdom and their opinion and they are interested in him because of his familiarity with current events and very often the choicest of comradeship results. He knows his fellow editors. He knows the successful authors, the essayists, the critics, the makers of literature and the lovers of literature, the men conspicuous in education, the leaders in the social world. He may, if he will, find himself in constant association with the brightest minds and the most intellectual people of the period. And who shall say that this is not greatly to be desired?

Also comes association with men in the public service, with the leaders of political parties and political movements. If the editor's journal chances to be in accord with one of the great political parties the editor finds himself in the confidence of the party leaders and participating in their councils. His advice is sought. Successful editorship involves a knowledge of party politics, a constant study of national issues and of statesmanship and of the requirements of public service, as well as searching inquiry into the science of government and the intricacies of diplomacy. The journalist's training especially fits him for political activity, and very frequently after a few years of editing he joins in public service or engages in professional politics.

Newspaper Men in Politics

Through his knowledge of politics and public affairs the newspaper editor is called often into public service. Indeed from the foundation of the republic, from the time of Benjamin Franklin, the pioneer editor-diplomat, newspaper men have had great influence in the affairs of state. Editor Henry J. Raymond, one of the founders of the Republican Party, was lieutenant governor and congressman. Editor Thurlow Weed was leader of the Whig Party and confidential adviser to President Lincoln. Editor James G. Blaine became United States senator, Speaker of the House, Secretary of State and candidate for the Presidency. President Taft was a reporter on the Cincinnati Commercial. Editor Daniel Manning became President Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury. Daniel S. Lamont was an editor before he became Secretary of War. Editor Charles W. Fairbanks was elected to the Vice Presidency.

Editor John W. Foster was Secretary of State and Minister to several foreign courts. Editor Martin Van Buren became President of the United States after service on the Albany Argus. Editor William E. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy and a United States senator.

In the Sixty-sixth Congress were forty newspaper men, including Senators McCormick, Capper, Edge, Hitchcock, Moses of New Hampshire, Harding, Owen, La Follette, Ashurst, New, Sutherland, Knox and Borah. Also in the Senate, recently, have been Editors Brady, Vardaman, Oliver, Crow. In the Fifty-fifth Congress were thirty-three newspaper men. In the foreign service we have had Editors John Hay, Whitelaw Reid, Walter H. Page, Myron T. Herrick, George Harvey, Charles Page Bryan, George G. Moses, and no end of ministers, including Brand Whitlock and others.

Of editors who have been made governor of their state in comparatively recent years may be included Cox, Hadley, Edge, McKelvie, Hobby, McCall, Allen, Clement, Dixon, Capper, Cornwell.

Editor Whitelaw Reid was not only Ambassador to Great Britain but also he was candidate for Vice President, and he was chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents. Editor St. Clair McKelway also was chancellor, and in the present board are three editors, including the present chancellor. President McKinley appointed more than thirty newspaper men to important posts, including John Hay, Charles Emory Smith, Perry Heath and Frank Vanderlip. In 1918 no less than eighteen former newspaper workers were serving in departments of the Iowa government.

Also may be mentioned as once newspaper men, Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States; S. N. D. North, supervisor of the census; Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior; and Stephen Mather, Assistant Secretary; Gen. Frederick Funston; Supreme Court Justice Clarke, Speaker Champ Clark. These names are a few only of the hundreds of editors who have been called to public service. George W. Smalley wrote: "In the French Republic journalism appears to be a certain avenue to the responsibilities of statecraft and diplomacy. Nearly every Frenchman eminent in civil life since the Revolution began his career by writing for the press."

A Distinguished Company

Perry S. Heath said: "No man can rise higher through any channel than through the channels of journalism."

Amos J. Cummings remarked that a journalist succeeds easier in politics than in any other profession.

Not less conspicuous is the long list of authors and literary men who early in their career were writers for the press. It is of course impossible to enumerate them in this space. Among those who gave the first real impetus to journalism were: Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Daniel Defoe and Fielding. Afterward came Hood, Thackeray, Dickens, Hugo, Kipling and scores of others, and in this country Mark Twain, Howells, Aldrich, Eggleston, Walt Whitman, Lafcadio Hearn, Bronson Howard the dramatist, Charles Dudley Warner, and at least one-half of the younger writers of stories that are now attracting attention.

Indeed, very many newspaper writers drift into businesses that promise better pecuniary rewards. They start in journalism because it pays something from the first, but careful calculation discloses little promise for wealth in the future and they seek the golden dollar elsewhere.

Now it is not to be urged that journalism especially fits a man for commercial life, nevertheless there is a mysterious influence in it that makes a man out of a boy quicker and with more completeness than does any other business. A few years of reporting in a big city makes him mentally alert, if anything can, and teaches the ways of the world. He experiences a new phase of life every day. He is taught to search for facts, to seek for causes and to foresee results. He gets broadness of vision, expanse of comprehension, and rugged contact with the world—with the men whose efforts are important enough to command publicity.

The nature of news reporting is not generally understood. Routine reporting is comparatively easy. The reporting of highly important events is extremely difficult. In political convulsions, in financial panics, in commercial failures, in big criminal cases, in social scandals, in crooked legislation, in most of the topics that excite mankind, the people most involved strive to conceal the real facts. How is the reporter to know whether he is being lied to or not? Ah, but he must know! It is his business to know. It is the commonest of reportorial experience to have the information given by one man positively contradicted by another. All decent newspapers insist on accurate news reports. They cannot afford to be untruthful. It is of the

Continued on Page 148

IT HAS COME INTO ITS OWN

In the beginning we set out to build a car that should, above all else, be true to our ideals.

We went about our work slowly and with great care and from our labors came the LaFayette.

Since the day our first car left the factory the name LaFayette has advanced without falter.

It has become, perhaps, the proudest name that is placed upon a motor car.

The LaFayette has come into its own, just as surely as any product of human skill which is made unsparingly fine must come into its own.

It has come into its own because it has brought to motoring a new expression of performance, of reliability, of distinction and of grace.

For upon each car we have lavished the same watchful and jealous care with which the builder of a cup-defender oversees the laying of his keel.

It is not our goal to build in great numbers, but, rather, to build in great excellence for those who love fine things.

An ideal, perhaps, but the same ideal with which we started, the ideal which has guided the LaFayette so surely to its own.

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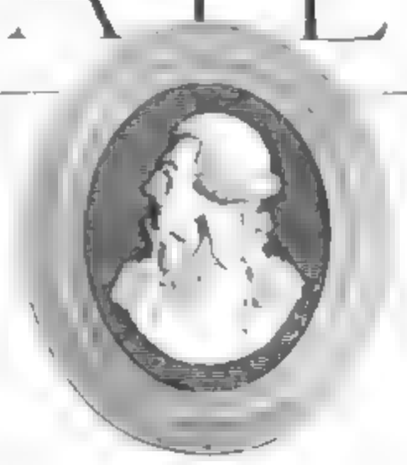
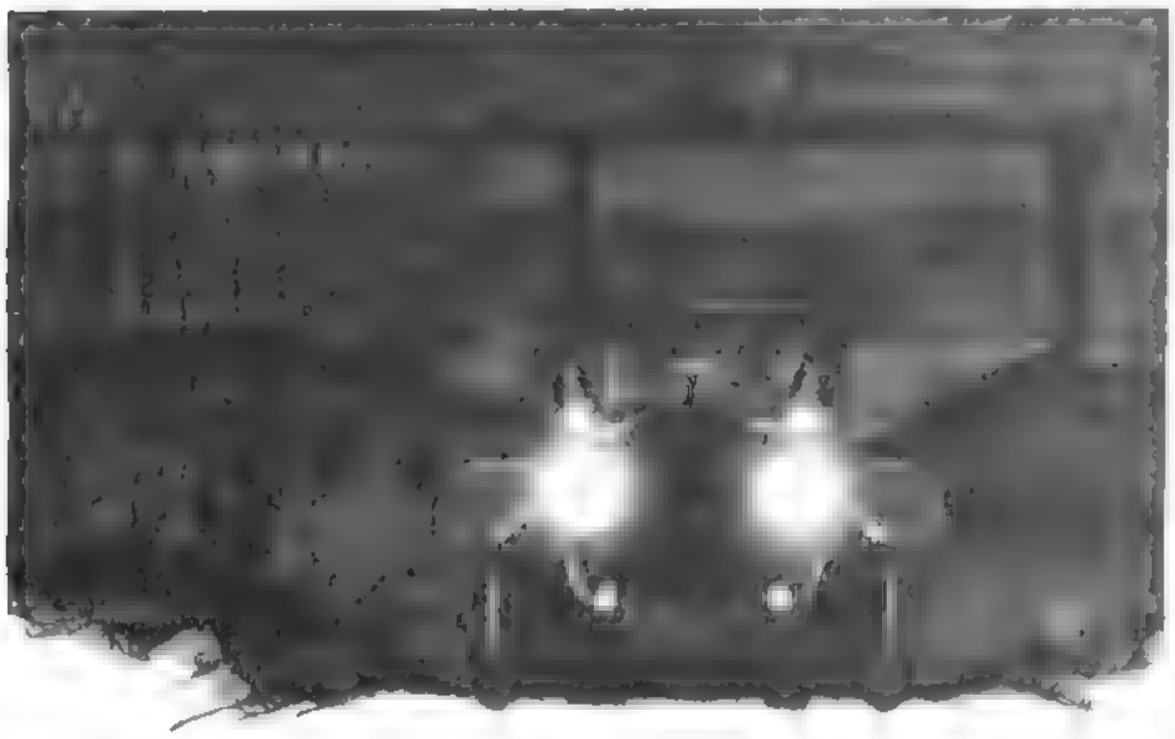
LAFAYETTE





Two battery designs— both Westinghouse quality

The owner of one of the lighter-weight cars who prefers a good lower-priced battery will find the rubber-case *WESTINGHOUSE WUBCO SPECIAL* unexcelled for the money.

The owner of any car who buys an oversize, guaranteed *WESTINGHOUSE STANDARD* Battery gives himself the most dependable, longest-lived battery Westinghouse can build.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

THE reputation of AETNA hats for style and character is as important to you as the unqualified guarantee of the AETNA satisfaction-insurance policy. ¶Ask your dealer about the AETNA satisfaction-insurance policy, or write us for fall style booklet and sample policy.

COTRELL & LEONARD
Established 1832 DANBURY, CONN

Continued from Page 146

utmost importance to them that the narrative of a great piece of news, to be read by a million persons, be written with absolute fidelity to fact. It may be said in all truth that the experienced reporter starts out for the facts of a big case with the expectation that half of the people involved will try to mislead and fool him. He questions every statement made to him and the motive of the man who makes it. He verifies it through some other medium. He becomes a detective. He uses every trick of the calling to extract unwilling information.

This search for truth is one phase only of the many that constitute a reporter's experience. The others involve the absorption of a mass of information, an intimate contact with men of affairs, the cultivation of ability to think quickly and speak easily, and mingle pleasantly with the world. It has been urged, with some reason, that a few years of this sort of thing better fit a young man for almost any kind of business than does sitting at a clerk's desk learning the rudiments of the business.

There is no denying the fascination of power and of influence, the satisfaction of persuasion and of direction. The editor comes to love his work because he feels that he is participating in leadership. He appreciates perhaps that he is the custodian of something new and he glories in the thought that he may communicate this new thing to the world, rejoices that he is influencing others to see as he sees, to think as he thinks, to understand as he understands.

He comes to understand the delights and the responsibilities of persuasion, appreciating, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch tells the Cambridge students, that persuasion is the aim of all the arts, of all expression, of the sciences, of all useful exchange of converse in our daily life; as it is the end sought by the artist in his picture, the mathematician in his problem, the clergyman in his sermon. "Nor can I imagine any earthly gift more covetable by you, gentlemen," says this lecturer, "than of persuading your fellows to listen to your views and attend to what you have at heart. Suppose that you wish to become a journalist. Well, and why not? Is it a small thing to desire the power of influencing day by day to better citizenship an unguessed number of men, using the best thought and applying the best language at your command?"

Fine Work Lost to Fame

And since newspaper work is so fascinating, more is the pity that its results are ephemeral. In the big city the life of the newspaper is six hours, in the small city less than twenty-four. The morning newspaper lasts until toward noon; the evening sheet ceases to thrill at bedtime. Dawn brings a new edition, and yesterday's is forgotten.

The bright sayings of the editor amuse and interest for the moment, but they do not live. They are not of a nature to make a lasting impression.

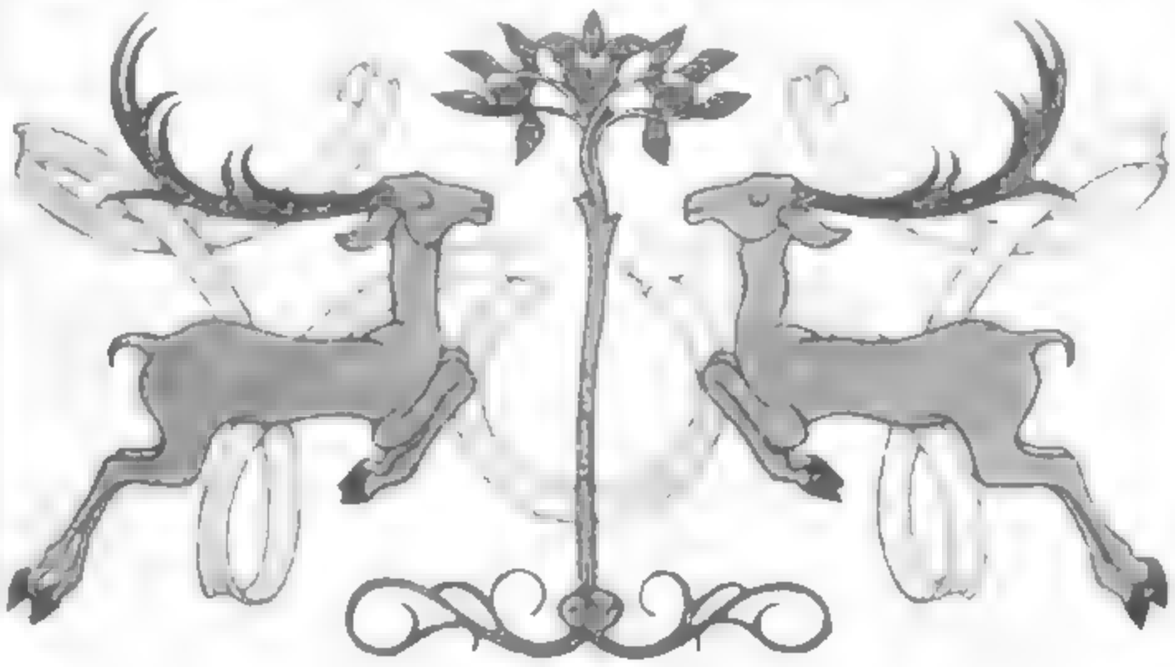
Greeley is remembered as a vigorous abolitionist and temperance advocate and a virile writer on national topics, but today his writings are unsought save by a few students of journalism and a few historians of Civil War times. That William Cullen Bryant was a great editor is almost forgotten; but his fame as a poet is lasting. Samuel Bowles and Murat Halstead and Joseph Medill and other great editors of the Civil War period had nation-wide reputations as upholders of Lincoln and as champions of the Union cause. They are unread today. Dana, whose splendid scholarship, whose familiarity with all literature, whose marvelous memory and whose reservoir of information must have insured him lasting fame had he devoted himself to the making of books, was so fascinated and so incessantly busy with the making of newspapers that he attempted little that might interest future generations. He must have attained supreme heights of literary reputation had he undertaken authorship. Eugene Field toiled in routine newspaper work for twenty years. His fame rests in his verses. Nobody remembers John Hay as a hard-working journalist, yet he was one, and a good one too. He will not be forgotten as a statesman and a poet. Walt Whitman's many years of editorship seldom are recalled, his poetry lives. Who knows that Edgar Allan Poe was an editor from 1835 to 1847, who does not know The Raven? John G. Whittier was an editor until he abandoned journalism for authorship. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote for periodicals from 1857 until 1891. Thomas Jefferson founded The National Gazette in 1791. James Anthony Froude was proud to have been a newspaper writer. In a Lotos Club speech he said: "I myself was the editor of the London Magazine and on the daily press and therefore deem myself one of the members of the great profession that has done so much in the progress of mankind." William D. Howells began his career as an editor. These men must have done fine newspaper work, but no record of it remains.

France Governed by Journalists

In France just at the close of the World War nearly all the members of the government had been writers for the newspapers. They will be remembered as statesmen, not as editors. Of them, Mr. Stephane Lauzanne, the editor of Le Matin, says:

"Mr. Raymond Poincaré, the president, formerly wrote articles that were remarkable for their clearness, lucidity and argumentation on the greatest economical and political problems that ever agitated France. Mr. Georges Clemenceau, Premier, has always been looked upon as the first newspaper man in France, the pride of the French press, for as a matter of fact he has been the guiding spirit and active head of several important newspapers, creating them, making them up, editing them and inspiring them—in a word, setting his mark upon them. Mr. Stephen Pichon, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, is also a newspaper man. For a long time he was on the staff of Justice and afterward publisher of the Petit Journal. Other members of the French Cabinet, Mr. Lafferre, Secretary of Public Education; Mr. Klotz, Secretary of Finance; Mr. Georges Leygues, Secretary of the Navy, have also written in the great dailies of Paris."

No, newspaper articles, sparkling and spectacular as many of them are, must be recognized as ephemeral. The editor has no time for leisurely work. Usually he does not study a subject long enough or intensely enough to become profoundly authoritative on that subject. He goes on through life informing, elucidating, explaining, protesting, analyzing, until, overtaken by the infirmities of years, he passes from view. In a hazy sort of way it is said of him that he was a great editor, but nearly all that he wrote for his newspaper is forgotten. He leaves little for future generations to ponder over—and this phase of it is indeed a dismal contemplation of the business.



THE WHITE GROUSE

(Continued from Page 7

there for an instant in an attitude. A lichen-covered stone rolled sullenly from beneath her feet. She disappeared from view and John Jones heard a yelp. When he reached the wall and peered over she was on three legs. He examined her crushed forepaw and realized that rough miles of steep hillside were not for her for several days.

Words escaped from John Jones for some moments thereafter. They were spoken softly but with extraordinary fervor. He returned to the shack with Gladstone's Nellie, bathed her forepaw with hot water and witch hazel, sympathized with her for a half hour or so, and set forth, gun in hand, alone.

For the rest of that day he fought his way through tinder-dry thickets, with a snapping and crackling as brazen on those silent hillsides as a brass band. When evening came he was thorn scratched, soaked with perspiration and birdless. He looked about him and wondered where he was. The world just there was made up of birch, sumac, laurel, wild rose, wintergreen, and nothing more except a glimpse of pale green sky with the evening star hanging like a lantern between two dusky hemlocks.

To his left was a towering cliff, which seemed to sway toward him as he looked up its unscalable side and caught its topmost pinnacle, dark against the sky. Ahead was thicket, thicket without end, apparently. To the right was thicket also, but he knew the road to the valley must be below somewhere in that direction.

He lit a cigarette before working down to the road, and watched the first puff of smoke hang in the still air. A hermit thrush poured out a throatful of rich contralto notes. A whippoorwill spoke thrice from the leaning gloom of the cliff. As the last syllable of his entreaty died away another sound rose crescendo on the hush of evening. It came from no discernible point. It was as though the muffled heart of the hillside was beating; but John Jones felt that it was somewhere below him.

Making each slow footstep a matter of careful consideration so that not a twig should snap, not a leaf rustle, he stole in the direction from which the sound had seemed to come. Three times more it rose and throbbed through the thicket, a little closer each time.

A gray rock gloomed ahead. Bending low, he moved catlike to the rock and raised his head by inches above its moss-crowned top. Not ten feet away on his drumming log was a great cock grouse. All about him was purple shadow; but he was bathed from crest to toe in a last rosy beam flung across the valley by a red sun just sinking behind Slide Mountain.

John Jones, tense as a panther about to spring, quivered to his finger tips. He had never seen a live grouse so clearly before. He had never seen, alive or dead, a grouse like this; for his feathers, from his spread tail to his lifted crest, were white as forest snow; or, rather, heliotrope, for such was their amazing color in that shaft of rosy light.

John Jones, staring, ceased to breathe. For an instant he seemed to hear a strain of fairy music that swelled his heart and dimmed his eyes. For an instant only this lasted, then the hunter's instinct seized him again. He stepped from behind his concealing rock.

One look of horror that was like a scream the white grouse gave him, then sprang into the air in wild unheedful flight. John Jones glanced along the brown tubes of his twenty-gauge and pulled the trigger.

He found the bird, beak down, wings spread, in a bed of ferns, fifty feet below. A drop of blood hung like a ruby from the tip of his bill. Blue-gray eyelids had curtained forever his jeweled gaze, for no matter how swift his end, a ruffed grouse closes his eyes in death.

John Jones stroked the plumage of the unbelievable bird, still shaking from the tenseness of his stalk and the thrill that had followed. Now and then during a lifetime the eyes will receive an impression that the instantaneous dark room of the mind develops into a memory picture that will never fade. John Jones had one such picture—that vision of his boyhood which contained his father in his shooting coat and the never-to-be-forgotten old Don. Now he felt that the white grouse, strutting on his drumming log in the hushed mystery of evening-lighted thicket, would also remain with him for the full length of his days.

He reached the shack in the last of the twilight, received a passionate welcome from Gladstone's Nellie and promptly moved kitchenward.

He was ravenously hungry. He had promised himself a grouse for dinner. He was just able to fulfill that promise. Having taken the white grouse from his shooting coat he hesitated. Was it Lucullus who had dined on nightingales' tongues? To eat the bird he held in his hand seemed almost as barbaric as that. What else was there to do—have it mounted? He shuddered. He always shuddered at wild things stuffed and molded to a dreadful parody of life. It was nearly as bad as seeing them alive in cages. Creatures in dying served other creatures; that was Nature's plan, and he never quarreled with Nature. He had no hesitancy in killing fish and game; but part of his creed was "Kill no more than will be used." Having killed this bird on the wing by fair woodcraft, it should not be wasted.

John Jones proceeded to pick and clean the white grouse. He also prepared a rabbit he had shot for Gladstone's Nellie. Next he poked about among the pantry shelves for a culinary accompaniment of some sort to broiled grouse. He was hoping for currant jelly, which he did not find. He did find some canned asparagus. He had no idea how long it had been on the shelf where he found it, but he opened the can and sniffed at the contents. It smelled all right. He examined a stalk—it looked all right.

Thirty minutes later he pulled a chair to the oilcloth-covered kitchen table and sat down with something of a gleam in his eye. He ate every morsel of the grouse. He ate the asparagus to the last stalk, despite a faintly bitter flavor that he could not account for. He topped off with canned cherries—another trove from the pantry. He consumed all the juice the can contained, and most of the cherries. At last he sighed deeply and regarded a scattering of well-picked grouse bones and an astonishing pile of cherry pits with a touch of disfavor. He rose, yawned and lit a pipe; then sauntered into the living room, dispossessed the reproachful Gladstone's Nellie of the couch and stretched himself upon it.

For a time he smoked languidly, watching the fire and thinking of that look of horror in the eyes of the white grouse as he had roared up hopelessly from his drumming log. He was recalled to Gladstone's Nellie by the steady plop, plop, plop of her tongue as she resumed a patient licking of her injured paw. He would not hunt her another season, he decided. He would send her back to the bench, where her matchless poses would avail her more. Between the close of this season and the next he would comb the country for a setter with a choke-bore nose and an uncanny ability to guess the destination of a grouse in flight—a setter like old Don. Surely somewhere there must be ——

John Jones became aware of a peculiar numbness in his arms and legs and a weight across his body. He became aware that the light of the fire had grown dimmer. It was as though a veil had been drawn between the flames and his eyes. For a moment he remained motionless, wondering. In that moment the numbness of his limbs increased and a thicker veil was drawn across the fire. He made an effort to sit up. The weight had increased to such an extent that he found it impossible to do so. As he gathered his muscles for a final effort a black curtain cut off the last faint gleams of the fire light. The now tremendous weight across his body seemed to press him down into a faintly humming darkness. At last the humming ceased.

III

LESS than light, more than mist, a faint grayness here and there was breaking through the smothering void of dark which surrounded him, changing it into irregular fantastic patches. This was his first realization of space and form, his first consciousness of being. On its heels came a feeling of unutterable loneliness and then indefinable horror. Horror of what? He did not know. He only knew that he was alone in some place of infinite danger, where help

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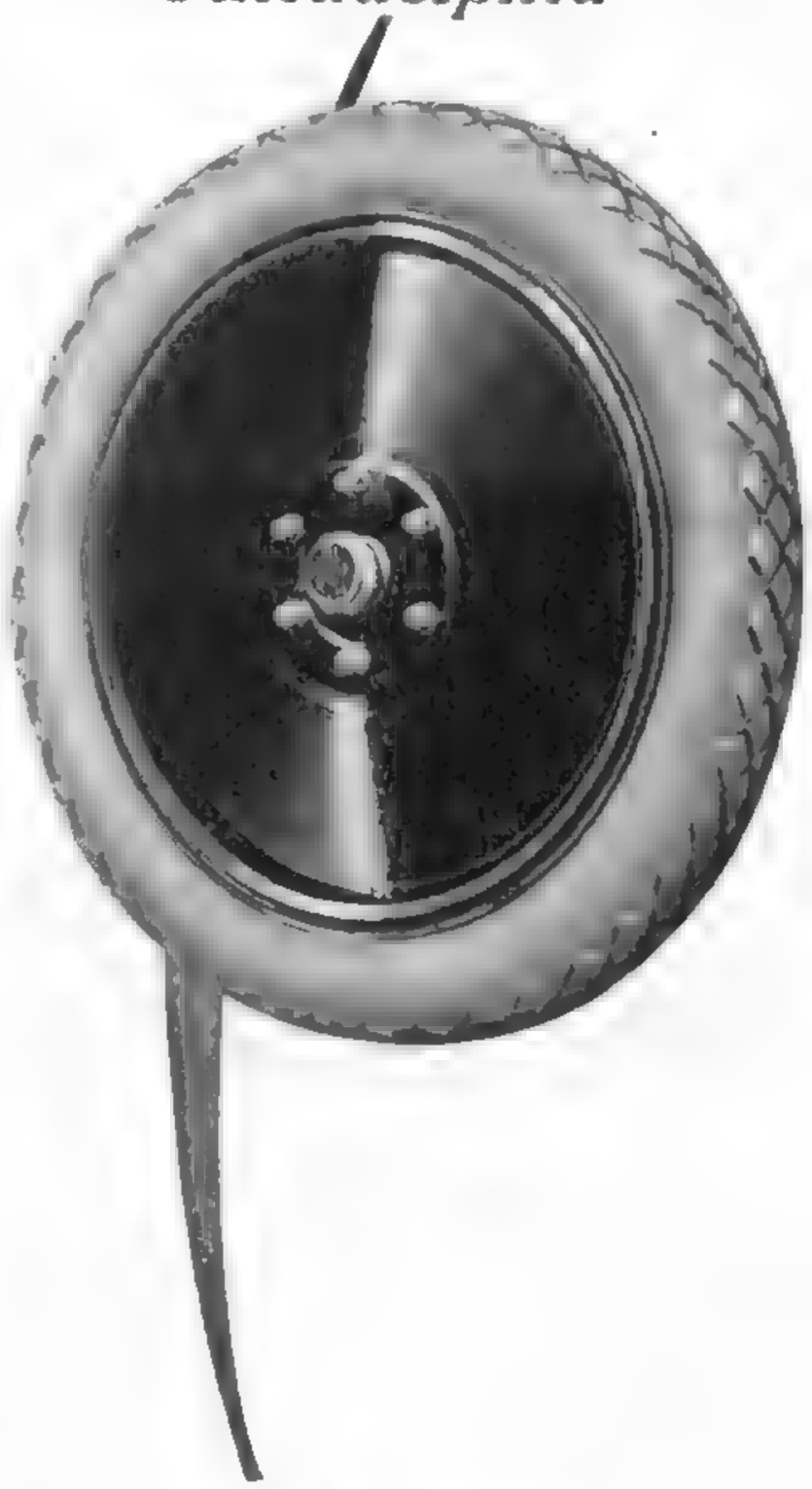

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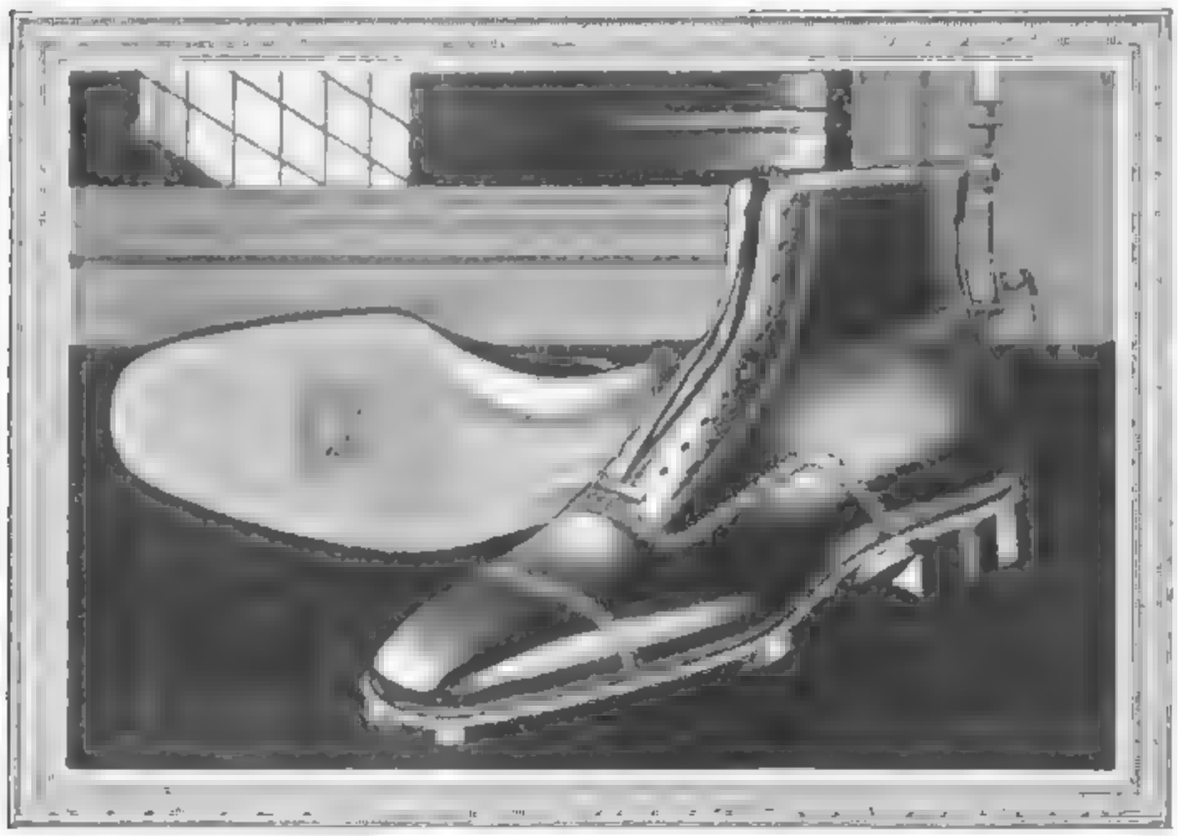

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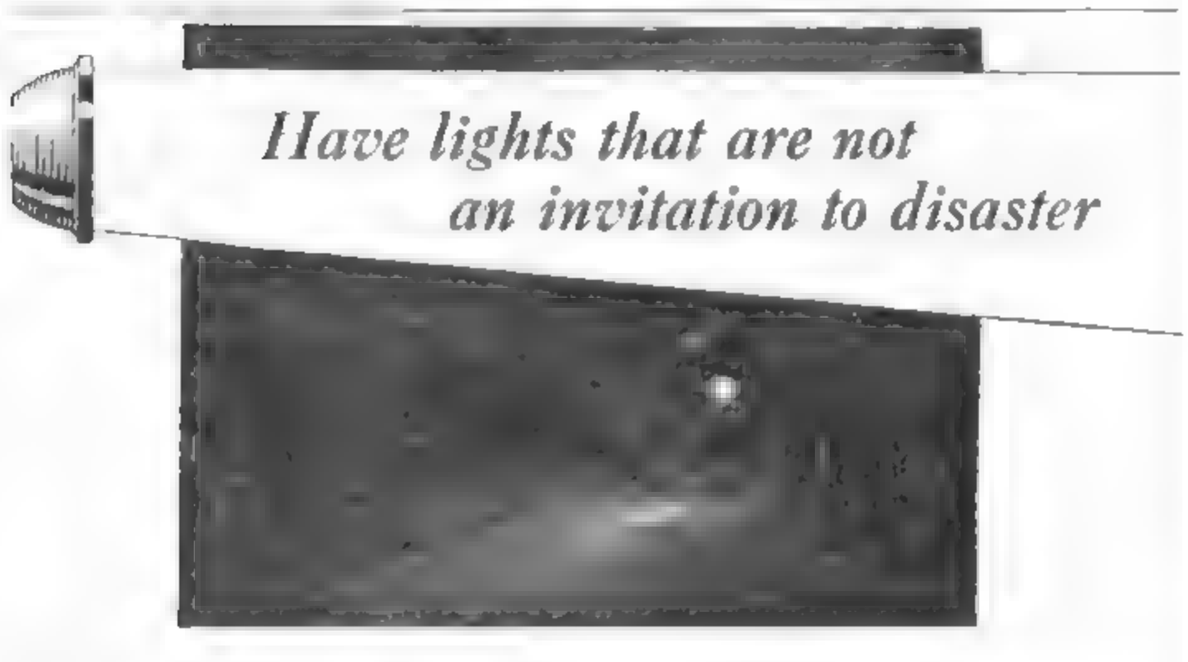

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would never come. Cowering, fearful, he eyed the dark patches, striving to understand them, wondering if they contained the nameless pressing danger with which the very air seemed filled.

The grayness slowly intensified. The dark patches became less vague. They were taking noticeable forms. He strained his eyes at them. They were trees. Trees! Towering above him on every side, enormous trees—the largest he had ever seen

The grayness was—yes, it was the sky. The dark sky of morning, forewarned by a hint of the coming sun, still deep below the rim of a gloomy earth.

He was out-of-doors then, somewhere. But where? And why was it such a place of horror, so fraught with fear, so beset with peril? Why should trees, even astoundingly large trees, with the sky above them, shout "Danger!" to his soul? There was nothing to be afraid of in the woods. The woods meant a friendly all-pervading quiet and—tranquillity. These woods in which he crouched now meant nothing like that. They filled him with a hair-trigger watchfulness which he dared not for an instant abate.

That watchfulness made him suddenly aware of a tangible and immediate danger. It took the form of a pair of blazing, greenish-yellow eyes fastened upon him with unwavering intensity. Instantly, with no thought whatever, he acted. He seemed to be shot, as though by a released spring, into the air. Straight up he went with no apparent effort. He found himself upon a lower branch of one of the enormous trees. It was a hemlock; in some unaccountable way the feel of the bark of the branch on which he sat told him so. He stared down at the spot where he had been crouching an instant before and saw a tremendous creature. It sniffed longingly at the place where he had been, glanced upward with a soundless snarl and melted into the undergrowth. Watching it as it went he discovered that it was a cat—a bobcat—larger than an elephant.

As he sat with surprising ease on the hemlock branch his nameless horror lessened somewhat. For a time a myriad thoughts scudded through his brain like wind-driven clouds. He was able to grasp none of them. It was a feeling, not a thought, that told him he was not as he had been. He had been—he had been —— He could not tell what.

And what was he now? That question, too, he found unanswerable. He only knew that he was alive, sitting in a tree, with innumerable dangers below him. It seemed best to remain in the tree.

He sat on the hemlock bough for some time while the cloudlike thoughts continued to drift through his brain. Merged with the thoughts, and at last overpowering them, was a craving, a bodily craving which grew until his whole mind surrendered to it. Hunger! He had never known such hunger before. He had been hungry, somewhere in that past which he could not recall. That is, he had had a pleasing appetite. Now his hunger was all-pervading. Every atom of his being demanded that it be sustained by food.

He moved anxiously back and forth along the hemlock bough, peering at the earth far down below. Danger was there, ceaseless danger on every side; but there was no food in the tree. He must have food.

He examined the ground in every direction. Each bush was scrutinized—each fallen tree trunk, rock, hollow, tangle and fern bed. He pierced each shadow with his eyes until he read its heart and found it guileless. Lower and lower sank his head, stretching earthward until at last he tilted suddenly from the limb. To his surprise the earth did not rush violently up to shatter him. It swam along, rising gradually until he settled down upon a mossy slope, without shock, without harm.

For a long minute he remained immovable, giving a strained attention to the silence about him, ready for another instantaneous spring into the safety of the air. At last he relaxed a trifle and became conscious of the soft moss under foot. He took a soundless step forward and listened. He took another step, and another, and another. He came to a hollow filled with great dead leaves which rustled, despite him, as he passed through them. He felt something hard below a leaf under one of his feet. He kicked the leaf cautiously aside with a peculiar backward thrust of his foot and beheld a beechnut, large, ripe, sound. He gobbled it like a flash, kicked more leaves aside, and more, and more, to be rewarded now and then by a beechnut. As he became absorbed in his searching he tossed the leaves aside with growing eagerness. An almost constant rustle was the result. A faint little rustle it was, when the clamor of a world is considered, yet he knew somehow that the law of the place he was now in was silence. Hunger was driving him to break the law. It was also detracting from his watchfulness.

He found himself relying on an indescribable new sense which was more than hearing, more than seeing. It was as though there extended from him in all directions invisible antennæ that felt the atmosphere for currents of danger. Suddenly these feelers warned him. He froze into immobility. His eyes fastened on a fallen beech tree, the leafless branches of its top smothered in a thicket of rhododendron. He saw nothing alarming for a time. He had almost decided to continue his feeding when something moved. It was an ear—a delicate pointed ear. It had moved along the trunk of the beech tree which angled toward the spot where he stood, rigid, among the scattered leaves.

Again he was shot upward. On a smooth limb of the beech tree which had furnished him with food he found safety. From where he sat he could look down upon the fallen beech and see behind it. A great red fox, his coat gleaming like new copper in the growing light, rose from a belly-flat crouch, stretched, yawned and stood listening. Somewhere in the distance a gray squirrel broke the silence and the law with a low staccato barking. Ears pricked, head raised, the fox stood as though painted. Presently a twig snapped faintly; dead leaves rustled. He watched the fox flatten down and steal toward the sound. Five minutes passed in deathlike quiet. There was a crash, a terror-stricken chatter ending in a scream, a pat, pat, pat of careless padded feet trotting triumphantly away.

Again he sat on his branch, fearful, dismayed. Again his hunger resumed its insistent demand that it be satisfied. It was not hunger, however, which drove him at last from his supposed point of safety. It was a winged shadow which dropped upon him from somewhere higher in the beech tree. With the tail of his eye he saw it coming and sprang from his limb. The talons of a gigantic horned owl clutched the empty air behind him.

Again the brown floor of the woods sped below him much more rapidly than before. It was only a level blur as he tilted in and out among the trees, going like a bullet. Despite his sudden knowledge that the horror which filled this place reached well above the ground, he thrilled at this hurtling through the air and continued it until a sudden fatigue brought him slanting down.

Into his instinctive rigid listening at the end of his sweep through the air came the tinkle of running water. He pushed thirstily toward the sound through giant ferns and towering laurel. He emerged from the undergrowth at last and came upon a quiet pool, cradled in gray bowlders.

Water! Cold, clear, as pure as the skies. His craving for it at the moment was even greater than his desire for food.

Slipping between two bowlders to the edge of the pool he looked on all sides before stooping to drink. At last his eyes dropped to the still surface of the pool, in which gray rocks, an ancient bending pine, a far and fading crescent moon were mirrored. He did not drink. He remained as motionless as the bowlders that flanked him. Something else was reflected in the pool; something at which he stared with a new and greater horror—his own reflection.

But was it his own reflection? He moved his head to be certain. He lifted his wings and was doubly certain. Wings? Yes, wings—the snowy wings of a white grouse.

So that was what he was—now. And he had been —— It was no use! It would not come back. But there was a peculiar horror for some reason in being a grouse—a white grouse. He knew that. It was more than the fact that he was winged by swift destruction, with no single place of refuge, no smallest moment that did not hold a threat. He felt that some dark and terrible purpose must be fulfilled, and he therefore was a white grouse. What that purpose was he could not even guess. There remained for him only constant watchfulness and a continual fleeing from the face of death.

At last his thirst rose above his shuddering thoughts, his trembling fears. He drank,

(Continued on Page 153)

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(Continued from Page 150)

dipping his bill in the pool and lifting his head until the water ran down his throat. Never had he tasted such water, so cool, so pure, so satisfying.

His thirst marvelously quenched, hunger took command of him once more. He turned from the pool to seek food in the silent scented woods and thickets of which he was now a part.

And the woods and thickets yielded him food—indescribably delicious, unbelievably sustaining. He found and ate the creamy-colored meat of scrub-oak acorns, withered purple raisins of the wild grape, bittersweet, Canada and partridge berries, berries of the mountain ash, and wintergreen and thorn; black haws, high bush cranberries and dried wild cherries, chestnuts in dull mahogany, he found; hemlock and pitch-pine seeds, and the crisp fronds of ferns; beggar-ticks, chickweed, frostweed, live-forever—all were to be found for a little seeking. He sought and found them all

As his crop grew full his fears lessened, his courage increased. The sun rose and swept the thickets clear of shadows with a thousand glinting brooms. It swept the shadow of horror from his soul; he all but strutted through a sunlit glade.

Far up in the sky above the glade was a tiny speck, dark against that dome of blue, but flashing into silver now and then as it rocked and tilted in the sun His new sixth sense lifted his eyes quickly to that remote dot in the heavens, which seemed as aloof from things of earth as a star. The dot was growing larger, it was falling down the wall of the sky with tremendous velocity. He took wing and flashed toward the cover at the edge of the glade. Through the thickest of the cover he shot—between maple saplings, slender popple and the white wands of young birch. The thorny interlacings of a blackberry thicket swung into view. He curved to its edge, lit and scuttled into it. The dot, which had become four feet of spreading wings attached to a rending beak and talons of curved destruction, zoomed out of the glade, sailed across the blackberry patch and came to rest on a weather-smooth, ash-colored limb of a dead tree.

Safe in his stronghold of briers he watched the hawk until it sprang, with a screaming whistle, into the air and spiraled up, up, until it was again a dot.

A curious exultation filled him. Ringed and domed by sudden death, he no longer felt helpless or afraid. Each danger could be triumphantly offset, he had discovered, by choosing the proper safeguard from among the many that had been placed about him. It was good to feel the exquisite surge and throb of life within him; it was good to maintain it with pure water and abundant food in the warm bright world. It was even good to be forced to guard it always with quick hearing, clear seeing and instant wing stroke. It was good, good, good to be alive! Good to be a white grouse—capable of eluding every possible danger in sure and dazzling flight. He lifted his crest and spread his great white tail. A fallen log caught his eye. He strutted to it.

With a single stroke of his wings he was on the log. The spread of his tail grew more and more fanlike. His breast swelled with a desire that consumed all thought, all other instincts, like a flame. He beat at his throbbing body with his wings, his breath hard held with a longing that was like a pain. He became engulfed in a hollow booming which filled the air about him with a muffled mystery of sound. It died away as he rested, listening. Again he smote his swelling breast, again the thicket pulsed with sound. Just one living thing could trace it surely to its source. Just one living thing. And so he beat his breast and waited, listening; and beat his breast and waited, listening, until at last she came—slowly, timidly, with shy reluctance dragging at her feet.

He had meant to strut before her when she came, letting the sunlight glisten on his plumage. He had selected the very shaft of sunlight in which his feathers would show to best advantage. In the red sun of evening he could have turned to heliotrope before her—he knew that. Under the blazing sun of high noon he could only gleam and shimmer; but she would be less striking, more modest in coloring, he felt sure. Having dazzled her with his snowy whiteness he would brush her softly with his wings and claim her for his own.

Yes, she was more modest in her coloring; he saw that when she stepped out of the briers and stood shrinkingly before him. Her back and the upper surface of her wings were a sunlit pool of amber water in which were depths and shallows. About her throat was the rich dark of brooding pines at evening. Her breast was a scattering of small brown leaves against ghostly gleaming birches.

He did not strut as he had planned; nor did he brush her with his wings. It was not her loveliness which kept him marblelike upon his log. It was a rush of cloudy fleeting thoughts at which he grasped in vain. For her eyes were cool and gray, cool and gray; and this was strange, strange!

As he stared at her there came a faint crackling and snapping from the far edge of the thicket. The sound grew nearer Something was moving toward them, its stealth frustrated by sun-baked leaves and twigs. Something else followed it with a rhythmic clumsy tread; but he knew that this clumsy something was more horrifying, more terrible than cat or fox or owl or hawk, and looking into her frightened eyes he saw that she knew too.

Through the thicket, straight toward them came the first something, followed, always followed by the clumsy but more dreadful second thing. At last the first something reached the thorny rampart of blackberry briers and hesitated; but it was dry, dry, and the briers were thick, and neither he nor she breathed or stirred a feather. The first something skirted the blackberry patch, vague and uncertain. Through a vista he caught sight of a glistening silk-coated creature, with the carriage of a stag and the grace of a fawn, moving like music along the edge of the blackberry briers, and so away. And now he breathed again, deeply, thankfully. A name swam dimly through the depths of his mind. He reassured her in a soundless language of their own.

"It's Christmas Nellie," he said.

The fear went out of her eyes. He waited until the second something had stumped off after the first something, then moved to her side. But he did not brush her with his wings. Her eyes were cool and gray once more, and this troubled him. It seemed to hold him away from her for some reason.

He moved off through the briers with a masterful cluck. She followed meekly behind. He came to what had been a tree stump years before. It was now a reddish-brown hillock, filled with holes, in and out of which busy little ants were hurrying. He gobbled an ant or so, and she, coming to his side, did likewise.

Then he dug into the hillock, scattering it in all directions until he disclosed a small chamber filled with pearl-like larvæ, delicious beyond words.

They ate these eagerly for a time, their heads only inches apart. He thrilled as she pressed against him, but always, even while eating, her eyes were cool and gray.

Full fed at last, they drifted on. He darted forward and caught a grasshopper, which he offered her. She thanked him with a warmer look, but partook languidly of only a wing and a leg. He disposed of the rest with some difficulty.

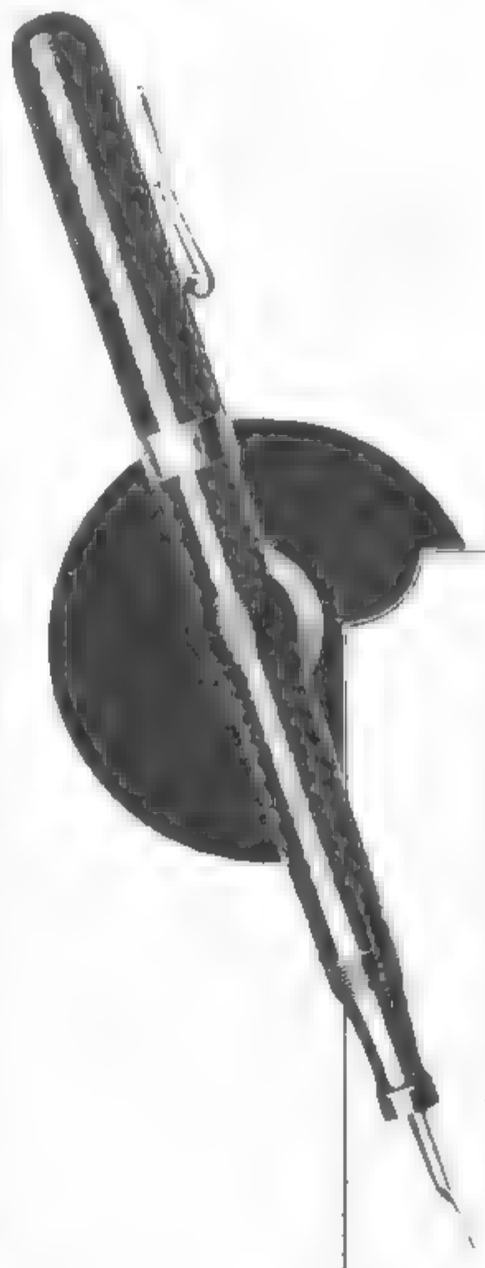
They moved ahead to where a one-time lumber road still struggled to force an uncertain curving way through the ever-crowding thicket. The road was choked with vines and briers. Now and then, however, it freed itself of all except dead grass. Surrounded, half hidden by this waving grass, were bare patches of sun-washed clay and sand. One of these patches they found. Into it they flung themselves and settled down.

With ruffling feathers and clawing feet they burrowed in the sandy soil, letting the warm grains sift along their skins. A fine dust rose and hung about them, dimming the trees and thicket, shutting them in together behind a translucent golden curtain.

At last they rested side by side in the snug hollow they had dug, the sun beating on them in pulselike waves. Closer she pressed against him in a sort of swooning lassitude, closer and closer until he could no longer feel the beating sun. It was less, far less, than his own internal fire.

And now he found her eyes. Soft they were, and dark and shining—no longer cold and gray. His own eyes swam into them while their world of woodland stole away and time was not. Slowly she rose from his side, her eyes on his. As she melted into the thicket she spoke one word of their soundless language.

"Come!"



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He, following, found her in a bed of ferns, canopied and curtained with trembling scarlet leaves.

Still as death grew the thicket, wrapped in a breathless hush. He took one forward step on the carpet of moss which lay between them. He took no more. His triumphant spread of tail closed like the white fan it had resembled; his lifted crest went down. A faint rustle and snapping and crackling was drawing toward the leaf-walled bower of her selection. Through that red-and-yellow wall a head appeared. It grew motionless, rigid, except for its slightly working nostrils at the end of its long deep muzzle. White, black and ticked were that head and muzzle. White, black and ticked! The soul within him seemed to scream "Old Don!"

And then he screamed to her in their wordless silent tongue.

"Fly! Oh, fly!"

He himself burst with a roar through the wall of leaves and, swinging low, shot down the edge of the thicket along the lumber road.

He heard another roar of wings beating up through leaves and branches. He heard a stunning crash, followed by a sickening thump. Downy feathers were floating in the air above the thicket. A wisp of thin blue smoke drifted across the road behind him.

Another crash just as he turned an angle in the road. A tuft of dead grass close beside him was cut down by the stroke of an invisible scythe. Three snowy feathers sheared from his right wing whirled in the wake of his flight. Unbalanced by their loss, he beat his way with unaccustomed effort on and on, until he could fly no farther. He swung clumsily to the left, managed to reach a wilderness of briers, worked his way to the center of it on foot, and crouched there, panting.

Ten minutes passed in which the leaves whispered in a timid breeze; a chipmunk ticked like a tired clock; a downy woodpecker tested his bill on a chestnut limb. Listening, listening, that was all he heard.

But now a bluejay screamed a warning. The chipmunk clock ran down. The woodpecker ceased his knocking at the limb. The whisper of the leaves remained, and something else—the faint swish of briers as they were forced aside by a black, white and ticked shadow, stealing infallibly toward him.

He did not take wing at once. He ran to the far edge of the briers and sprang into the air, beating up as high as he could, then sailing without a sound across a deep ravine to glide down into the center of a chaos of dead timber, half sunk in water and muck.

It was longer this time than before. The faintest of hopes had begun to stir within him, when the black, white and ticked shadow came plowing through the swamp up to its belly in muck, but struggling straight for him. He could not run, he dared not wait. He rose on floundering wing, rose and flew—to the last atom of his strength, blindly, wildly on. Through dark groves of pine and hemlock, across a rushing stream, over a high valley to the high ridge beyond. Up the ridge he hammered, beating desperately at the hard air. Flaming hardwoods swung to meet him. By a stupendous effort he lifted above their tops and pounded on. An immense dark mass loomed before him, obscuring the sun. It was a cliff that seemed to scrape the sky. Half falling, half fluttering, he zigzagged to its base, dragged himself under the loam-caked roots of a fallen tree and collapsed.

He was still shaking to the beat of his pounding heart when the black, white and ticked shadow appeared. It came up the ridge, through the hardwoods across some broken scattered rocks, scrambling, panting, closer, closer, closer. It slowed to a careful walk, to a creep, to a flat crawl. It stopped—its body quivering, its eyes bulging with the suppressed frenzy of its pursuit. It would go no farther. Nothing would move it from where it stood: for it had found what it was seeking. The long deep muzzle with its vibrating nostrils was pointed, like the finger of fate, at him.

He, too, remained without movement, waiting helpless for what must come. He remembered his exultation when he had discovered that the forces of destruction all about him could be offset by vigilance and glorious fight. He had not known about this Nemesis then—this resistless, ever-pursuing, unbaffled creature which was somehow familiar, which he had known somewhere in the past. Its name had flamed through his brain in letters of fire when it had first appeared. He could not remember the name now. He only knew that the dreadful reason for his being a white grouse was about to be made clear. And so with crippled wing and shattered strength he waited for—he knew not what.

It came at last, up the ridge, over the scattered rocks. He heard it coming, step by step, and then at last he learned in a blinding flash that it was infinitely more horrible than he could have conceived. He caught a glimpse of an iron-gray mustache above a faded, weather-beaten, sweat-stained shooting coat; he heard a quiet voice say, "All right, Don; go on," and he knew what he had been.

He had been John Jones, who could shoot even better than his father, for his father sometimes missed.

His father could not miss a crippled grouse out in the open with a great cliff to scale—that was sure. And the grouse, the white grouse under the tree roots, must try to take wing, must try to prevent an unspeakable horror, knowing that he had no chance.

No chance, no chance! He stepped from the sheltering tree roots and hurled himself into the air. A pair of brown gun barrels came up with the swift yet easy swing that a towheaded boy had copied long ago.

A shattering crash and a streak of flame. All was flame. Flames danced in his eyes. They were rushing upwards like an inverted cascade of molten gold. Their light was playing on a shining figure stretched before them, a wonderful, an adorable figure.

"Susan Jane, Susan Jane," whispered John Jones.

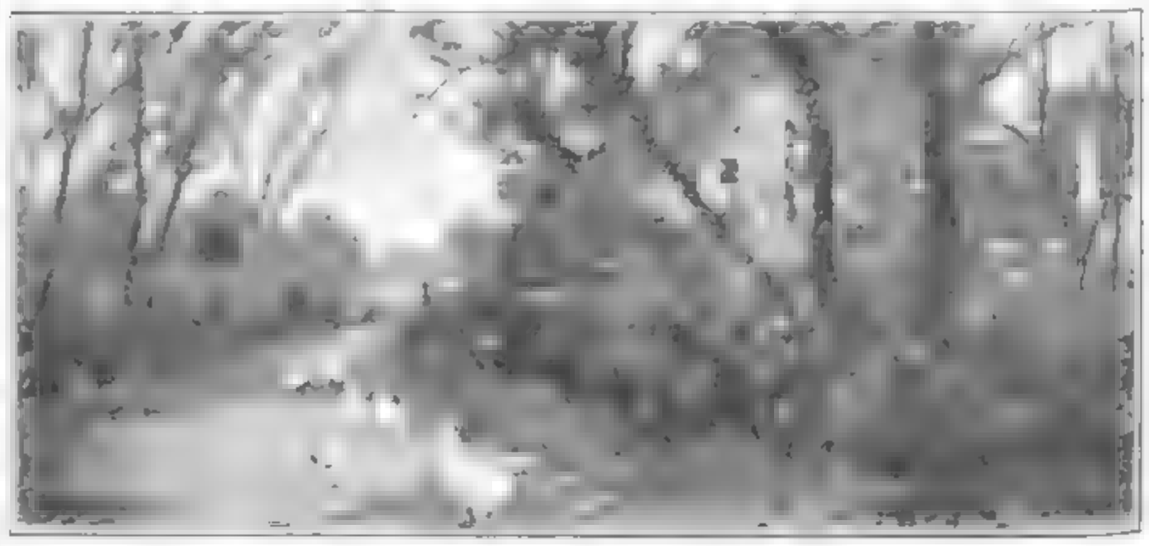
It was a timid unbelievable whisper, but the figure rose from before the fire, and despite a painful limp came, with the carriage of a stag and the grace of a fawn, to the couch on which he lay.

John Jones sat up and stared down into a pair of adoring amber eyes.

"I guess it was the asparagus," he said. Then he wrapped the head of Gladstone's Nellie in his arms. "Susan Jane, oh, Susan Jane!" he cried. "You're the dog for me!"

He smoked one pipe after that; not a whole pipe; half of what came out of the bowl when he knocked it a trifle wildly against the fireplace was good unburned tobacco. This waste was caused by his pressing need to write a telegram, which would jolt by stage down the valley of the Neversink next morning, and at noon would go singing along the wires from Big Indian to New York. It would be addressed to a girl named Mildred. John Jones ran it over in his mind as he looked for paper and pencil:

"Can you, will you save Friday night for me? I have something important to tell you."



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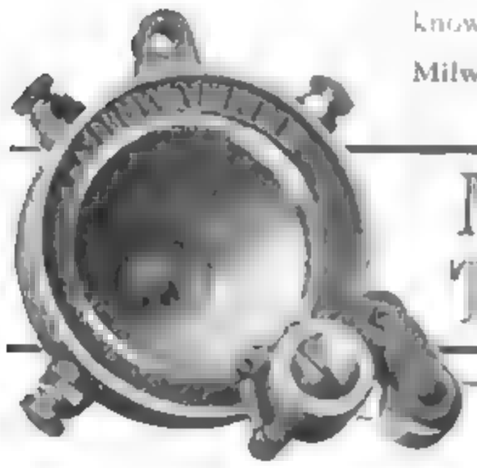

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MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

through my mind in a few seconds as I continued my part and tried frantically to think of a new bit of stage business that would fit the unprecedented situation. I managed somehow to hit upon a method of getting killed by this stolid Don José, whirling up to him as though in mocking defiance and pretending to be wounded by the dagger he held in his hand. It all happened in the twinkling of an eye, and the curtain came down on a properly murdered Carmen and a not at all repentant Don José. No one had apparently noticed the hitch in the action, and the evening was a complete success. How furious must my discomfited friend have been as we took curtain after curtain together and he was forced to realize by the storm of applause the house gave me the complete failure of his well-laid plan!

Sometimes a conversational aside on the stage is very helpful, when it is not actuated by the motives which led this tenor to try to wreck my performance. I remember one evening when the situation was saved by a great many whispered remarks exchanged between myself and my partner through the main love scene. The opera in which we were appearing had never been sung before. It was put on as a novelty in the middle of the season and had been in rehearsal only a short time. Unfortunately the tenor had been absent from a number of these few rehearsals and was in consequence unfamiliar with his part. To add to the confusion, we had never had a dress rehearsal or a rehearsal with the scenery in place. By some combination of accidents the artists, the properties and the setting had never been on the stage simultaneously, so that when we walked on that first night the scene was as new to us as to the audience. During such rehearsals as we had had the stage manager had indicated to us where we would find the various pieces of furniture necessary for the action—a bench on one side where we were to sit, a column at another point, a flight of steps here, a tree there. We had planned our scene in accordance with these indications and following the directions in the text of the opera. What was our consternation when we found ourselves before the footlights, launched upon the love duet, with not a single property in the place we had been told to expect it! Instead of bench, column, steps and tree we found ourselves on a terrace outside a castle, without a single object to diversify the scene. Yet we could not stand there like graven images, warbling at each other in the middle of the stage. There must be some action, some movement. Something must be done instantly.

"Go over and lean against the parapet," I murmured to the bewildered tenor between the phrases of my song.

"Kneel at my feet," I sang a little later, running the words into the text so as not to interrupt the flow of our duet.

"Get up and stand beside me while I sit on the balustrade," came my next stage aside.

"Now take me in your arms," I interpolated into my ditty, being careful to sing the right notes, but blurring my enunciation so only my partner could catch the words. So through the whole scene, by whispered words and phrases sung in this way, we managed to get along with a happy semblance of ease and naturalness.

When the curtain came down on our final embrace we could not help bursting into laughter, and while my partner congratulated me on my resources in stage direction I complimented him even more heartily on having so successfully heard and followed my suggestions.

Such accidents as this have often made me wonder how Patti and other singers who, like herself, have had the courage to refuse to fatigue themselves with rehearsals have been able to obtain the necessary dramatic effects which the interpretation of all the leading rôles in opera require. Rehearsals are exceedingly tiring and exhausting, yet it would seem to me almost impossible to get on without them. Patti very rarely went to them, and Madame Alboni also avoided them as much as possible.

I met Madame Alboni when she was seventy years old. She was as splendid as ever, singing with as noble and beautiful an organ as in her youth. She had an admirable contralto voice and vocalized like a bird. She sang Rossini's *Aria de la Cenerentola* for us, and when I congratulated her afterwards on the remarkable preservation of her voice she spoke of this very matter of rehearsals.

"My dear child," she said, "they tire you too much nowadays with these ordeals. In my youth I very rarely attended rehearsals and it saved me much wear and tear. Remember this," she added with a smile, touching her throat with the tips of her fingers: "What comes out of here never goes in again. Don't let them work you to death!"

It was of this charming woman, who was large and, it must be admitted, inclined to *embonpoint*, that the witty and occasionally sharp-tongued Princess de Metternich spoke when she described a singer who "looked like a cow that had swallowed a nightingale!"

XXII

IT HAS been my good fortune and my joy to know a man who truly "walked with God," a noble being, a saint, a philosopher and a true friend. His influence upon my spiritual life was profound. He opened up new horizons before me, enlarging and vivifying my religious ideas and ideals, teaching me a broader understanding of truth. My soul will bear him eternal gratitude.

This extraordinary man was a Hindu monk of the order of the Vedantas. He was called the Swami Vivekananda, and was widely known in America for his religious teachings. He was lecturing in Chicago one year when I was there; and as I was at that time greatly depressed in mind and body, I decided to go to him, having seen how he had helped some of my friends.

An appointment was arranged for me, and when I arrived at his house I was immediately ushered into his study. Before going I had been told not to speak until he addressed me. When I entered the room, therefore, I stood before him in silence for a moment. He was seated in a noble attitude of meditation, his robe of saffron yellow falling in straight lines to the floor, his head swathed in a turban, bent forward, his eyes on the ground. After a brief pause he spoke without looking up.

"My child," he said, "what a troubled atmosphere you have about you! Be calm! It is essential!"

Then in a quiet voice, untroubled and aloof, this man, who did not even know my name, talked to me of my secret problems and anxieties. He spoke of things that I thought were unknown even to my nearest friends. It seemed miraculous, supernatural!

"How do you know all this?" I asked at last. "Who has talked of me to you?"

He looked at me with his quiet smile, as though I were a child who had asked a foolish question.

"No one has talked to me," he answered gently. "Do you think that is necessary? I read in you as in an open book."

Finally it was time for me to leave.

"You must forget," he said as I rose. "Become gay and happy again. Build up your health. Do not dwell in silence upon your sorrows. Transmute your emotions into some form of external expression. Your spiritual health requires it. Your art demands it."

I left him, deeply impressed by his words and his personality. He seemed to have emptied my brain of all its feverish complexities and placed there instead his clear and calming thoughts.

I became once again vivacious and cheerful, thanks to the effect of his powerful will. He did not use any of the ordinary hypnotic or mesmeric influences. It was the strength of his character, the purity and intensity of his purpose that carried conviction. It seemed to me, when I came to know him better, that he lulled one's chaotic thoughts into a state of peaceful acquiescence, so that one could give complete and undivided attention to his words.

He often spoke in parables, answering our questions or making his points clear by means of a poetic analogy. One day we were discussing immortality and the survival of individual characteristics. He was expounding his belief in reincarnation, which was a fundamental part of his teaching.

"I cannot bear the idea!" I exclaimed. "I cling to my individuality, unimportant as it may be! I don't want to be absorbed into an eternal unity. The mere thought is terrible to me."

"One day a drop of water fell into the vast ocean," the swami answered. "When it found itself there it began to weep and complain just as you are doing. The great ocean laughed at the drop of water. 'Why do you weep?' it asked. 'I do not understand. When you join me you join all your brothers and sisters, the other drops of water of which I am made. You become the ocean itself. If you wish to leave me you have only to rise up on a sunbeam into the clouds. From there you can descend again, little drop of water, a blessing and a benediction to the thirsty earth.'"

With the swami and some of his friends and followers I went upon a most remarkable trip, through Turkey, Egypt and Greece. Our party included the swami; Father Hyacinthe Loyson; his wife, a Bostonian; Miss McL., of Chicago, ardent swamist and charming, enthusiastic woman; and myself, the song bird of the troupe.

What a pilgrimage it was! Science, philosophy and history had no secrets from the swami. I listened with all my ears to the wise and learned discourse that went on around me. I did not attempt to join in their arguments, but I sang on all occasions, as is my custom. The swami would discuss all sorts of questions with Father Loyson, who was a scholar and a theologian of repute. It was interesting to see that the swami was able to give the exact text of a document, the date of a church council, when Father Loyson himself was not certain.

"Where did you acquire all this information?" we asked him one day.

"In the Upanishads," he answered. "This book, the book of the Vedas, has been written by our monks, generation after generation, for the last ten thousand years. Each swami of our order writes the history of his life, setting down everything he knows, his experiences, his studies, his scientific experiments. After his death the book is read and corrected by the wisest men among us. All repetitions and uninteresting material are eliminated. Sometimes one line of a man's book is kept, sometimes a page. Once in a while, though very rarely, a whole book remains and is incorporated into the Upanishads. We have, in consequence, an extraordinary library, which probably cannot be equaled anywhere in the world. Everything that I know comes from there."

When we were in Greece we visited Eleusis. He explained its mysteries to us and led us from altar to altar, from temple to temple, describing the processions that were held in each place, intoning the ancient prayers, showing us the priestly rites.

Later, in Egypt, one unforgetable night, he led us again into the past, speaking to us in mystic, moving words, under the shadow of the silent Sphinx.

The swami was always absorbingly interesting, even under ordinary conditions. He fascinated his hearers with his magic tongue. Again and again we would miss our train, sitting calmly in a station waiting room, enthralled by his discourse and quite oblivious to the lapse of time. Even Miss McL., the most sensible among us, would forget the hour, and we would in consequence find ourselves stranded far from our destination at the most inconvenient times and places.

One day we lost our way in Cairo. I suppose we had been talking too intently. At any rate, we found ourselves in a squalid, ill-smelling street, where half-clad women lolled from windows and sprawled on doorsteps.

The swami noticed nothing until a particularly noisy group of women on a bench in the shadow of a dilapidated building began laughing and calling to him. One of the ladies of our party tried to hurry us along, but the swami detached himself gently from our group and approached the women on the bench.

"Poor children!" he said. "Poor creatures! They have put their divinity in their beauty. Look at them now!"

He began to weep as Jesus might have done before the woman taken in adultery. The women were stunned and abashed. One of them leaned forward and kissed the hem of his robe, murmuring brokenly in Spanish, "*Hombre de Dios, hombre de Dios*" (Man of God!) Another, with a sudden gesture of modesty and fear, threw her arm in front of her face as though she would screen her shrinking soul from those pure eyes.

This marvelous journey proved to be almost the last occasion on which I was to see the swami. Shortly afterward he announced that he was to return to his own country. He felt that his end was approaching and he wished to go back to the community of which he was director and where he had spent his youth.

A year later we heard that he had died, after writing the book of his life, not one page of which was destroyed. He passed away in the state called samadhi, which means, in Sanskrit, to die voluntarily, from a will to die, without accident or sickness, saying to his disciples, "I will die on such a day."

Years later, when I was traveling in India, I wished to visit the convent where the swami had spent his last days. His mother took me there. I saw the beautiful marble tomb that one of his American friends, Mrs. Leggett, had erected over his grave. I noticed that there was no name upon it. I asked his brother, who was a monk in the same order, the reason of this omission. He looked at me in astonishment, and with a noble gesture that I remember to this day, "He has passed on," he answered

The Vedantas believe that they have preserved, in their original purity and simplicity, the teachings of Buddha. They have no temples, saying their prayers in a simple oratory, with no symbolic figures or pictures to stimulate their piety. In one corner of this place is a small statue of Buddha, as though they wished to say, "It is from him that we have learned the way." Their prayers are all addressed to the Unknown God.

"O, Thou who hast no name! O, Thou whom none dare name! O, Thou the Great Unknown!" they say in their supplications.

The swami taught me a sort of respiratory prayer. He used to say that the forces of the deity, being spread everywhere throughout the ether, could be received into the body through the indrawn breath.

The monks of the swami's brotherhood received us with simple, kindly hospitality. They offered us flowers and fruits, spreading a table for us on the lawn beneath a welcome shade.

At our feet the mighty Ganges flowed. Musicians played to us on strange instruments, weird, plaintive chants that touched the very heart. A poet improvised a melancholy recitative in praise of the departed swami. The afternoon passed in a peaceful, contemplative calm.

The hours that I spent with these gentle philosophers have remained in my memory as a time apart. These beings, pure, beautiful and remote, seemed to belong to another universe, a better and wiser world.

XXIII

BY BIRTH, heredity and early association I am a true daughter of the south, and I have always been an ardent admirer and follower of our great Provençal poet, Frédéric Mistral. He it was who gave me the device which I have used for many years—"*Qui chante son mal enchante.*" He told me that it was the motto of a troubadour of old, and that he had selected it as being particularly appropriate for me.

I leave it in French, for it loses much of its poetry and rhythm when translated into English. The meaning is quite obvious: The singer charms his sorrow with his song, or, as the immortal Shakspere has expressed it:

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief at heart.

Mistral, the poet of the Midi, might be described as the Homer of his country. He was the outstanding figure, the genius, the leader of that group of poets who during the latter half of the nineteenth century brought about a renaissance of literature and art in Southern France. Unfortunately very few, even among French people, can know the full beauty of his verse, for he wrote in Provençal, that rich and sonorous language which was the speech of troubadours and kings. All the rulers of France, during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, used the *langue d'oc*, as the speech of Provence is called, before it was supplanted by the harsher language of the north.

One of the most beautiful of Mistral's epic poems, Mireille, personifying the romantic and exalted soul of Provence, was put to music by Gounod, and the leading rôle created by Madame Carvalho. The serenade, Oh, Magalli! from this opera, is an exquisite love song, one of the most popular and widely known of Mistral's poems. Every shepherd in the Midi is familiar with it. I myself have sung it all

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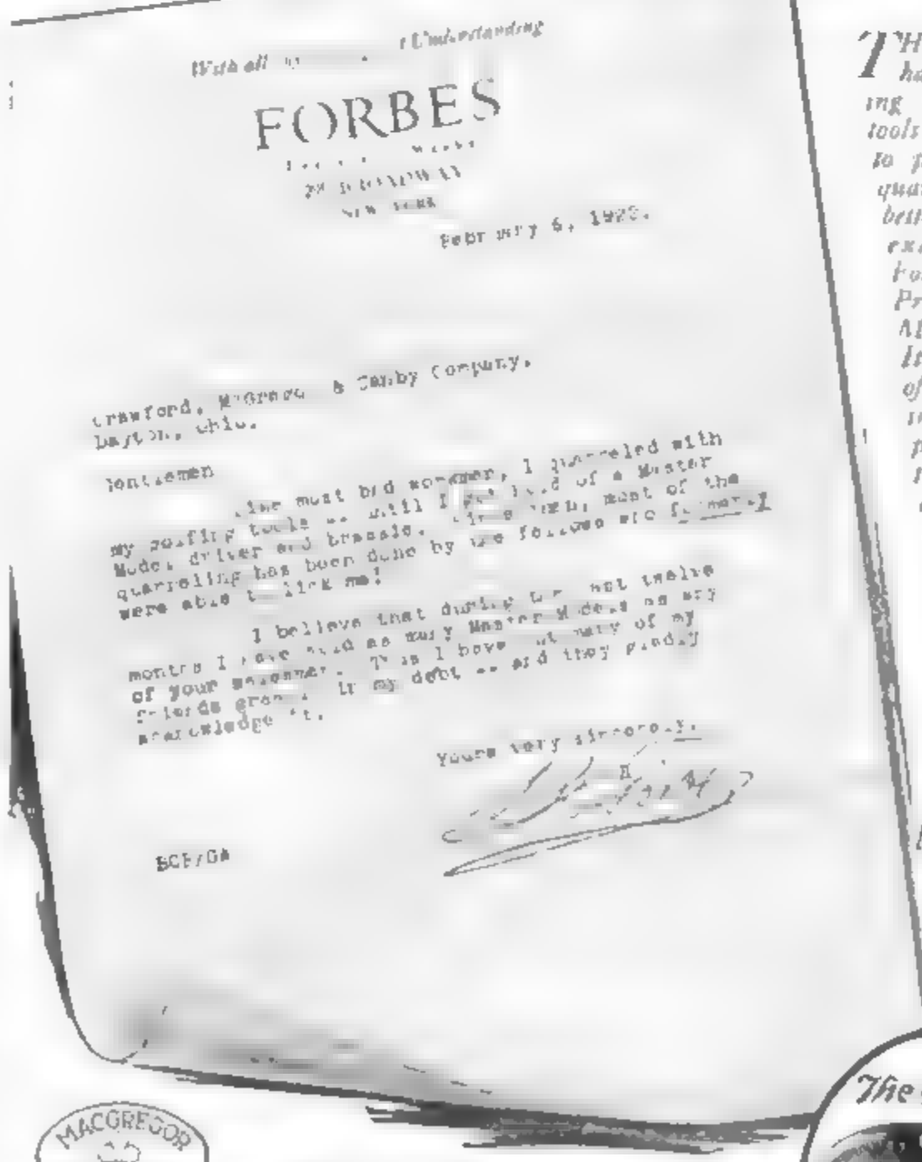
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over the world. It is to this song that I owe Mistral's dedication:

"*Alla piu alta cantarella di Mirèio.*"

(To the most high singer of Mireille.)

Mistral was adored by all Provence. Indeed, in his character of poet and leader he was its uncrowned king. He was one of the founders of the Society of the Félibrige, to which belonged a brilliant galaxy of poets and artists. The annual meeting of this society, or school, was held at Arles. Mistral, presiding at these festivals, splendid and dominant even in his old age, was an unforgetable picture. Around him the poets gathered, and the peasants danced their graceful *farandoles*, which so strikingly recall the dances of the Greeks in all their Attic harmony of line and gesture.

Some years before he died he was present at the unveiling of the statue of himself which stands in the great square of Arles, not far from the museum which he had built and presented to the city. The completion of the statue was made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of the honor and affection in which the great poet was held not only in his own country but all over the world. I was asked to be present; but, having just returned to my château at Cabrières from a long and fatiguing tour in America, I refused the invitation.

The night before the event I was aroused from my sleep at about four o'clock by a vivid dream in which my father seemed to appear to me and to reproach me for not taking part in the festival in honor of our great poet.

I leaped up instantly and, donning my Arlesian costume, proceeded to arouse the household. Two American ladies were staying with me at the time. Waking them from their sleep, I attempted to disguise them as Provençal women, an almost impossible undertaking, in view of their marked Anglo-Saxon types.

I left for Arles in a state of exaltation impossible to describe. I felt as though I were being impelled by an irresistible force. It seemed to me that I was one with all my people; that into my soul had been poured the souls of all my forbears, my clan; that my heart throbbed with the beating of a thousand hearts. I longed to give wings to the motor that carried us down into the sunny plains of Provence.

We arrived at Arles about midday, just as the distinguished company of guests and visitors was preparing to leave the platform in front of the town hall, where the ceremonies had taken place. The square was packed tight with an attentive crowd impossible to move or to penetrate. No one would make way for us or let us pass. Standing on the outskirts of that indifferent throng I started to sing Oh, Magalli! dear to all Provençal hearts.

As though by magic a pathway opened up before me, and I walked triumphantly to the platform, singing all the way. Once there, standing beside our beloved poet and looking out over the sea of upturned faces, I sang, with a complete and joyous abandon, all the Provençal songs that I knew. The crowd, responsive, vibrant, took up the choruses. I was exalted, carried out of myself. I longed to fill the whole world with my song.

At last, my strength exhausted, I stopped. Mistral approached me. His words, spoken in the warm language of the south, sounded like a benediction, a song.

"You came down from the mountains like a torrent, with all your mighty race. The strength and the gladness of your people are yours on this day. The crowds parted to let you pass, swept back by the fire of your oncoming, your voice a sword, a leaping flame."

Never shall I forget that day of days. Every country, every king and queen had sent a poet or a representative. Every nation paid its homage to the poet of Provence. The French Government alone was not officially represented, but the heart of France was there.

XXIV

JEAN RICHEPIN, whom it is my privilege to count a friend, has always said that I was an incorrigible globe trotter. Indeed, he is right. I adore traveling. I love to see new sights, new countries, to study the customs of all the different peoples of the world. I am fortunate in that my profession has permitted me to indulge this taste. I used to dream of singing in every country of the world, and, as a matter of fact, I have very nearly carried out this program. I have sung in India, in China, Japan, Hawaii, countries in which very few of my colleagues had been heard up to the time of my visit.

By way of realizing my dream I accepted an engagement for Australia in 1910. I started on my long tour, which was to take me entirely around the globe, in March of that year. We sailed from Marseilles one lovely spring day aboard a luxurious steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental line.

Our first objective was Perth, in Australia, and from there we toured through all the principal cities of the country. Our reception everywhere was enthusiastic. At Melbourne my local manager greeted me with the news that he had made arrangements for a reception, so that the people could have the opportunity of welcoming me properly. The city was plastered with announcements a yard high:

"Come to the reception to welcome the great singer, Emma Calvé, just arrived from Europe!"

When the day came I was conducted to a hall where I expected to find not more than a couple of hundred people. What was my alarm when I found myself in a huge, barnlike place, where at least four thousand of Melbourne's citizens had gathered to greet me!

After visiting Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, Wellington, Christchurch and other cities, we returned to Singapore and Colombo. I sang in those two places and then proceeded on a long tour through India Madras, Calcutta, Darjeeling, Delhi, Agra, Bombay. In all these cities there were, of course, a number of English people in our audiences, as well as the native Indian maharajas and their families. It was during this journey in India that I went to the monastery of the swami and saw his tomb and was received by the monks of his order.

After visiting Burma, the city of Rangoon and the famous Hill of the Thousand Buddhas, we went on to China, where I had the amusing experience of calling upon a distinguished mandarin of Canton to whom I had a letter of introduction.

One day I was invited to sing for him at his house. He was a very important personage and I was duly impressed by the honor. I took an interpreter with me and sang some French songs for my noble host. My first song was L'air du Cosaque, by Munuvoska. He listened with the most serious and profound attention. When I had finished the interpreter explained the theme of my song to him.

"Do you mean to say," he commented at last, "that the lady is singing and acting the death of a soldier? Why, then, does she remain beautiful? Dying is not beautiful, but terrible. Our actors become as hideous as death itself when they interpret such parts."

I explained, through the interpreter, that in Europe many consider the sublimation of Nature to be the highest expression of art.

"We have passed through that phase," he answered. "When physical beauty is admired above all other manifestations, then is a country on the verge of decadence. Consider the teachings of history! We ourselves have gone on to more fundamental truths."

The Mysoli, which I then sang, seemed to please him better. He was fascinated by its trills and roulades.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "This is lovely! It sounds exactly like a bird! It is delicious, and it is very difficult as well. I do not believe that our artists could do it with such perfection."

The greatest impression that I made on him, however, was neither by my dramatic nor my musical ability. Unexpected success! It was the force of my lungs that astonished him more than anything else.

"These Occidental women!" he exclaimed to the interpreter. "What marvelous lung power they have! What strength, what force! It is splendid!"

I was decidedly mortified. After all my efforts, this was all he could find to praise!

As I was saying my adieus my host asked me to come the next day, that I might see a Chinese actor perform according to the artistic canons of the Orient. The mandarin promised to secure the very best actor in Canton, and I returned the next day to his house, full of curiosity and interest.

The actor was dressed as a woman, for it is rare to find women on the Chinese stage. He carried a wand in his right hand, with which he controlled the movements of a small orchestra. The musicians, who

Continued on Page 160

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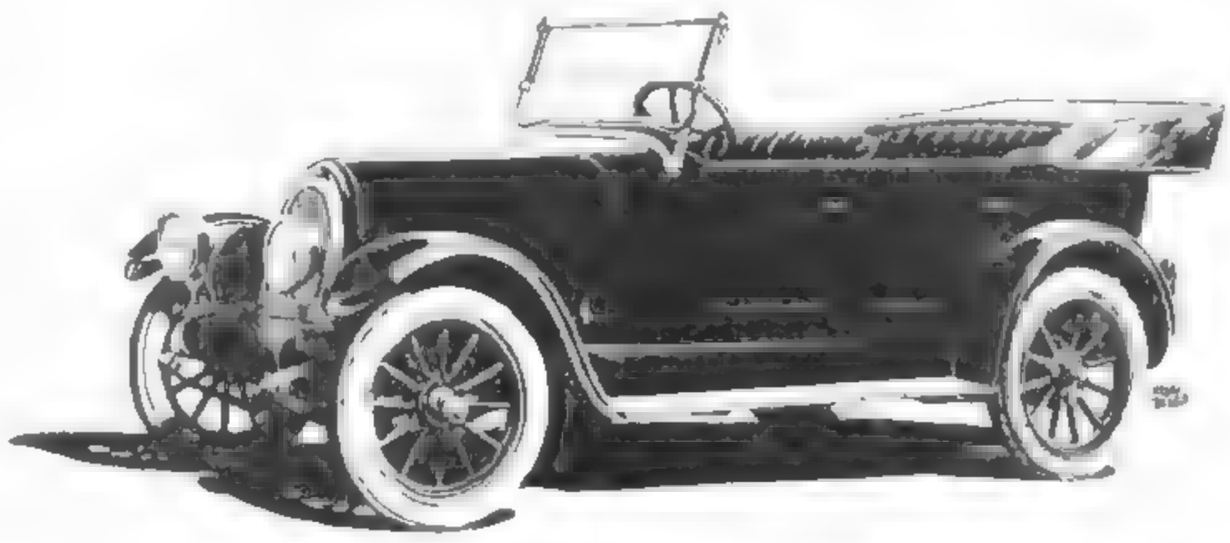

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(Continued from Page 158)

played on curious wooden instruments, were hidden in the wings and could not be seen from the audience. At a signal from the stage the rhythmic throbbing stopped.

The actor then began a recitative, half sung, half spoken, punctuated by deep, guttural cries, more like the sound of an animal in pain than of a human voice. While he chanted his dismal story he twisted himself into such extraordinary attitudes and made such hideous faces that I was suddenly overcome with laughter. I hid my face in my handkerchief in a paroxysm of mirth.

"Tell my host that I am crying," I whispered to the interpreter. "Tell him that I am ill! Anything so that he will not notice my laughter!"

The actor became more and more violent. He imitated the voice of a child, the voice of a woman, the gasps of a dying man. It was extremely realistic, but the result was more grotesque than impressive. The mandarin, hearing my strangled giggles, was very much pleased.

"How sensitive she is!" he murmured. "How deeply moved! It is pitiful!"

I managed to recover my dignity in time to make my exit from my host's presence with proper ceremoniousness and with many expressions of admiration. But with all respect to the art of the Orient, and with due modesty for my own shortcomings, I should not wish to become a student of their methods.

From Shanghai we sailed for Japan. I shall not attempt to describe the countries we traversed on our long journey, the marvelous scenery, the beauties of art and architecture which met our eyes on every side. All this has been done much better than I myself could do it by many great travelers and writers. It is enough to say that, for me, the sight of those distant and wonderful countries was infinitely more marvelous than anything my imagination had created. Every step of the way was fascinating, and my memory is a rich storehouse of beautiful, colorful and gorgeous scenes.

In Japan we gave concerts at Kioto, the ancient, and Tokio, the modern capital of the country. Near Nagasuki I had the interesting experience of living for over two weeks in a Japanese family to which I had been introduced by one of my American friends. The head of the family was a Buddhist priest, who with his sister and his sister's children, lived within the confines of the ancient temple which he served. His sister offered me the hospitality of a real Japanese house. My room was simply furnished with a mat and one or two cushions. In one corner of it stood a low tea table. That was all. At night I was given some larger cushions, over which, as a concession to my Western habits, linen sheets were spread. The paper screens were drawn together and I was *chez moi!*

I attended all the ceremonies in the temple and learned much of the religion and philosophy of these wise and highly cultured people.

The nieces of the priest spoke French and used to come to me every morning with flowers and gifts. They taught me how to "compose" a bouquet and to express an idea or a sentiment with one or two flowers carefully arranged. A certain blossom placed in a given relation to another meant a definite phrase. These young girls were able to paint their poets' verses in the colors of the fragrant flowers!

Each morning they brought me the *bibelot*, or ornament, which was to grace my room for that day. Sometimes it was a figure of Buddha, made a thousand years ago; sometimes a lovely vase or a gorgeous bit of carved jade. They would place it carefully on my table and we would admire it from every angle. Once they showed me the storeroom where all their treasures were kept.

"Why do you hide away all these beauties?" I exclaimed. "They could be put in every room of the house, so that you could enjoy them all the time."

"What a horrible idea!" they answered. "Positively barbarous! How dreadful to have all these things around us! In the first place it would be unhealthy. But most of all, we would soon become so accustomed to them that we should cease to enjoy or even to see them. Isn't it much better to take them out one at a time, to study them individually and appreciate all their delicate beauty and charm? That is the only way you can really enjoy a work of art."

What an unforgetable spring that was, when the cold broke and the cherry-blossom time arrived! I hated to leave that flowering land.

We had to go on, however, and so we sailed from Yokohama for San Francisco on the S. S. Chiomaru, which was later torpedoed by the Germans when it was in the service of the United States. Our steamer was scheduled to stop at Honolulu on the way. Although this city was not on our itinerary, our friends urged us to inform the manager of the opera house there that we were coming, and that we might be able to give a concert if it was desired. Accordingly I dispatched a telegram by wireless and received a prompt and enthusiastic reply.

When we arrived in the harbor of Honolulu we beheld a fleet of little balloons floating over the city, to each one of which was attached a large picture of myself! It was a most amusing effect, to see one's image suspended in midair in this way. The manager met us at the dock in an automobile piled high with flowers. They have a very delightful way of receiving strangers who set foot for the first time on this sunny isle. As you arrive and as you leave you are crowned with sweet-smelling wreaths of yellow jasmine, and you are supposed to throw these garlands, as an offering, into the sea before you go. I was almost smothered that day as wreath after wreath was thrown over my head, until my face disappeared and I could hardly breathe through the mass of odorous blossoms.

We gave not one but three concerts during our brief stay, so enthusiastic and cordial were the audiences. Indeed, I have never been in so enchanting a city. The atmosphere is delicious, soft, glowing and luminous. It is never too hot or too cold—an eternal June, broken only by the two or three rainy months when the inhabitants remain in their houses, never going out at all until the weather clears again. On this island in the mid-Pacific the air is so light, so clear and fresh that it is as stimulating as champagne and fills you with exhilaration and delight. The native women are beautiful, and the music, the songs and the dances of the country extraordinarily fascinating.

I went often to visit the huge aquarium which is one of the wonders of the place. On account of the coral formations that surround these islands the fauna and flora of the sea are astoundingly variegated and beautiful. As one walks through the halls of the aquarium one wonders whether these marvelous creations are birds, fish or flowers. Every color, shade and shape is seen in those opalescent depths: fishes that look like birds of paradise, growths that resemble the horrible dragons of fairy tales. It is a fascinating place, alive with the wonder and mystery of the deep.

The houses of the island are almost all surrounded by huge gardens filled with many kinds of flowers, whose mingled odors perfume the warm air.

Of all the countries that I saw on my long journey, from the point of view of natural beauties Hawaii stands out as the most admirable.

After a few days, all too brief, on this island paradise, we left for California, New York and home. We landed in France after nineteen months of absence. We had been about one hundred and fifty days at sea, and had experienced all kinds of weather, from monsoons in the Indian Ocean, through dreadful storms off the coast of Australia, to a small typhoon in the unpeaceful Pacific.

When I reached Paris my eyes were troubling me very much. I went to one of the best oculists in town to ask his advice.

"What do you expect?" he asked. "Of course your eyes are tired! You have seen more in the last few months than I in all my seventy years!"

XXV

IN 1915 and 1916 I went again to America and sang in over forty concerts for the benefit of the Lafayette Fund and other war organizations. One night in June, 1916, I sang at the Bazar des Allies in New York. There must have been ten thousand people in the great hall of the armory. A platform had been built in one corner, and the orchestra and chorus of the Metropolitan Opera House were engaged to accompany me. I remember that the platform was very high and that I had to climb up to it on a ladder—a rather alarming proceeding.

As I looked out over that mass of people I was deeply moved. Never before had I sung for such an assembly. I was almost frightened, but summoning my courage I began the Marseillaise. The refrain was supposed to be taken up by the opera chorus, but suddenly the whole audience burst into thunderous song. The throbbing tides of sound, imprisoned under the glass dome, broke over me in crashing waves. I rocked like a tree beaten upon by mighty winds. It was tremendous, awful, the most overwhelming emotion I have ever experienced. I burst into tears. The people around me were weeping too. I looked at them in despair.

"What shall we do now?" I exclaimed "How are we to sing in this condition?"

The second stanza was about to begin. I thought of Rachel, the great tragedian, who used to kneel when she recited the Marseillaise. I followed her example and sang the final stanzas as though in ardent and impassioned prayer. My voice was broken with tears, but I was so exalted, so filled with flaming patriotism, that I truly believe I have never sung the battle hymn of France as I did that night.

The crowd surged forward. I was lifted up and carried in triumph through a cheering, frantic multitude. Someone put a poilu's steel helmet in my hands. I held it out, a supplicant for my country.

"*Pour la France!*"

The improvised alms plate filled and filled again, as fast as I could empty it. It was as though the horn of plenty were pouring its inexhaustible flood into my hands.

What a generous, what a magnificent people! I cannot think of that evening without a glow of gratitude toward the audience which, in a single burst of enthusiasm and sympathy, gave the fabulous sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the war sufferers of France.

In Aveyron, as in other parts of France during the war, the peasant women were admirable. They took the place of the men who were called to the Front, shouldering the tasks of husband, father or brother, working morning and night, so that the land should not be neglected.

The wives of my two farmers, in spite of the fact that they each had five or six children, managed to run the farm as usual. They tilled the soil, gathered the grapes, harvested the grain. No task was too heavy or too arduous. Their children helped them. Not a hand was idle.

One day I met the six-year-old daughter of one of these women on the highway below Cabrières. She was driving a herd of cattle toward the farmyard. I wondered why they obeyed her, so diminutive, so fragile did she seem in comparison with their lumbering bulk. In her two hands she held, clasped tightly, a huge whip, twice her size. Her face was solemn and intent. She walked slowly.

"Fantoune," I said, "why don't you choose a smaller stick? You will get all tired out carrying that heavy thing around with you."

She drew herself up to the limit of her small stature.

"It is my father's whip!" she answered with the pride a princess would have used in speaking of her royal parent's scepter.

I tried one year during the spring planting to help the women in the fields. I sowed a corner of the wheat field, walking over the newly plowed land, flinging the grain with the swinging immemorial gesture I had so often watched. But my hand was too generous. When the harvest season came the farmer's wife showed me the field I had planted. The wheat had grown up thick and close together and then fallen to the ground of its own weight.

"Ah, madame!" the old woman murmured reproachfully. "Look how carelessly you threw away the bread of the *bon Dieu!* It's a great sin! All the same," she added, as though to soften the harshness of her verdict, "you show a certain aptitude. You might learn in time."

I do not know whether I was any better as a nurse than as a farmer. At any rate, I did what I could and served a certain length of time in the hospitals. It is all so terrible, so cruel a memory, that even now I cannot bear to dwell upon it. Everyone who has touched even remotely the horror of those white wards, the suffering and the agony of those dark days, will understand my unwillingness to recall those ghastly scenes.

Once I was directed to wash the feet of a poor boy who had been brought down from the Front and had not yet been cared for. I took off his shoe and stocking together. As I did so I noticed that the shoe was unusually heavy. I glanced at his leg and saw to my horror that half his foot was gone! His feet had been frozen in the trenches and were already gangrenous. Both legs had to be amputated

I sang a great deal for the convalescent soldiers. They loved the old French ballads, the folk songs of Brittany and the Pyrenees and of my own part of the country. One day I was in a hospital that cared for German as well as French wounded. After I had sung several songs to the French soldiers, one of the poilus asked if I would permit the door to be opened into the prisoners' ward.

"The poor fellows in there ought to have the chance of hearing your heavenly voice," he said

"No! No!" I exclaimed. "I could not sing for them! They have hurt us too much!"

The boy looked up in surprise. I noticed for the first time that his right arm was missing.

"How about me?" he asked. "Don't you suppose that they have hurt me too?"

I was shamed by such generosity, and told the orderly to open the door. I sang, after that, standing on the threshold between the two wards, but I kept my eyes tight shut. I could not bring myself to look at them!

Of all the terrible suffering brought by the war loss of limbs, permanent and ghastly injuries, broken lives—nothing seems to me more pitiful than the fate of the men blinded in battle. What an inexpressible calamity, to lose the joy of seeing, to be shut up forever in a formless void!

Every effort made to alleviate the condition of these unfortunate men interested me greatly. The various departments of France had each its special organization devoted to their care. Industries were created for their benefit, and they were taught to make all sorts of articles where skill of fingers could replace the use of eyes.

One day I had been singing in a hospital for the blind in my own department. Before I left I stood for a while in the courtyard, watching the men at their recreation. I was struck anew by the contrast between the vigor of their bodies and the awkward, hesitating manner in which they moved and tried to play. There they were, young men in the prime of life, healthy, strong, but cut off forever from the comforts and consolations of a normal life, the companionship of wives and the love of children.

"Why should they not marry?" I thought as I watched them. "Surely there are women who would be glad to love and care for these poor boys!"

Suddenly I recalled a conversation I had had a few days previously with a friend who was the directress of a home for orphaned and abandoned girls. This organization cared for children who would otherwise have died of neglect or starvation—poor little things left on church steps or found wandering in the streets at a tender age, without parents, relatives or friends. When they grew up they were given a dot, or marriage portion, by the orphanage, and this enabled them to marry and become happy and independent wives and mothers

My friend had told me that there was a pathetic side to the situation. The ugly girls rarely found husbands, no matter how fine and worthy they might be, while the pretty girls were married off without the slightest difficulty. The poor ugly ducklings were left behind and were extremely unhappy.

With this conversation in mind, I went to the doctor in charge of the hospital and had a long talk with him. Then I called my automobile and flew to the orphan asylum, where I laid my plan before the directress, asking her advice and assistance She was enthusiastic, and then and there called the girls together, asking me to talk to them.

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I found myself facing a group of shy young women, dressed all alike, but showing every variety of beauty and charm. I do not know exactly what I said, but in my heart was the picture of that sunny courtyard filled with splendid youth to whom all the glory of the morning sun could bring no ray of color or of light. I described the solitude, the loneliness of these poor boys. I pointed out that the very infirmity which crippled them would make them better and more loyal husbands.

"Think of it!" I exclaimed. "These men will not see the companion of their lives grow old and ugly! The woman who is big hearted enough to marry a blind man will always remain the glorious vision of youth and beauty that his grateful imagination paints her!"

One of the girls rose from her seat. She was plain, dark, unprepossessing; but her eyes shone with intelligence and she was deeply moved.

"I am ready!" she exclaimed, and, indifferent to the whisperings and nudgings of her companions, she put on her hat and cloak and came with me.

She did not speak until we had almost reached the gate of the hospital. Then she turned to me.

"Let me choose him," she said, "for I, at any rate, shall see him all my life."

The men were still out of doors when we arrived. As we walked toward the main entrance the girl caught my arm.

"That one!" she cried excitedly, pointing out a tall fellow who was lounging against the wall on the opposite side of the court. "That is the one I want!"

She had picked out the handsomest of the lot, in the few seconds that it took to cross the courtyard.

I led her to him and put his hand in hers.

"Here is a young girl who will take you for a walk," I said as I presented them to each other. "Go, my children, and God bless you!"

An hour later they returned. It had not taken them long to reach an understanding.

"He is splendid!" the girl murmured shyly.

The blind boy, his face lit with a new wonder and delight, groped for my hand.

"Thank you, thank you, madame," he said; and then, carried away by his enthusiasm, "she's a wonder!" he exclaimed. "Such a talker, and what a fine figure of a woman!"

A year later I visited them in the little home where they had settled after their marriage. A charming scene greeted me as I came into the yard of the farmhouse.

It was again one of those gorgeous days that are the joy of Southern France. In the warmest corner of the court the blind man sat on a bench against the wall. In his arms a naked, rosy baby kicked and wriggled with delight. Near by the mother was at work, preparing the baby's cradle.

The father played with the child, touching it with delicate, sensitive fingers, feeling the soft hair on its head, following the contours of the little body with his hands. His face was transfigured with joy. A solemn ecstasy seemed to radiate from him.

His wife saw me and hurried to greet me. We stood for a while, talking. I could see that something troubled her. The unclouded bliss of that absorbed blind face was not hers. Finally she drew me out of earshot and poured out her anxiety.

"I am ashamed to lie to him!" she exclaimed. "He thinks I am beautiful. I, who am as ugly as a witch! He thinks my hair is golden, my eyes blue! I, who am as brown as a nut! Yet if I tell him the truth he will not love me any more! Oh, madame, madame! What shall I do?"

I comforted her and reassured her. Looking at the scene before me, I knew there was no danger.

"Tell him the truth, my child," I answered. "You need have no fear. Put your son into his arms and he will find no fault in you. All will be well!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Madame Calvé. The concluding article will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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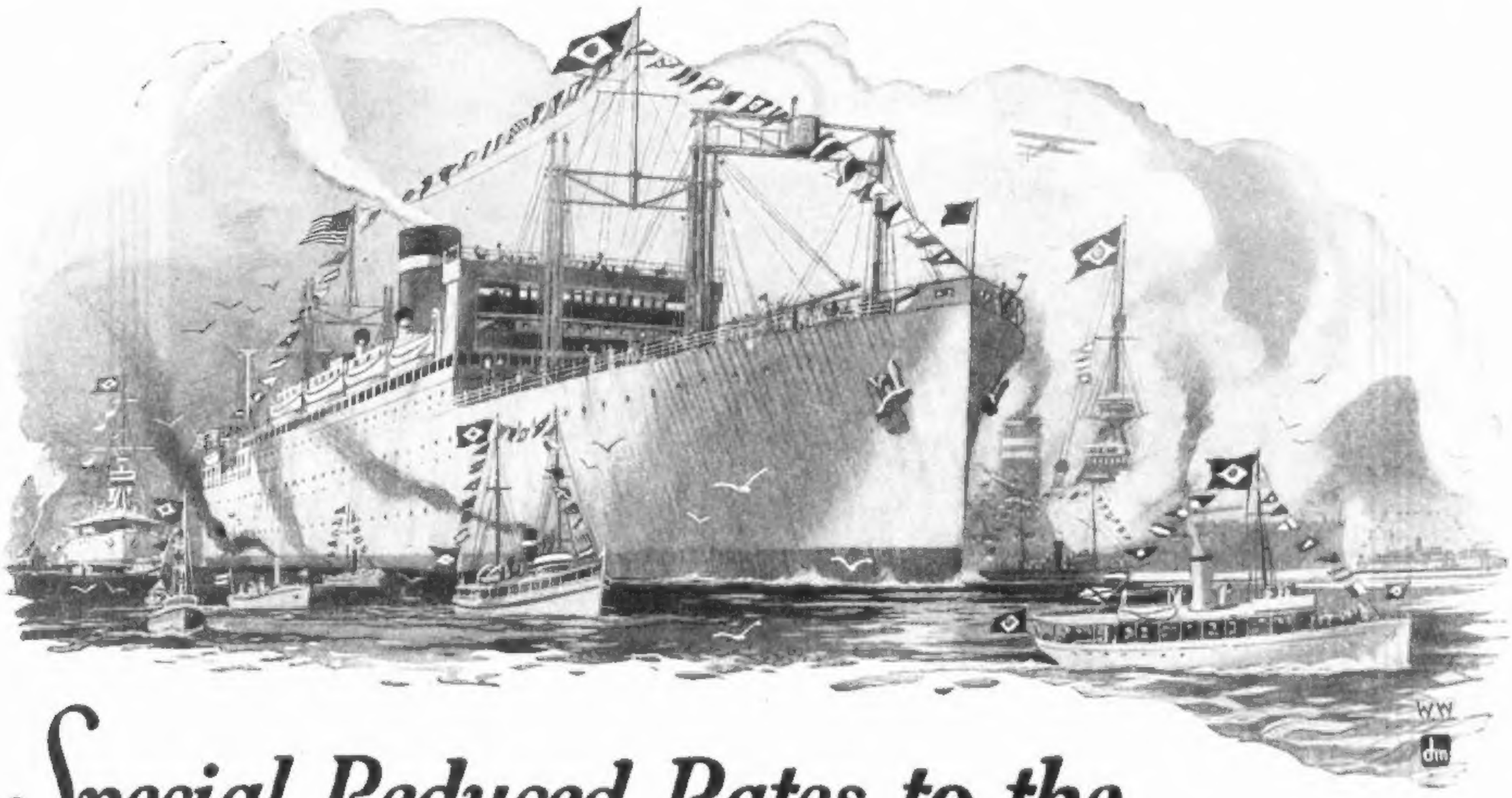

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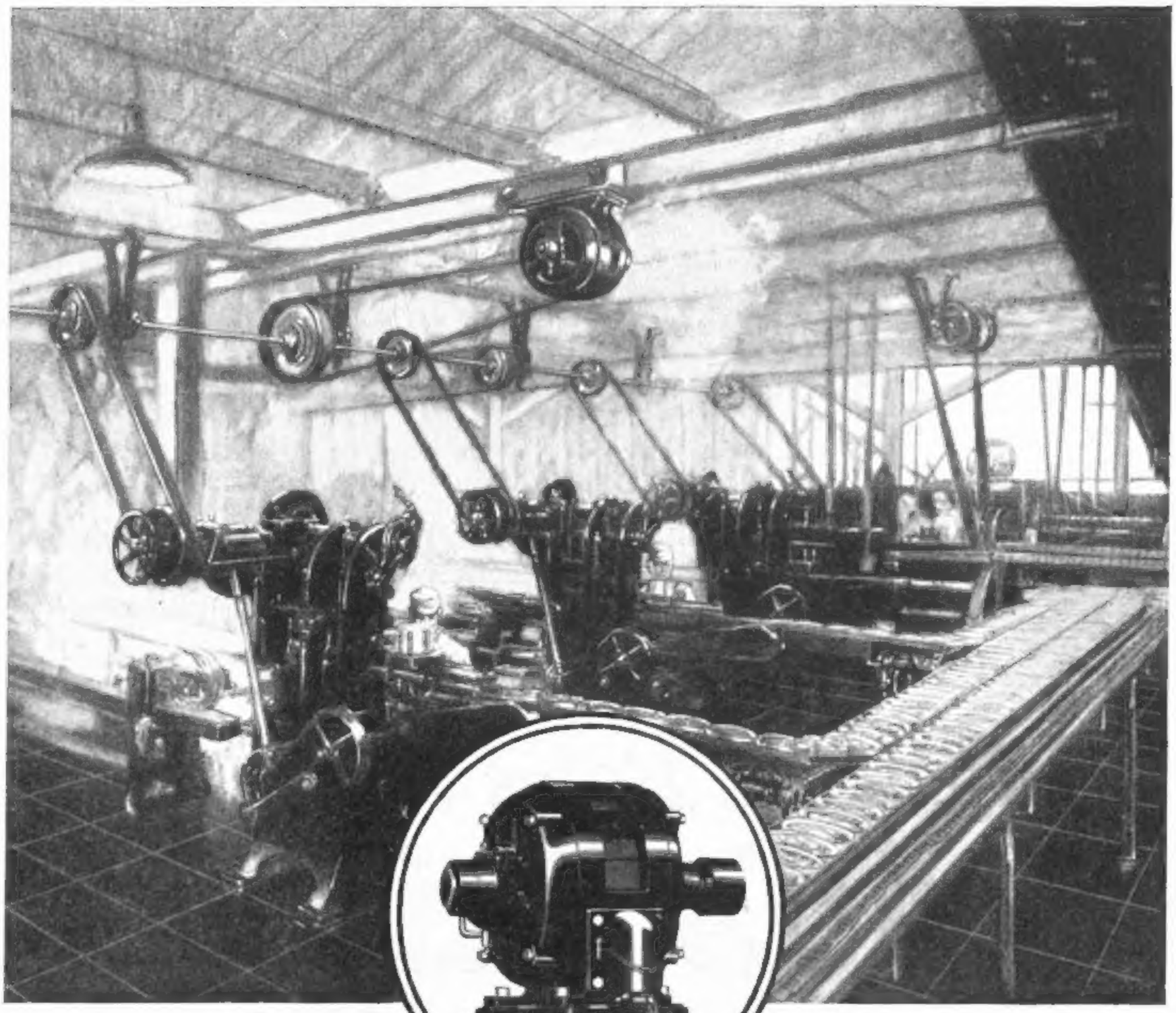

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